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NOBEL'S GREAT LEGACY TO GENIUS.

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN.

HOW THE FORTUNE LEFT BY THE INVENTOR OF DYNAMITE HAS
BEEN USED TO REWARD THE BEST WORK IN THE ARTS AND
SCIENCES AND TO PROMOTE THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

If the customary criticism of the national character is founded on truth, all honest Americans should sit bewailing themselves. Four times has largesse been distributed to which the citizens of these United States have—if only they can prove it—as good a right as the people of any other country; and four times not one cent has come into American possession. If the monopolizing tendency with which foreign observers credit us were indeed ours, the fourth announcement that nearly a quarter of a million dollars had been divided among representatives of the effete civilizations of Europe would arouse no small indignation.

The Nobel prizes are apportioned strictly upon a single principle—according to the value of the recipient's contribution to the arts and sciences of peace. Up to this time no serious charge of national partiality can be made, for though the judges of merit are exclusively Scandinavian, only three premiums out of the twenty already distributed have been won by Scandinavians.

When Alfred Nobel died, in 1898, he directed that most of his great fortune should go to establish five annual prizes, each one to be bestowed upon the person or persons having, in the opinion of the judges, done the most important work

in physics, chemistry, physiology or medicine, literature, and the promotion of peace. The bequest amounted to about eight million four hundred thousand dollars, and from it is derived a net yearly income of about two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Any one of the five



FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL, THE PROVENÇAL POET, WHO SHARED WITH ECHEGARAY THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE IN 1904.

From a photograph by Boyer, Paris.

prizes may be divided among two or more persons, as has already happened several times.

MISTRAL AND ECHEGARAY.

It was the prize for the greatest contribution to literature which was divided

James—all the names familiar to those with the largest pretensions to culture, as well as to those who modestly claim to know only the most popular—were passed over by the Nobel judges for a Frenchman and a Spaniard about whom, it is safe to say, most of us know very



SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, WHO HAS DISCOVERED SEVERAL NEW ELEMENTS,
AND WHO RECEIVED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR CHEMISTRY IN 1904.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

last year. As usual, the names of the winning authors are not to be found among the producers of "the best-selling books," or even of the volumes which have provoked the most lengthy and learned criticism. Frédéric Mistral, the Provençal poet, and Jose Echegaray, the Spanish dramatist, divided between them the forty-odd thousand dollars. Kipling, Meredith, Gorky, Clyde Fitch, Henry

little. It is an instructive commentary upon popularity.

Of Mistral and the literary movement he represents we are not altogether ignorant, thanks largely to Thomas Janvier's embassy to Provence some years ago. Half a century ago, when Mistral, now about seventy-five years old, appeared upon the literary horizon, Lamartine hailed him as a true epic poet, a

later Homer, a man who was to make the Provençal dialect a true language, as Petrarch's poetry had made the Tuscan.

Although this prophecy remains unfulfilled, Mistral and the Félibres—the school of Provençal poets of which he is the head—have worked as diligently, and

it is as a dramatist that he is known to the world. Several of his plays have been translated into English, and at least one of them, "El Gran Galeoto," has been produced by English-speaking actors. It is remembered for its powerful, gloomy impression of inevitability.



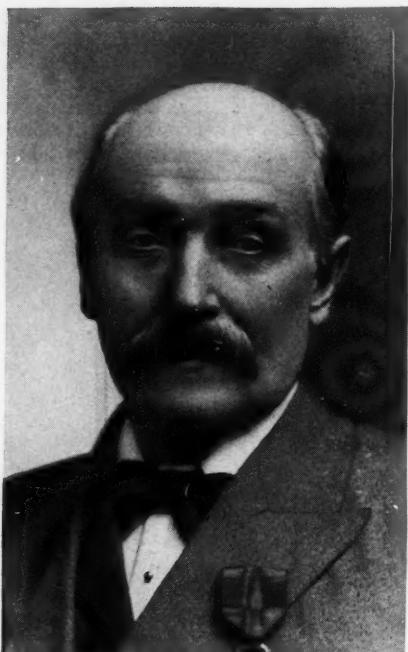
LOD RAYLEIGH, THE ENGLISH SCIENTIST WHO RECEIVED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR PHYSICS IN 1904.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

more successfully, to make their tongue a living literary one as certain young Irishmen are working now in the interests of Gaelic. The poet says that he will devote his share of the Nobel prize to the support of the Provençal museum which he has established at Arles.

Echegaray was trained as an engineer; he has been a university professor and has served as minister of education; but

Echegaray is an exponent of the "drama of ideas." That he is faulty in construction, deficient in dialogue, and scornful of "situation" in the conventional sense is not denied; yet he is said to have regenerated the stage in Spain by the sheer power of his moral ideas expressed in dramatic form. As the Greek dramatists presented the idea of fate, so he is said to present the idea of the wretched con-



WILLIAM R. CREMER, M. P., WHO IN 1903 WON
THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR WORK IN THE
PROMOTION OF PEACE.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

sequences of sin, with an irresistible, unescapable weight.

PRIZES FOR SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

Sir William Ramsay and Lord Rayleigh, the two Englishmen who received the 1904 prizes in chemistry and physics respectively, have been associated in scientific labor. They worked together in the identification of argon as a constituent of the atmosphere. Alone, Sir William has discovered four other new elements—helium, neon, xenon, and krypton—while Lord Rayleigh has made many valuable experiments with electrical standards and in optics and acoustics.

In 1903, the prize for the most important work in physics was divided into three parts, going to M. and Mme. Curie and M. Becquerel, all of them French. Radium, the strange new element that made the fame of the two former, would perhaps not have been discovered so soon but for Becquerel's previous observations of uranium. Since honor and not mere money is supposed to be what the candidates most desire, such a division is not so serious a drawback as it might be in less idealistic competitions.

In 1902, also, the prize in physics was divided, being shared by Dr. H. A. Lorentz and Dr. P. Zeeman, both of Holland. Their contributions, like those of the winners of 1903, and indeed like that of the first winner, Dr. Roentgen, of X-ray fame, were in the line of radiation.

The medical prize in 1903 was won by the late Dr. Finsen, of Copenhagen. He was the author of interesting and successful experiments in healing by means of the electric light. It was thought in 1902 that he might have been honored as he was a year later, but then the prize went to an Englishman, Major Ronald Ross, the head of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. Major Ross' candidacy was based upon his inquiries into the dissemination of malaria by mosquitoes, and the preventive treatment that his discovery made possible.

WORKERS FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

Another Englishman, William R. Cremer, who won the 1903 prize for his work in promoting peace, has been for thirty years secretary of the International Arbitration League. He is a member of Parliament, and publisher of the



RÉNÉ FRANÇOIS ARMAND SULLY-PRUDHOMME, THE
FRENCH POET, WHO RECEIVED THE
NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE
IN 1901.

Arbitrator. He founded the International Parliamentary Conferences, which since 1888 have met at Paris, London, Rome, Berne, The Hague, Buda-Pest, Brussels, Christiania, and St. Louis. He has been in America three or four times, and has been a strong advocate of a treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States, having presented several memorials on the subject to the President and Congress.

Mr. Cremer's predecessor as the winner of the peace premium was a native of Russia—an award which is not without the elements of comedy to-day. Professor Frederick de Martens, however, who received the prize in 1902, did a great part of the work in bringing about the Hague Conference, and has been a prominent arbitrator. He was one of the judges who decided the memorable issue between Great Britain and Venezuela in 1899. His book on "The International Law of the Civilized Nations" is one of the leading authorities on its subject, and has been translated into all the more important languages.

One of the most generally familiar names on the list of the Nobel prize-winners is that of Bjornstjerne Bjornsen, who won the literary prize for 1903. It had been feared by those who do not admire the philosophy of the other Scandinavian literary light, Henrik Ibsen, that the money might be divided between the two. But this was not done, and the entire sum was given to Bjornsen, as it was to his predecessor of 1902, the late Theodor Mommsen, the great German historian.

THE INVENTOR OF DYNAMITE.

Alfred Nobel himself, whose great fortune has thus been disposed for the honor and comfort of those who follow the arts of peace, did more to make war terrible than any other man of his generation. He was the inventor of dynamite.

He came of a family of visionaries and fanatics. In 1837 his father, Emmanuel Nobel, was obliged to leave Stockholm, where Alfred had been born four years before, because his neighbors objected

to having their windows smashed, their chimneys toppled over, and their lives imperiled by explosions from the Nobel experiment works. Emmanuel went to St. Petersburg with an invention up his sleeve. He failed to interest the Russian government, but later secured an order to lay subterranean mines. A



JOSE ECHEGARAY, THE SPANISH DRAMATIST, WHO SHARED WITH MISTRAL THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE IN 1904.

From a photograph by Fernandez, Madrid.

hundred thousand rubles was his reward for the work, but he and money had no affinity for each other, and in a short time he was so poor that he had to pawn the watch which the Czar had given him as a complimentary memorial.

Later, during the Crimean War, he was again of service to the Russian government, this time through his son Robert. Robert laid, under his father's tutelage, a hundred submarine torpedoes in the harbor of Kronstadt, leaving free a narrow passage for the ships which had to take refuge in the harbor. Only the foolhardiness of a small Finnish vessel, which sailed into the port contrary to orders, prevented a British man-of-war, the Duke of Wellington, from probable



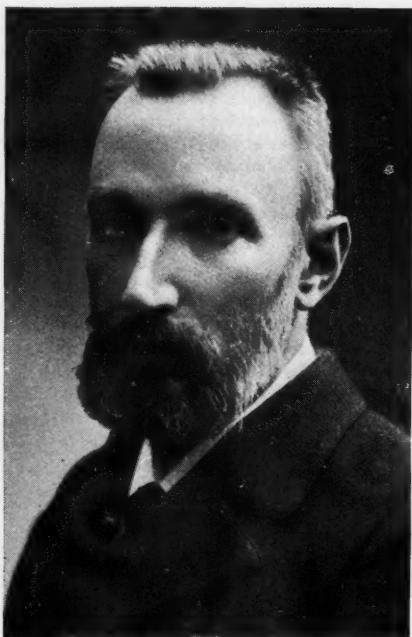
EMIL ROENTGEN, THE GERMAN PHYSICIST WHO DISCOVERED THE X-RAYS, AND WHO RECEIVED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR PHYSICS IN 1901.

From a photograph.

destruction. The fate of the unlucky ship, which was blown up before the eyes of the English commander, warned him to keep outside the dangerous waters.

Some time after the close of the war, Emmanuel returned to Stockholm, having outgrown his usefulness to the Russian government. He took Alfred with him. The family was quite as poor as before it left Sweden. Whatever wealth they had accumulated in Russia had gone the usual way of gold in the hands of visionaries; and for a while the inventors turned them to the peaceful vocation of milk-selling. Only for a while, however. Neither Alfred nor his father was of the stuff of which permanent dairymen are made. They were experimenting with nitroglycerin.

They had worked for about two years when they encountered a terrible setback. There was an explosion in which several persons lost their lives, among them Alfred's younger brother, Emil, to whom he was devotedly attached. The shock of this loss, together with injuries sustained in the explosion, made Emmanuel Nobel a paralytic. The grief



PIERRE CURIE, THE FRENCH CHEMIST, WHO WITH MME. CURIE DISCOVERED RADIUM, AND WHO WAS A NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER IN 1903.

From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.

of Alfred's mother over the loss of her youngest child, the calamity that had befallen her husband, and the troubles of her other son, left her a prey to the profoundest melancholy. In spite of all these afflictions—and that he was of a singularly nervous and sensitive disposition, easily impressionable to pain, is the testimony of all who knew Alfred Nobel—he went on with his experiments.

It was in Hamburg, where he had set up a small factory, that he discovered dynamite. Out of one of his nitroglycerin casks some powder trickled upon the damp earth and became spoiled. However, when the moisture had evaporated, Alfred found that one part of this earth mixed with three parts of nitroglycerin not only increased its explosive power but rendered it comparatively safe for handling.

With this discovery his enormous success began. Before long he was directly at the head of three factories in America, three in France, and one in Sweden. In Scotland, his brother Robert was manager of a factory near Glasgow. His success in Great Britain was comparatively small—a fact largely due, it is

said, to the adverse influence of the late Sir Frederick Abel, a rival expert who for more than thirty years was chemist to the British war department.

When he attained great fortune, Alfred Nobel went to live in Paris. He had never married, an early disappointment in love having, it is understood, perma-

place, he found it impossible to be both host and hostess. In the second, there was much jealousy of his achievements. He had a sudden insight into the way in which Frenchmen regarded him when his brother Robert died. Many of the Paris journalists supposed that Alfred Nobel had passed away, and they wrote his



THE LATE ALFRED NOBEL, INVENTOR OF DYNAMITE, AND FOUNDER OF THE NOBEL PRIZES.

nently affected his emotions. His original intention in settling in Paris had been to have a sort of salon. He himself was a person to have graced such an institution. His manners were of the most distinguished courtesy, his mind original, and his experiences interesting. In spite of his genius for physical science, he was by no means a one-sided man. He devoted himself largely to what he called ideal literature, of which poetry formed the greatest part.

But in spite of all this, his dreams of

a salon were not fulfilled. In the first obituary notices on this assumption. The result was that he gave up his Paris residence and went to San Remo, where he built a beautiful house, in which he died.

His will, drawn in 1895, provided for bequests to relatives and friends, established the Nobel prizes, and designated the Swedish Academy, the Norwegian Storthing, or Parliament, and two scientific institutions of Stockholm, as the judges to award them to the most deserving candidates.



FIRST LIEUTENANT EDWARD Y. MILLER, UNITED STATES ARMY, GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF PARAGUA.

THE GOVERNOR OF PARAGUA.

BY S. L. WILLIAMS.

LIEUTENANT EDWARD Y. MILLER, UNITED STATES ARMY, WHO RULES SEVENTY-NINE ISLANDS OF THE PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO, WITH A POPULATION OF THREE WHITE MEN AND FIFTY THOUSAND NATIVES.

PROBABLY most American boys imagine, at some period of their early career, that it would be a pretty glorious thing to be a king, with or without a capital K. Naturally, such an am-

bition is difficult of realization, though perhaps no more so than that other ambition which is the young American's traditional birthright—to be President of the United States. For it is not always

necessary to make for the back counties of the Pamirs, like Kipling's famous adventurer, to become monarch of all one surveys. Since Uncle Sam acquired a colonial empire, any American officer may come in the routine of his duty to the dignities and responsibilities of practically absolute rule.

Last autumn, on the list of princes and potentates who flocked in varying degrees of splendor to the great exposition at St. Louis, there appeared the name of the Governor of Paragua. This distinguished stranger was not one of the magnates who exacted the formalities prescribed by official etiquette. His visit was a quiet one, and when he had seen what there was to see he went away as unpretentiously as he had come.

THE RULER OF SEVENTY-NINE ISLANDS.

The Governor of Paragua is an American gentleman, an officer of the United States army—a fact that fully explains why his recent visit to his own country was devoid of show or ostentation. In the military service he is known as First Lieutenant Edward Y. Miller of the Twenty-Ninth United States Infantry. As an officer detached for duty under the civil government of the Philippines, he is Governor of the Province of Paragua, and as such he exercises administrative control over one of the most important political divisions of the great Asian archipelago.

On the official map of the Philippines issued by the United States government, the reader will find, in the lower left-hand corner, a long, narrow, irregularly shaped island ranging from northeast to southwest. Under the Spanish domination it was called Palawan, but the Americans have renamed it Paragua. This island, together with seventy-eight dependent islets, many of them unnamed and but little known, constitutes the province over which Governor Miller maintains the authority of the United States.

Paragua occupies an exceedingly important position in the American possessions in the Orient. Lying between the Sulu Sea on the east and the China Sea on the west, it is our closest territorial approach to Borneo, to the Malay Peninsula and to Siam, with their tremendous possibilities, not only of trade expansion, but of political, religious, and racial entanglements as well.

The seventy-nine islands composing Governor Miller's province have altogether an area of about sixteen hundred

and fifty square miles, and a population of some fifty thousand, with four fairly distinct tribal divisions. The inhabitants are mostly Mohammedans, but outside of their religion the four separate tribes have little in common either in language, customs, appearance, vocation, or tradition. Half a dozen different tongues are spoken in the province. The islanders as a rule are fierce and cruel; many of them have never seen a white man, and are total strangers to his weapons, fabrics, apparel, and manner of living.

When the United States took possession of the Philippines, a small military garrison was established on the island of Paragua. This was withdrawn when Congress provided a form of civil government for the Philippines, in 1902. Under the insular régime thus established, the civil authorities have obtained the detail of many officers of the United States army for duty in various capacities in the archipelago, some as governors of provinces, some as commanders of the native constabulary, some as financial agents, and others for service equally important to the peace and welfare of the islands. Lieutenant Miller was appointed to Paragua in July, 1903, and the success of his administration is attested by the fact that he has never found it necessary to ask for assistance in maintaining law and order.

He is not overrun with white-faced neighbors. He has two assistants, a secretary and a supervisor, and the three were until recently, and probably are yet, the only white men in the province. From the provincial capital at Cuyo, in the island of that name, it is one hundred and two miles to the nearest port in any other province of the Philippines, two hundred and sixty-five miles to Zamboanga in the island of Mindanao, and two hundred and seventy-five to Manila.

A HERO AMONG THE MOROS.

Governor Miller has a steam-launch in which he makes official visits to the scattered ports of his island province, to see that law and justice are properly administered by his native appointees. He has no military force at call to enforce his authority, no armed bodyguard to protect him against the savages who occupy much of his territory; and yet his conduct of affairs has been so fair and so discreet that he enjoys the unreserved confidence and good-will of the provincial population, as well as of the central government at Manila.

Army officers who have seen service in

the southern islands of the Philippine archipelago agree that the personal courage and bodily skill of the American soldier, whether officer or enlisted man, have done more to win the respect and friendship of the warlike Moros than all other influences combined. It is said—the story does not appear in the official records—that Governor Miller had been in Paragua only a few days when he was challenged to a friendly wrestling-match by a native chief who prided himself upon his strength and prowess. The challenge was promptly accepted, and the chief's followers gathered in a circle to witness the discomfiture of the pale-faced stranger. But the unexpected happened. The Moro champion was vanquished and put upon his back so suddenly that his subjects began to think that his conqueror must be possessed of supernatural powers.

Then, to show them the kind of stuff Americans are made of, the governor defeated the picked men of the various tribes in foot-racing, rowing, swimming, jumping, and half a dozen other sports, including those native to the islands. This he supplemented with an exhibition of target-shooting with the revolver and the rifle which left no doubt in the minds of the beholders that their new ruler from beyond the sea was indeed a mighty warrior whose powers none should dare to dispute.

From that time forward Governor Miller was their hero and leader, and there was nothing too good for him. He treated the islanders firmly but justly, encouraged them to come to him for advice and assistance, helped them to improve their methods of work, joined in their sports, aided them in establishing schools, and taught them habits of sobriety and industry. The result of this tactful policy is sufficiently indicated by the fact that notwithstanding its mixed population, its remoteness from civilization, and the absence of any military force, Paragua is said to be one of the most orderly and law-abiding provinces in the archipelago, life and property throughout its boundaries being as safe as they are in the great garrisoned city of Manila.

Governor Miller is a native of Pennsylvania, and entered the military service as a captain of the Fifth Illinois Volunteers in May, 1898, when troops were being raised for the war with Spain. He was not lucky enough to get to the front during the brief campaign of that year, but in July, 1899, he was appointed a captain in the Thirtieth United States Volunteer Infantry, and went to the Philippines, where he did a full share of the heartbreaking work that fell to the lot of his regiment during its stay in the islands. His record was so good that when the Thirtieth was mustered out after two years of splendid service he was appointed a lieutenant in the Twenty-Ninth Infantry of the regular army.

He is a fine type of the rugged, resourceful, energetic, and self-reliant young officer developed in the American army by the experiences of the last six years. The work accomplished by soldiers of his quality and capacity in the Philippines, as well as in Cuba, China, Alaska, Porto Rico, and here at home, where the reorganization of the army has involved an enormous amount of inconspicuous but indispensable labor, is entitled to a chapter of its own in our military history. At the age of thirty he has accomplished, in a remote and inhospitable province of the Philippines, an administrative task which can scarcely be paralleled in the history of colonial enterprise, having won the confidence of an absolutely uncivilized population, and secured their unquestioning allegiance to American authority, without once resorting to the exercise of military force.

A few months ago Governor Miller completed a leave of absence, which he had spent in the United States, and sailed for his post of duty in the Orient. He spoke modestly but hopefully of his work in Paragua, and frankly admitted his desire to return to it. In Washington he said that while that city has charms of its own, it was not quite up to Paragua, and that it was about time for him to hurry back.

He is one of many officers of the army who, upon returning to the United States after long service in the Orient, "hear the East a-calling."

THE CHOICE.

ARE you allured by peace and velvet ease?
The choice is yours to seek them, should you please.
They tempt me not while these my brother men
Crawl up the stairs of pain on bleeding knees.

Elsa Barker.

Are the Philippines Worth Keeping?

BY A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR, F.R.G.S.

AFTER SPENDING MOST OF A YEAR IN EXPLORING THE GREAT ORIENTAL DEPENDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES, THE WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH TRAVELER GIVES AN EMPHATIC ANSWER TO A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

"I AM very, very pleased to hear that," said President Roosevelt to me during a long private audience he kindly accorded me. I was telling him how I had journeyed in perfect safety all over the Philippine archipelago, crossing the most dangerous islands and visiting the fiercest tribes, without carrying a revolver, or even a penknife.

"Then you think that the islands are entirely pacified?" inquired the President.

"Yes, almost entirely so. Still, tact and consideration are needed to inspire the natives with confidence in American institutions and methods. They are inclined to look upon American generosity as a sign of weakness, and misunderstandings cause much irritation and sometimes incite treachery."

The President showed keen interest in my accounts of the interesting regions that I visited. As the reader no doubt knows, of the fourteen hundred islands forming the archipelago, many are absolutely unknown, and hundreds have not been at all thoroughly explored.

In my travels I endeavored to come into close contact with all the leading tribes, both along the coast and in the mountains. One of my most difficult journeys was across the large island of Mindanao. I described a great loop of several hundred miles in the interior of this island, visiting all the most important districts and tribes. It is a country of surprises and enchantments, with its extraordinary rivers, its marvelous forests, its immense lotus lagoons with their curious floating islands, its strange birds, its fanatical Mohammedan coast tribes, and the highly interesting Indonesian peoples of its central and eastern zone.

To the whole archipelago I devoted the best part of a year. I spent two hundred and fifty days in continual traveling on foot, on horseback, by rafts, by canoe and steamer, and in constant study of the

country and the natives. The total distance I covered was more than sixteen thousand miles. This is my excuse for venturing to express an opinion on the value of the Philippine Islands to the United States. Perhaps the frank remarks of a man who is not an American citizen, nor in any way directly interested in American colonial expansion, may not be unwelcome to the readers of MUNSEY'S.

A GREAT QUESTION EMPHATICALLY ANSWERED.

If I am asked, "Is the United States right in retaining the Philippines, and are they worth it?" let me emphatically reply, "Yes!" You have in the Philippine and Sulu archipelagos a group of immensely rich and beautiful islands, which, properly developed, should some day be a credit to the United States. They will be important in more ways than one, even apart from their actual intrinsic value.

In these days of keen international competition for the trade of the orient, it was almost inevitable that an archipelago so conveniently situated for strategic and commercial purposes should sooner or later, either by purchase or conquest, fall into the hands of a more energetic power than decayed Spain. Geographically, no nation in the world was better entitled to possess it than the United States, or could turn it to better account. American trade with China, Manchuria, Korea, and Siberia is destined to expand to great proportions, and your commercial interests in those countries may some day require protection. The value of a naval base close at hand may prove to be beyond calculation.

There are in the Philippines many fine harbors that might be utilized for this purpose. Some of them are practically unknown at present. For instance, the Malampaya Sound, stretching from northwest to southeast into the west

the southern islands of the Philippine archipelago agree that the personal courage and bodily skill of the American soldier, whether officer or enlisted man, have done more to win the respect and friendship of the warlike Moros than all other influences combined. It is said—the story does not appear in the official records—that Governor Miller had been in Paragua only a few days when he was challenged to a friendly wrestling-match by a native chief who prided himself upon his strength and prowess. The challenge was promptly accepted, and the chief's followers gathered in a circle to witness the discomfiture of the pale-faced stranger. But the unexpected happened. The Moro champion was vanquished and put upon his back so suddenly that his subjects began to think that his conqueror must be possessed of supernatural powers.

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A GREAT QUESTION EMPHATICALLY ANSWERED.

If I am asked, "Is the United States right in retaining the Philippines, and are they worth it?" let me emphatically reply, "Yes!" You have in the Philippine and Sulu archipelagos a group of immensely rich and beautiful islands, which, properly developed, should some day be a credit to the United States. They will be important in more ways than one, even apart from their actual intrinsic value.

In these days of keen international competition for the trade of the orient, it was almost inevitable that an archipelago so conveniently situated for strategic and commercial purposes should sooner or later, either by purchase or conquest, fall into the hands of a more energetic power than decayed Spain. Geographically, no nation in the world was better entitled to possess it than the United States, or could turn it to better account. American trade with China, Manchuria, Korea, and Siberia is destined to expand to great proportions, and your commercial interests in those countries may some day require protection. The value of a naval base close at hand may prove to be beyond calculation.

There are in the Philippines many fine harbors that might be utilized for this purpose. Some of them are practically unknown at present. For instance, the Malampaya Sound, stretching from northwest to southeast into the west

coast of Palawan, is one of the largest and finest in the archipelago. It may some day be of great naval importance, on account of its geographical situation—it is about equi-distant from the most important points in the Philippines—its exit direct into the China Sea, its spaciousness, and its comparative freedom from rocks and reefs. It offers every advantage for a naval station in the way of plentiful timber, good drinking water, and a good anchoring bottom.

TIMBER, GUTTA PERCHA, HEMP, AND PEARLS.

A prominent feature of the islands is their extraordinary wealth of timber. There are forests of teak, ebony, and other fine hard-wood trees. Another valuable product is the *palaquium*, from which gutta percha is extracted. I am not aware whether the best gutta-producer, the *dichopsis gutta* of the Malay Peninsula, has yet been found growing wild on any of the Philippines, but a closely allied species flourishes in the Sulu archipelago, principally on the island of Tawi-Tawi. It is probable that the *dichopsis* trees could easily be imported, and with great profit. The expense of planting them after the ground has been cleared is but small, and after six or seven years the annual returns they bring in are larger than the original outlay.

I am aware that some natural historians have declared that the *dichopsis* will flourish only within a certain region, not more than six degrees of the equator, and west of the one hundred and twentieth meridian of east longitude. Except a few of the Sulu islands, the Philippines lie north and east of these limits; but I know of no reason why they should not provide the proper conditions of soil and climate. I believe that there are fortunes to be made in the production of gutta. The trade is now almost entirely in the hands of Chinese merchants, who export the product chiefly to Sandakan, in Borneo, and to Singapore. The present methods of extraction are most rudimentary and involve enormous waste, the natives recklessly felling the trees in order to obtain the sap, instead of selecting big trees and tapping them regularly, which would give them a more constant and eventually far more remunerative supply.

Eight different kinds of hemp are to be found in the Philippines, and the industry is capable of great extension under more scientific direction. Then let me mention copra—the dried kernels

of the cocoanut—coffee, cacao, tobacco, chocolate, rice of various qualities, indigo, cotton, rattans, camphor, sandal-wood, all of which grow easily and pay handsomely, or would pay handsomely if properly cultivated. None of them, however, can be successfully exploited until roads and other means of communication are established, so as to facilitate their export.

If you care not for agriculture, you can go and fish for pearls. There are plenty of them in the Sulu archipelago, along the west coast of Palawan, and on many of the reefs in the Mindoro Sea. Some of them are very beautiful, although the majority are of irregular shapes, and therefore not so valuable as the more perfectly spherical gems found elsewhere. Money on a smaller scale could be made in trading in wax, in oyster-shells, in sea slug, or in birds' nests.

SOME DISAPPOINTMENTS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Personally, I have little belief in the richness of the mineral resources of the islands. Gold certainly exists on several islands, but in no very great quantity, so far as I could ascertain. The province of Lepanto, in Luzon, is known as one of the great mining districts, both gold and copper being found. I visited it, and saw many abandoned shafts and tunnels. Most of the mines were fenced off and closed, while the few miners who remained on the spot did not seem to be in a very flourishing condition.

Trading and bartering with the natives, especially in the southern islands, might prove quite remunerative, but it should be carried on in small vessels able to enter shallow anchorages and to travel with comparative safety among the numerous reefs. Beads, brass wire, bright-hued cotton fabrics, and colored threads find ready sale. Indeed, I think an enterprising and hard-working person with tact, patience, and a small capital could make money in a hundred different ways in islands so wonderfully rich. I don't mean that large sums can be made in a few weeks, as they sometimes are on the Stock Exchange in New York. The fact that fortunes were not made quickly enough, I think, caused many adventurers who went out when the Philippines were first annexed to return home bitterly disappointed, and showering abuse on the whole archipelago.

The desire to do everything quickly, let me tell you, was also one of the chief

causes of discontent among the natives when the Americans first acquired the Philippines and proceeded to "civilize" the inhabitants in a hasty and somewhat unpractical way. On a curriculum of literature, history, higher mathematics, and American popular songs, the poor Filipino youth could scarcely be expected to improve himself or his country. Industrial and agricultural schools would be of much greater benefit to the islanders than a higher education which leads them to starvation and their fields to abandonment. I am glad to hear that educational matters have lately taken a turn for the better, and that the system is being based on more sensible lines. I am not the first traveler to observe that Americans are very quick to learn from experience.

If part of the money which has been spent in importing American teachers had been devoted to opening new roads and repairing old ones, or to establishing local banks, agricultural training-schools, and some sort of regular postal and telegraph services, the benefit to the natives would have been greater. Also there is urgent need of better communication between the various islands—a task not at all easy, mind you. But in this line, too, I understand, many improvements have been made, or soon will be made.

Upon most of the civilized islands the roads, during my visit, were in a lamentable condition, and most of the public buildings were falling to wrack and ruin. Nearly all the bridges built by the Spaniards had collapsed, and except in a few provinces there was no sign of their being rebuilt.

THE PRESSING NEED OF LABORERS.

At present, Americans in the Philippines experience no end of difficulty in obtaining native labor. This is a very serious obstacle to any sort of industrial development. I have no doubt whatever that were less reckless methods of payment in vogue, a steadier increase in the laboring classes would be brought about. As it now is, a Filipino who works for an American employer earns enough in a few days to live comfortably in idleness for several weeks; and until his money is gone he cannot be persuaded to return to his work. Unless the labor question is settled on a more practical basis, it may prove necessary to import Chinese coolies in order to develop the natural resources of the islands.

Farming in the Philippines is con-

ducted on several different systems. Usually the farmer is not a land-owner, but merely a lessee or partner. In the old Spanish days, he paid the proprietor about one third of his gross income. Latterly, since the fall in the price of sugar, the prevailing rent is less—perhaps one fifth of the receipts. The decline has had unfortunate consequences, the principal one being that the land is not properly cared for, and less is done to develop it.

THE PHILIPPINE SCOUTS AS FIGHTING MEN.

The organization of a native military force, properly drilled, fed, clothed, and paid, as are the Philippine Scouts, is one of the best steps the Americans have yet taken to get a solid hold upon the people of the archipelago. Under the leadership of efficient officers, the Filipinos make soldiers of whom any nation might be proud. The raw material of the recruits is excellent, the men being generally drawn from former members of the Spanish Guardia Civil, or else from the venturesome spirits who served in the Aguinaldo insurrection. With very few exceptions, the Scouts have proved faithful to their officers, and devoted to the uniform they wear. They are capital fighting men, especially in guerrilla warfare, and have many characteristics in common with their northern neighbors, the Japanese. They possess extraordinary endurance and an almost abnormal power of withstanding privation. They are extremely abstemious, docile and obedient if properly handled, but morose and vindictive when they think they have suffered injustice.

I can personally vouch for the courage and devotion of three native scouts who volunteered to accompany me across Mindanao, when the authorities at my point of departure on the coast declined to let me proceed alone. The Mohammedan tribes of the great southern island were very restless just at that time, and the inhabitants of some of the inland villages appeared more or less excited when we approached them. During the many weeks that these three men struggled across country with me, I always found them plucky, cool, and collected. They were sober and orderly, even when we again reached civilization after long periods of much privation and hardship. They all suffered in health, owing to the great distances we traveled daily, but I never once heard a murmur of complaint from their lips.

I may remark here that the Christian-

ized tribes of the Philippines, such as the Tagalos and Visayans, do not average so well, physically and mentally, as some of the non-Christian tribesmen, especially those of the southern islands and the head-hunters of northern Luzon. These head-hunters, the Igorrotes, savages as they are, are the most scientific agriculturists I have ever met. On the subject of irrigation works they could give points, not only to the Spaniards and the Americans, who have tried in vain to civilize them, but to most other people. In their country every inch of land upon the steepest mountain-sides is brought under cultivation. Everywhere, from rock to rock, they build double walls, filled in with earth, to make dams for their rice fields.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE MOROS.

The Mohammedan tribes—Magindanaos, Malanaos, Sulus, and others—were classed by the Spaniards under the rather vague name of Moros, and the Americans have adopted the same collective term for them. On the whole, the Moros—let us use the word for the sake of its convenience—are the best people the Americans have in the Philippine Islands. They are great workers of the land; they are docile enough when you know them, and they have as fair an idea of what is right and wrong as most of us possess. They are strong and wiry, good fighters and keen sportsmen, born traders, and faithful beyond words to their lords and masters. In argument they would be more than a match for a good many white folks, and they have an agreeable sense of humor. They have a lofty religion, which they cannot be induced to change. To my mind, such men are excellent material for development under proper leadership.

It is true that at times they have an unpleasant way of cutting up innocent Christians with their evil-looking swords. Extra fanatical Moros occasionally decide to be what Spanish called *juramentados*. They undergo certain exorcisms and ablutions, shave their heads, beards, eyebrows, and armpits, and sally forth to murder one or more Christians. When they have killed their man, or their men, they commit suicide, in sublime confidence that they will go straight to heaven. As one never knows when one of these fellows may wish to travel heavenward before his natural lifetime expires, it is not strange that a timorous Christian in the land of the Moros should feel more or less uncomfortable and sus-

picious of those around him. But *juramentados* are not so common as some have represented. They are generally the result of some public grievance or injustice to the tribe, when one or more men sacrifice their lives for revenge on behalf of their fellows.

Religious fanaticism is difficult to control in any country, and the Moros have views as to their right to an undisturbed existence.

FROM THE NATIVE VIEW-POINT.

"After all," they reason, "this is our land, and has been so for centuries. We live here in peace, and do not want to attack or conquer your country. We are satisfied with our religion; we have our own laws, and we are a law-abiding people. We cultivate our soil in our own way, and are perfectly satisfied with what it gives us. Why do you come to interfere with us?

"You say you want to establish American schools among us, so that our children may learn your language and ways; but we prefer to teach our children how to work in the fields, so that we may have food to eat year after year. We have our own language, which we understand among ourselves. Your language would be of no use to us, for none of us have any idea of going to live in your distant country."

I have read a great many letters from Moro chiefs to American officials containing such arguments; and surely there is a certain amount of wisdom and justice in them.

Major-General Davis, who has had much experience of the Moros, paid them a high tribute in a message to the soldiers who fought against them at Bayang, in Mindanao:

At this moment of exultation and triumph do not forget the vanquished, whose persistent gallantry commanded the admiration of all who saw the magnificent defense of their stronghold. A race of men who have been able to make such a fight, and to convert this wilderness into a garden, have many qualities which, if guided aright, will make them and their posterity valuable citizens. None can doubt this who have seen what they have accomplished here without the aids which civilized people enjoy.

Let it be the unremitting effort of every officer and soldier to assist and elevate them.

It is to be hoped that all Americans in the Moro country will take General Davis' advice, and that Mohammedans and Christians will some day enjoy and benefit by living in peace in that most beautiful and fertile region.

The Captain of the Christopher Duggan.

BY J. OLIVIER CURWOOD.

"FATHER is dead!"

Above the crackling and snapping of the ice-bound timber outside and the thunder of the sea as it packed the little ice-devils closer about the sinking vessel, the voice of the girl rose firm, almost triumphant, in the ears of the haggard, white-faced men who stood gripping their axes and ice-hooks under the glow of the swinging cabin light. Their watery eyes caught the indistinct white of the sheet under which the captain lay. Beside it stood Duggan's girl. Her fallen hair glistened in frozen strands. Her face was death-like, with a red spot on one cheek where a chunk of ice had bitten it. But her eyes were big, beautiful, fearless, as she scanned the faces of the men.

Instinctively old Ramsay put a half frozen hand to his gray head, and pulled off his stiffened cap. Even in this last moment he cherished the old custom of the Lakes.

"I'm glad, Jean girl," he said. "It's easier for a dead man to go down than a live un!"

Outside there was a terrific crash, as another dozen tons of ice-bound cedar loosened its hold of the Christopher Duggan. One by one the members of the crew bared their heads with Ramsay, until only the youngest of them, the boy from Duluth, who had never shipped before in his life, stood there with his head covered, staring straight into the eyes of the girl. Big tears rolled down his cheeks, his purple lips seemed to form a word; then he dropped his head with the others.

"Father's gone!" cried Duggan's girl, her voice half drowned in the thundering rush of water and ice outside. "But he didn't know he was going down, an' he said for me to take the ship, me 'n' Ramsay. There's nothing to keep us from the boats now, if the cedars don't hold."

"If they do hold, Jean, all the devils from 'ere to the Soo can't pull us down! But they won't, girl—ear that?" shouted Ramsay.

A rumbling shudder passed through the Christopher Duggan, and a roar as of distant thunder came to the ears of the men as another avalanche of cedar posts pitched over her side.

"Keep them as long as you can, and me 'n' Jed'll fix the boats!" commanded the girl.

The men who were daring one last trip across Superior at double pay gripped their axes. As they hurled themselves out into the blackness of the bitter storm, with gray-headed Ramsay leading them, the boy from Duluth caught one of Jean's slim hands for a moment between both his own big bony ones.

"You dassen't do it—I mean you mustn't, Jean!" he said. "You stay here. I'll fix the boats, an' then—then I'll come back for you!"

"Jed, you do as I tell you!" retorted the girl, high above the tumult of the crunching ice and tumbling cedar. "I'm cap'n now, an' you're too much afraid to do it alone. I ain't forgot you was a coward yesterday!"

"I warn't a coward, Jean——"

The boy's expostulation died away in a sudden furious gust that sent the cabin door crashing inward. The girl steadied herself against the gale, her long hair whipping back for an instant into the young man's face. Then she forged ahead into the darkness, out of which came the stentorian voice of Ramsay, who saw her figure swaying onward between him and the light in the cabin.

"One of the boats is gone, Jean—other's clear!" he shouted.

"Then keep to the ice!" returned the girl.

The barge rode smoothly now. She seemed to cut the waves like an iron wedge, and the way she hung in the seas, a dead weight without a tremor, put a thrill of hope into the heart of the green boy from Duluth. But Duggan's girl knew what that steadiness meant.

Ordinarily a dying man is quiet in his last moments. A schooner always is when the little ice-devils have almost got it down. For sixteen hours they had been freezing to the sides of the Christopher Duggan. They hung in solid tons from her deck-houses and rudder. They had crept up her sides until they smoothed her outlines of wood, and when now and then a part of the cedar cargo pitched over into the sea, it was like a mass of broken ice that went. Everywhere the ice-devils had got their hold, and the Duggan continued to settle inch

by inch. Above the regular swish of the waves came the sounds of hacking axes, like the beats of a death-watch at one's bed-head.

The girl joined the men. One of them slipped and fell at her feet, but it was too late to turn Samaritan now. The frozen sailor struggled to his feet again and gripped his ax, but his blows were weak and ineffectual. In the glimmer of the lanterns tied to the deck Jean saw Ramsay fall helplessly down from the cedars, a coil of rope tangled about his arm. His gray head was bare, his beard and hair frozen stiff, and his face was filled with an awful agony. His fingers refused to respond as he tried to grip the girl's arm.

"I can't tie 'em any more!" he cried. "We ain't goin' to hold the cedars much longer!"

"How long?"

The girl dropped her ax. Her voice was almost metallic in its firmness.

"Ten minutes; mebby less," said Ramsay.

"Then hustle the men into the cabin, and thaw 'em out. We've drifted close in to the Michigan shore, an' we'll make it in the boat!"

Duggan's girl came in last. Never had the lad from Duluth seen her eyes so big and dark; never had he seen her face so white. Somehow he did not feel afraid at all when near Jean. If the boat went down, and he knew that it would go soon, he had determined to do a desperate thing. Duggan's girl should go down in his arms. It would be better lying down there in one of the deep pits of Superior's bottom if such a thing as Jean were near him.

He found himself wondering in that moment if all the women of the Lakes were as splendid as she; and then his dream was interrupted by that same cold, passionless voice telling Ramsay that it was time to go to the boat. At that moment it was a disappointment. He would rather have met his end there, with Jean, than out in the cold and alone. Looking straight at Duggan's girl, he said so.

"I'd rather stay here, Jean!"

"Are you afraid to go, or is it because you ain't afraid to stay?"

There was something in Jean's voice that sounded queer. Just a flash of softness came into her eyes, and quickly disappeared again. Then she pushed old Ramsay through the door, and followed. Two of the sailors had axes, and the girl brought another.

Under the broad stern of the barge the waves beat mercilessly against the ice-hung rudder. Now and then there was a lull; and in one of these the boat swung down, and two sailors were in it before another of the heavier waves came to beat its ribs against the ice. Then Ramsay seized Jean's arm, this time firmly.

"You next, Jean girl!"

"Not now, Ramsay!" she cried, jerking her arm free. "Have you forgot that father's in there? Ain't it my right to be the last to leave the boat?"

"You'd better go, Jean," urged the boy from Duluth, close up to her ear. "I'll be the last!"

"You won't!" shrieked the girl. "Jed, git into that boat, and you, too, Ramsay. Ain't this my boat now, and ain't it my right to leave father last?"

Without a word old Ramsay clambered over the side, and the boy followed.

"You ready?" called down the girl.

"Only a second, Jean. There—now—"

In the light of the lanterns Jean's ax flashed above her head. Once, twice, it rose and fell, and the crew of the Christopher Duggan disappeared in the blackness of the sea.

"Jean! Jean!" came a despairing cry.

"I'm goin' to stay 'with father!'" shouted the girl through the trumpet of her hands. "Good-by—good-by!"

The crash of another mass of cedar as it slipped off the barge drowned the voices from the small boat. Fearing that the end was very near, Duggan's girl hurried back and sat down beside the white-sheeted cot in the cabin. Her eyes were softer now, and with her chin in her hands she listened unfearingly for that last gurgling swish of waters which would tell her that the nose of the Christopher Duggan was going under.

The water dripped from her long, beautiful hair, and once or twice a phantom smile seemed to soften her lips, as she thought of the clumsy deck-hand from Duluth. The seconds passed—they seemed like minutes to the waiting girl—and only the recurring sounds of slipping cedar posts came where there should have been that last triumphant gurgle of the little ice-devils. Then there came another sound, a great, human cry of "Jean, Jean!"

The door burst open, and in it stood the boy from Duluth, dripping with ice and water, and with a face that was as white as death could make it.

"Jean, Jean!" he cried again. "I've come back!"

With a wild cry the girl sprang to her feet and held out her arms blindly.

"Jed, you went out in the boat—"

"An' I jumped back, Jean!"

Through the open door there came an awful sound. It was a soothing, rustling sound, like that made by the swish of crunched ice against the sides of a copper vessel, only long-continued. The girl stood as if transfixed, and unconsciously she lifted her eyes upward.

"Jean, is it coming?" asked the boy in a low, thrilling voice. The girl nodded. "Then listen, Jean! I come back to die with you; for I'd rather die with you here than live out there! But I want you to go down in my arms, Jean—will you?"

The soft light came again into Jean's beautiful eyes as she put her arms around the boy's shoulders.

"I couldn't die in braver ones, Jed," said she.

The boy from Duluth held her closely. He could feel her heart beating against his own, and a little fearfully he brought his rough cheek down until it pressed against the girl's. Somehow he forgot to listen to the ominous sound outside, and kissed her, very gently.

One, two, three minutes passed, and the girl lifted her head. There was a pink glow in either cheek now, as she gently pushed the boy back.

"Jed, I guess I was wrong. The time ain't come yet!"

As if to argue for the young lover, there came a tremendous shock that seemed to rend the barge from end to end. For a minute the Christopher Duggan tossed in the seas as if a charge of dynamite had lifted her out of the water. Her stern shot up with a suddenness that pitched Jean and her companion violently against the wall of the cabin. Then she settled again, and the vessel rolled violently, as if caught in another and fiercer gale.

"Jed, Jed!" shrieked the girl. "The ice has broke!"

The landsman caught the meaning of the words. In a flash he was out at the door and on the deck. The wind blew fiercely over his head. He could hear the cedars slipping, but it was only a thin spray of the wave-crests that dashed into his face now. He found difficulty in keeping his feet, and out of his throat came a yell of joy. With the cabin lantern in her hand, Jean stumbled out to him, and together they held it over

the ice-smothered rail of the barge. The Christopher Duggan was up four feet out of the water.

No word came from the lips of the girl. She seemed limp and helpless now, and caught hold of her companion for support. In turn, the lad from Duluth put an arm about her, and half carried her back into the cabin. Then he took the arm away, and Duggan's girl fell upon her knees beside the dead man under the sheet.

After that Jed went out and chopped and chopped, and tied the cedars down, and hung lights as high up the slippery masts as he could climb. When he came back, a sickly gray was climbing into the sky, and by straining his eyes he could make out the white crests of the waves a few fathoms out. The girl still knelt beside the cot—asleep, the boy thought—so he went out again, and watched the coming of the day from the sheltered side of the cedars. His vision grew wider and wider, until half a mile away, deep down, and pounding steadily toward the Soo, he caught the outlines of a huge steel freighter.

When Jean awoke, the landsman was seated near her, calmly smoking a pipe. There was a good fire in the stove, and the room was warm and exceedingly comfortable. Moreover, the Christopher Duggan seemed to be riding squarely in the sea. As the girl jumped to her feet, and brushed the thick hair back from her face, the boy dropped his pipe to the floor and caught her gently by the arm.

"Come here, Jean!" He led her to the door, and opened it. A hundred fathoms ahead the steel freighter was hurrying on her last trip to the Soo. "We're in tow," he explained.

The wind caught Jean's hair and whipped it about his face. The boy from Duluth half put his hands up to it, then hesitated, and caught Duggan's girl in his arms.

"Jean, Jean!" he cried passionately. "You didn't go down in my arms, an' we'll be at the Soo to-night! I love you so I almost wish we'd died together—if you're going to send me away. What are you going to do, Jean?"

For answer the girl turned about and drew her arms tightly around the boy.

Ahead, the whistle of the big steel freighter blew three screeching blasts to something that looked like a ship in the mist of the morning.

"Look out—I'm coming with a tow—I'm coming with a tow—I'm coming with a tow!" they said.

AN ANONYMOUS GUEST.

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

I.

WHEN Professor Phillips received his appointment as a member of the faculty of the Ocean Park summer school, he was much gratified. Moreover, his pride was largely tinctured with relief, the two summer holiday months being usually a period of financial stress. But Mrs. Phillips was less exultant.

"It's all well enough for you, William, to talk of closing the house and leaving to-morrow, but I tell you it can't be done. With all the furniture to cover, and the silver to take to the safe deposit vault in town, and the curtains to take down and put away, not to mention packing the woolens, and putting newspapers over the carpets—and it's so hard to find homes for the canary and the cat—"

Poor Mrs. Phillips subsided, breathless and incoherent, into a chair. The professor looked at her mildly over his glasses.

"I should think, Amelia," he said, "that you could close the house in a more leisurely manner and follow me a few days later. It is absolutely necessary for me to be present at the opening of the school on Thursday morning."

"And leave me to take that long journey alone? Never! With my tendency to car-sickness, too! Besides, there is Jane."

Yes, there was Jane. For thirteen years all the Phillips' arrangements had been made with reference to Jane. Guests were invited or not invited as it was Jane's day in or out; dishes that Jane disliked to cook were omitted from the daily menu; and Mrs. Phillips had been known to curtail the number of flounces on her summer gowns to save Jane's strength and temper on ironing day.

It was not strange, therefore, that at this question the professor became thoughtful. It was manifestly impossible to take Jane along, and it was equally inexpedient to discharge her. As weighed in the balance, a future containing Jane, with her abilities in the line of scrubbing brushes and well-seasoned viands, more than outweighed a summer at the seashore and a comfortless, Janeless winter thereafter. It is quite possible that the elderly couple in the cozy library

would have decided accordingly had not fate, in the shape of a telephone bell, intervened. At the imperative ring the professor rose with a sigh.

"That's Wilson, I suppose. I told him I would see if any of the neighbors wanted to rent their homes for the summer. Ruth isn't well, and he and Mrs. Wilson want to get her out of the city for the warm weather. I have been so engrossed with this other matter that I have forgotten to inquire."

But Mrs. Phillips was looking at him with eyes in which hope was rapidly dawning.

"Why, it's the very solution of the difficulty," she said eagerly. "Why not rent them this house?"

The professor had taken down the receiver.

"Yes—yes—hello, Wilson, just hold the line a minute," he said. Then, with his hand over the transmitter, "What about Jane?" he queried in a stage whisper.

"They can take Jane along with the house," Mrs. Phillips replied in a similar tone.

And that is how it happened that the following evening saw the professor and Mrs. Phillips departing down the gravelled walk for the train, Mrs. Phillips calling back directions about the canary and the water-heater as she vanished into the darkness, while Mrs. Wilson and Ruth waved farewell from the porch.

The older woman went indoors, but Ruth stood a moment in the cool night air and looked about her. On either side of the pretty suburban street were brightly lighted houses, while the sounds of cheerful voices and laughter floated to her across the smooth lawns. She listened a moment to the tuneful tinkle of a guitar, then turned with a sigh, and stepped into the house, closing the door behind her. She paused at the library door, summoning a smile. Smiles had been rather infrequent on her charming face for several months.

"You're to go to bed at once, both of you. Father, put away your pipe like a good boy. The unpacking is going to wait until morning, and besides, by the time I count ten, the electric light is going out. Now, ready—one, two, three!"

The professor rose reluctantly from

the depths of a comfortable chair and emptied his pipe carefully. Mrs. Wilson, after examining the window-locks, picked up her glasses, and, obedient to her imperious daughter's command, proceeded up-stairs, followed by her husband. Ruth stood for a moment in the hall, her hand on the electric light switch, her eyes on a

baking. Up-stairs everything was quiet and dark. Jane had just dived into the flour barrel—figuratively, of course—when the bell rang. She pulled down her sleeves tied a white apron around her expansive waist, and leisurely answered the ring.

A young man, tall and well set up,



"THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN ! WHAT YOUNG GENTLEMAN ?"

pale face reflected from the mirror above the hall table, and communed with herself.

"You're a sentimental, wishy-washy idiot, and I'm ashamed of you! Your complexion has gone, or nearly, and you go around sighing—ah, it's simply, utterly disgraceful!"

Which reflection did not prevent her crying herself to sleep with a photograph and a half dozen letters under her pillow—a proceeding not at all original with Ruth.

It was still quite early. Jane in the kitchen put down the almanac and prepared to set the sponge for the morning's

carrying a suit-case and a light overcoat, stood on the porch.

"Is the professor at home?" he asked.

"He's in bed," said Jane ungraciously.

"Well, don't disturb him. I wrote him that I would arrive either to-night or tomorrow morning. Just hold the screen open until I get the suit-case in. That's it, thank you. Now, which way?"

The young man's manner was magnetic, and his smile friendly and winning. Jane's ungraciousness vanished. She closed and locked the front door, and, cautioning him to step lightly, led the way to the immaculate guest-room. Then, after filling the water pitcher and

bringing a fresh supply of towels, she departed complacently to her interrupted bread-making.

II.

THE family slept late the next morning. Ruth was the first to come down, and she stood listlessly sorting over the mail, all for the Phillipses, when her father and mother entered the room. When Jane brought in the coffee urn, Mrs. Wilson commented smilingly on the fourth plate at the table, but Jane looked bewildered.

"It's for the young gentleman, ma'am," she said.

"The young gentleman!" exclaimed three simultaneous voices. "What young gentleman?"

Whereupon the dismayed Jane related the previous evening's experience, and created a small sensation.

"A burglar!" said Mrs. Wilson hysterically. "We must count the spoons at once. I'm so glad we locked our bedroom door last night. That pearl brooch that was mother's—you know, Ruth—was lying out on the dresser, and this morning's market money was in the upper drawer. Oh, I wish we had stayed in the city!"

"Nonsense, mother," said Ruth. "My door was not locked. Don't you understand? It's some guest of the Phillipses, and he doesn't know of the change that has been made. Go, please, and call him to breakfast, Jane."

But Jane came down in a few minutes to announce that the room was empty, and to place before the professor a slip of paper which had been conspicuously fastened in the corner of the mirror. Professor Wilson straightened his glasses and read it aloud:

DEAR PROFESSOR :

I am accepting, somewhat tardily, your kind invitation to make this Liberty Hall. I'm off early to watch the football practise game, and will spend the remainder of the day trying to locate a friend who has disappeared. Don't worry about my meals—I'll get them wherever I happen to be. Regards and many thanks to your good wife for her hospitality.

A.

P. S.—Mother sends her love.

"Very surprising, very," said the professor. "The signature is most indefinite. 'A' might be anything from Adam to Ananias."

But the professor's attempt at jocularity fell flat. Ruth's eyes were flashing with indignation.

"Outrageous!" she stormed. "Even if the Phillipses were here, such conduct would be insufferable!" Then, more mildly: "What does he look like, Jane?"

But Jane, thus appealed to, was not a very enlightening witness. Was he tall? Yes, very—or rather, now she thought of it, not so very. Was he dark or light? Well, she thought his hair was brown, but perhaps it was a little bit red. She knew it looked red in the hall, but of course there was a red globe on the chandelier.

Ruth's small foot tapped the floor impatiently.

"Now, father and mother, and you, too, Jane, listen to me." Ruth being an only child, her father and mother always did listen to what she said, but of course Jane was an unknown quantity. "It was extremely rude of this person"—there are a great many possibilities of inflection in that small word "person"—"to go away this morning without waiting to say a word to his entertainers, and he needs a good lesson. We will allow him to come and go to-day as he wishes, and Jane, you must not tell him anything. Then, when he presents himself for dinner to-night, there will be a few surprises in store for him!"

There really did not seem to be anything else to do, for the young man was beyond reach. Even Jane acquiesced, entirely forgetful of the half dollar which rested at that moment on the kitchen mantel-shelf, a mute witness to the evanescence of human gratitude. And so, after a morning spent in unpacking and an afternoon devoted to calls, the ladies hastened to dress for the eventful dinner. Both took especial pains with their toilettes, Ruth looking her best, which was very good indeed, in soft, lacy white. Jane announced dinner punctually.

"But the visitor, Jane," said Mrs. Wilson. "Hasn't that young man come back yet?"

"Oh, yes'm, I forgot to tell you. He was here this afternoon. He said his trunk must be lost, and after he took a bath he borrowed one of the professor's dress shirts, and went out for dinner. He'll be back late to-night."

"Mother," said Ruth, "this is simply disgraceful! The idea of his wearing one of father's shirts! I am not going to stand it. The first time he allows us the privilege of seeing him, I am going to tell him just what I think of him."

"Don't be rude, Ruth, I implore you. Don't say anything you will regret later."

"I can look a great deal that I might not care to say," said Ruth, and being a

young woman of spirit there is no reason to doubt that she could.

III.

THE evening was not cheerful. The professor amused himself, as was his wont, with the Greek poets. Mrs. Wilson crocheted blue bedroom slippers with pink scallops around the tops—an evening custom of hers that derived its sole variety from periodical changes in the colors employed. Ruth spent fully an hour outlining a comprehensive scheme of vengeance against the intruder upon the family peace. Then she went upstairs, took off her wasted finery, and sat down by the open window in the starlight.

Long after the house was dark and silent she sat there, dreaming of that last summer which had meant so much to her, and which now seemed as dead as its roses. The quarrel had been over such a trifle, and she had so deeply repented her hasty return home. She had thought the man would follow her, forgetting that in her anger she had told him that she had never cared for him.

He had had a very proper pride of his own, and now she was suffering the punishment of the impulsive and wilful.

She rose with a sigh, and prepared for bed, her lips tightening ominously when she heard the click of a latch-key in the front door, and a firm though carefully muffled step on the stair.

She was again disappointed at breakfast. Jane reported that the young man had taken a cup of coffee half an hour before, and had started for the city.

"He's powerful anxious to find a friend that's moved away," she reported. "He says he'll settle down and visit with the family as soon as he finds him. He'll be back late to-night."

That day Ruth and her mother spent in town shopping. When they got home late in the afternoon, Jane met them at

the door with a smile. Leading the way into the library, she pointed with pride to the center table, on which a huge cluster of American beauties towered almost to the low chandelier.

"There's more in the dining-room," said Jane, breathless with importance. "He brought them!"

Mrs. Wilson was delighted, but Ruth, unable to believe any good of their uninited guest, was suspicious.

"What did he borrow this time?" she asked.

Jane laughed.

"He was pretty mad when he found his trunk wasn't here. He got the professor's razor and shaved himself, and he nearly cut his ear off; I heard him talking about it clear downstairs. Then he borrowed a necktie and a couple of handkerchiefs out of Mr. Wilson's chiffonier. I didn't want to lend him the rain-coat, but he said: 'Great Scott, Jane, the professor won't mind. Why, he slept in my pajamas and wore my underclothes once for a week when he was visiting us and his trunk was lost!'"

"Is that all?" said Ruth ominously.

"That's all," said Jane cheerfully. "He

shaved in your room, Miss Ruth, because the light was better."

"That settles it! We are not going to allow any strange man to live in our house, wear our clothes, and make himself generally obnoxious! I don't care if he did bring those flowers, I am going to have some kind of an explanation with him. Jane, please waken me early in the morning, and I'll try to see him before he goes out."

It was quite early the next morning when Jane tapped lightly at Ruth's door.

"He's up," she whispered. "I hear him moving around. And look here, Miss Ruth, don't be too hard on him. He hasn't any idea the Phillipses aren't here. Suppose, when he rings for his shaving-water, I bring it here, and you can give it to him."



"I WISH, IF YOU HAVE THE TIME,
YOU WOULD SEW A BUTTON
ON MY COAT."

Ruth assented. She dressed hastily, and was just fastening her neck-ribbon when Jane brought the hot water and retreated to the kitchen, beyond reach of the threatening storm. Ruth picked up the pitcher, and, holding it gingerly, tapped at the spare room door. It was opened about six inches; a hand took the pitcher, and dropped a quarter into hers.

"Wait a minute, Jane," said a loud whisper. "I wish, if you have the time, you would sew a button on my coat. Here it is!" And before Ruth quite realized the situation, a coat and a button were passed to her through the aperture, and the door gently closed.

Stunned, Ruth took the offending garment to her room and contemplated it disgustedly. It was a big coat; evidently the visitor had shoulders. Also, it was a handsome specimen of the tailor's art. She might sew on the button, as he had asked; then, when she returned the garment, it would be a good time to spring the trap as she had planned, beginning with "Have you not made a mistake?" and finishing with his utter discomfiture and chagrin.

Ruth threaded a needle and picked up the coat. She must have upturned it as she did so, for out rolled a number of objects—a fountain pen, a cigar-case, a time-table, and, right at her feet, a small, flat leather case. It was palpably a photograph case, and as such was entitled to respect; but Ruth was very human, and so of course she opened it. There was a girl's picture inside, and on the back, in bold, masculine characters, was a quotation from Meredith:

How fair is her forehead, how calm seems her cheek!
And how sweet must that voice be, if once she would speak!

Ruth looked long at the little inscription. Then, putting the various articles back in the pockets, she went with the coat to the kitchen.

"I've changed my plan, Jane," she said hurriedly. "Take this coat up to him, and tell him that the professor particularly wants him to be home for dinner tonight. He is to meet a friend."

IV.

THE house looked very gay that night. There were roses in the dining-room, and pink shades on the candles, while Ruth, in her pale pink frock, putting the finishing touches to the table, looked like a rose herself. Promptly at the dinner hour the Wilson family assembled in the

library, but at the sound of a firm step descending the stairs Ruth beat a hasty retreat. As the tall, immaculate young man in evening clothes appeared in the doorway, Mrs. Wilson rose to greet him, and without noticing his evident astonishment shook hands heartily.

"And this is my husband, Mr. Wilson," she said, turning to the professor.

The professor was urbanity itself. He pushed forward a comfortable chair and a box of cigars, with an air of having known his guest for years. But the young man was plainly battling with a state of mental chaos.

"Delightful evening," said the professor cheerfully.

"Terribly so—that is, I should say, charming," he replied in an abstracted voice. What did Phillips mean, thrusting him on the other dinner guests without the formality of an introduction? Where was Phillips, anyhow?

"I haven't had the pleasure of seeing my hostess yet," he said, "strange as it may seem. I hope she is quite well?"

"Oh, very well, thank you," said Mrs. Wilson with a smile.

The young man eyed her for a moment, but she seemed unconscious of his scrutiny, and went on placidly with her embroidery. Jane at the door announced dinner, and she rose.

"Come, gentlemen," she said.

But the young man did not move. Something seemed to dawn on him all at once.

"But the Phillipses?" he said.

The professor was really enjoying himself.

"The Phillipses? Oh, they are spending the summer at Ocean Park."

A brilliant flush spread from the young man's collar to his carefully brushed hair. He looked from Mrs. Wilson to her husband, and back again to the lady.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I hope I have misunderstood you. You do not mean that the Phillips family is away from home?"

"Exactly that."

The professor was an adept at calling luckless students before him and holding them up to the ridicule of the class, but never, perhaps, had he made a query that caused quite the embarrassment that followed his next remark.

"Did the shirt fit?" he asked.

The young man hastily brought out his handkerchief and mopped his face.

"I nearly choked to death in the collar-band," he said. "My trunk had not come, and—"



"IF THERE IS ANYTHING ELSE IN THE HOUSE THAT THAT YOUNG FELLOW WOULD LIKE TO HAVE, YOU MAY AS WELL GO AND GET IT!"

"Dinner will be cold," said Mrs. Wilson peremptorily, and the little procession filed into the dining-room. Ruth was standing in the candle-light, and as the young man caught sight of her he stopped short. Another instant, and his arms were close about her.

"My sweetest heart!" he said. "I have been searching everywhere for you!"

The professor groped his way nearsidedly around the table and dropped into a chair.

"Maria," he said plaintively to his astonished wife, "ask Ruth to introduce us to Mr. Adam, or Ananias, or whatever his name may be. And if there is anything else in the house that that young fellow would like to have, you may as well go and get it!"

TWO GLOVES—A ROMANCE.

ONE is a glove so small, so softly white;
It nestles in a pocket out-of sight—
A waistcoat pocket just above the heart
Of one who'd scorned the pricks of Cupid's dart.
A perfume faint, as of crushed rose-leaves, lingers
Within the creases of this glove's small fingers.

The other is a well-worn riding glove—
A thing that hardly seems a gift of love;
For curving palm of piqué, stitched and thick,
Still holds the imprint of a stout crop-stick,
Also the odor of tobacco mellow;
Yet this glove rests beneath my lady's pillow!

Beatrice E. Rice.



ETCHINGS

My Temptress.

If Polly did not tempt with look
Half-shy, and low-voiced, timid speech,
I might my amorous longing brook
To see if my right arm would reach
Around her waist; hope might not stir
The wish to be fore'er her beau—
I might not dream of kissing her,
If Polly did not tempt me so!

If Polly did not tempt, I'm sure
I'd never airy castles spin;
The month of June would hold no lure,
I'd not hum strains from "Lohengrin";
The mating robins in the trees
I should not hear love-lilting low—
I'd pay small heed to things like these,
If Polly did not tempt me so!

Roy Farrell Greene.

The Deteriorating Heroine.

THE heroine they knew of old
Had eyes like "violets washed in dew";
At commonest, her hair was gold,
At most, her waist was twenty-two.
Alack the change! She may be sallow
now,
Or fat, or freckled, with red hair above
her brow.

A century since, and she was youth
itself—
Eighteen and rapture—nineteen, May!
A decade older, to the shelf
She made her uncomplaining way.
Ah, me! There's no such freshness any
more;
The latest heroine acknowledged forty-
four!

She used to wear such pretty clothes,
The heroine—such mull and lace,
"And in her hair a single rose
That matched the color in her face."
Wo's me! Her modern followers dispense
With fashion; that they're dressed is
merely inference.

Of old, the heroine could knit,
Embroider, make the toast for tea;
The plants she watered, lamps she lit,
And cribbage played ungrumblingly.
Such labors her successors frankly hate,
But vaunt instead of "eighteen holes
in ninety-eight."

Her language once was circumspect,
And uncontaminate of slang;
Her tenderness was all unchecked—
She killed a spider with a pang!
A vivisectionist queened last month's
book,
And this month's favorite speaks the
argot of the crook.

She was a loyal little dunce,
The girl of whom they used to write;
And when the hero kissed her once,
Her love tale was completed quite.
To-day, it matters not if maid or wife,
She has, each year or so, a new "love
of her life."

Yet, fellow readers, make no moan
That Angeline has said farewell,
Or that, exalted to her throne,
Sits—what's polite for Jezebel?
Rejoice instead. We shall not be alive
To see the heroine of nineteen ninety-
five!

Anne O'Hagan.

Pa.

My pa is like a giant tall,
With hands on him like hams,
And feet as big as all outdoors,
And whiskers like a ram's.

He swings his shoulders mighty fierce
And proudly when he walks;
And he can make his language roar
Like thunder when he talks.

He keeps us children so afraid
Of his great fiery eye,
That we don't hardly know a thing
Whenever he is by.

And other folks stands back when pa
Shows off before a crowd,
And everybody seems so scared
They dasn't talk out loud.

Oh, yes, my pa's about as big
As any can be found;
But pa, he kind of shrivels up
Whenever ma's around!

William J. Lampton.



IN THE FIRELIGHT.

THE future years, for us—us two—
 What cares and troubles shall they brew ?
 Ye dying embers, answer make ;
 Some pity on our blindness take !
 Shall lilies white our pathway strew ?

Shall each to each be ever true ?
 Are they of bright or somber hue,
 The future years ?

Thou flickering light, reveal to view
 The hidden deeds that shall ensue !
 Shall we from dreaming present wake
 To feel some dull and throbbing ache ?
 Or shall they bring us joy that's new,
 The future years ?

Jean Rushmore.





"She's waiting, waiting at the trysting-place for me."



I.

WHEN the lilacs white and purple nod beside the orchard wall,
And the pine-trees answer, answer, to the little brook's low call,
When along the woodland lane the first wild roses bud and glow—
Then my heart turns back to Jennie and the Land of Long Ago !

II.

She is sweeter than the roses, she is fairer far to see,
And I know she's waiting, waiting at the trysting-place for me ;
With the sunlight on her tresses, 'neath the listening larch she stands
In a shimmering gown of lilac, and with lilacs in her hands.

III.

Long we linger ; shadows gather, peeping stars steal into sight ;
Time, the traitor, laughing, laughing, sweeps us onward in his flight ;
Love, the warrior, flaunts him, taunts him, swears to rout him in the fray ;
And the perfume of the lilacs floats beside us all the way.

IV.

Age has found me, youth has fled me, gone are hope and young desire,
And I sit here dreaming, dreaming, by an ever-dying fire ;
There's a portrait on the mantel, pipe and glass to banish care,
And a spray of withered lilacs in the book beside my chair.

V.

When the lilacs white and purple nod beside the orchard wall,
Love, the traitor, trembling, trembling, comes in answer to my call ;
Time, the warrior, flaunts him, taunts him, swears to rout the laggard foe—
And my heart turns back to Jennie and the Land of Long Ago !

Meribah Philbrick Abbott.

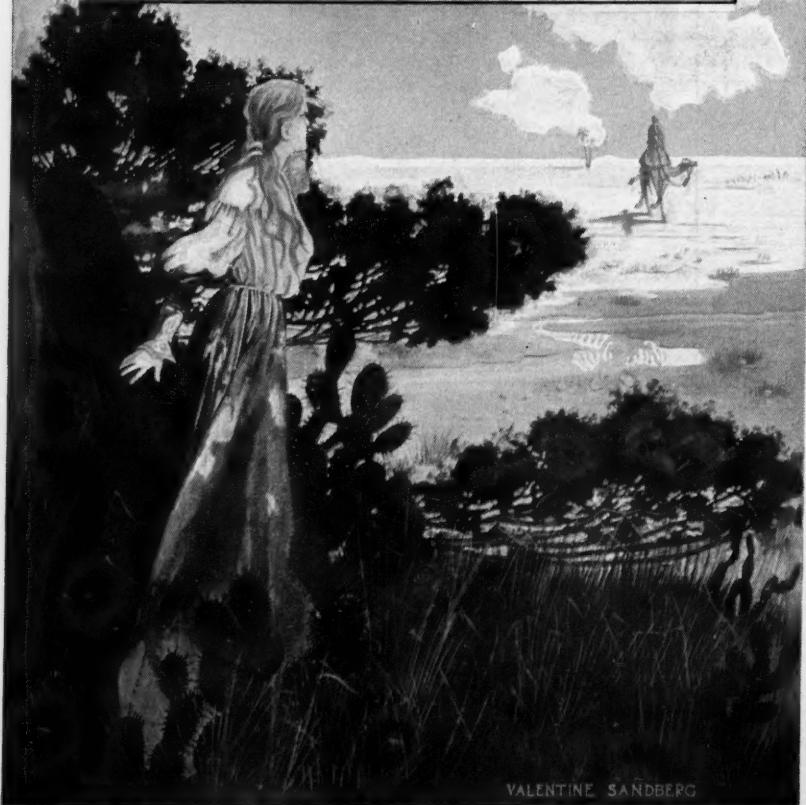


THE OASIS

A cross Life's desert sands I journeyed far;
No hand was lent to guide my steps aright,
And Heaven held for me no beacon star
That I might be directed by its light.

A nd thus I wandered till I came at last
To where you waited, wise and womanly,
Like an oasis in the desert cast
By God, to make a better man of me.

REYNALE SMITH PICKERING.



VALENTINE SANDBERG



In the forest.

COME, wander with me through the quiet shade
Of yonder forest, branching 'neath the blue,
Where timid sunbeams glisten, half afraid,
Yet eager still, to kiss away the dew.

Come, let us turn aside from beaten trail,
And look adown the gorge, so long and deep,
Where rhododendrons blossom, sweet and pale,
As if scarce awakened from white winter's sleep.

Come, let us brush aside the hanging vines,
And skirt the open, till we reach the glen,
Where we can catch the faint breath of the pines,
And with dim fancies bridge the "now" and "then"!

Come, let us see, reflected in the stream,
The slender birches gleaming 'gainst the dark ;
So shall our hearts grow tender as we dream ;
So shall our souls receive God's fingermark !

Alice Garland Steele.

Breaking the Wish-Bone.

"**W**ILL you wish with me?" said Dorothy,
"For the wish-bone it has come to me;
And I want my own wish, oh, so much!"
But I won from her at an instant's touch.

"**Y**OU did not break it fair," she said,
"For you held it right up at the head!"
"But what was the harm," said I, "to you?
For I wished that your wish might come true!"

Cora A. Matson Dolson.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE RECENT CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF THE FAMOUS ENGLISH STATESMAN—AN ESTIMATE OF HIS WORK AND PERSONALITY FROM THE STANDPOINT OF TO-DAY.

A SATRAP, who perhaps had overeaten the evening before, summoned his vizier.

"I want you," he said, "to give me a motto suitable for every joy, every sorrow, and, while you are at it, for every thing earthly."

For a moment the vizier pondered. Then he answered:

"Great lord, this too shall pass away."

So has Disraeli passed. A poet who dreamed that his life would be a constant ascension, and to whom the dream came true; a novelist whose career was more surprising than his own fiction; a plebeian who made himself a peer; a nobody who became premier; a poor Jew who, after incurring the aversion of a great queen, turned her into an empress and himself into her friend; an alien who ruled Great Britain—that was Disraeli.

A few months ago his centenary occurred, and with it a ripple through the press. The vizier was right. Disraeli has gone the way of all things earthly. Yet few have been more magnificently alive. One might say that he was magnificence personified, were it not that an ambition animated is more precise. Now, in a vault at Hughenden—which, had he wished, would have been at Westminster—he is buried. Buried also, or pretty nearly, are his novels. Buried as well are his sensational and gladiatorial achievements. Save Cyprus and the Suez shares, these too have

passed away. Only the romance of the man endures. But that is unique.

HIS BRILLIANT AND DANDIFIED YOUTH.

To appreciate it, consider please the picture by Maclise. Had Brummel met the youth represented there, he would have repeated himself. He would have said to him: "Who is your tailor?" And, on being asked why, he would have answered "In order to avoid him." But Disraeli would have given as good as was sent. Better, perhaps. The sneer would have cheered him. He would have felt that he had attracted attention. That was his object.

Occasionally a man will run after fame and fail to catch her. Disraeli assaulted the lady. He surprised her by his pose, detained her with his prose, and vanquished her with his impertinence.

At a bound he leaped to the lips of men. The task is not easy. Byron accomplished it. Disraeli was quite as agile.

His father, as you may remember, was the author of "The Curiosities of Literature." Of these the son was chief. Immature and unknown, he produced a novel—"Vivian Grey." It was read by hair-dressers, by duchesses, by every one in between.

"But what do you intend to be?" he was asked by Melbourne, to whom fiction perhaps did not appeal.

"Prime minister," was his prompt reply.

In the House of



BENJAMIN DISRAELI AS A YOUNG MAN.

From the drawing by Daniel Maclise.

Commons, when he first rose to speak, he was laughed down.

"The time will come when you will hear me!" he cried.

The time did come. Heard he was, and no one with greater attention.

Meanwhile his coats and conceits as-

Said Balzac: "I wish to be famous and to be loved." But Disraeli, who from the romantic standpoint was thoroughly Balzacian, cared only for fame. Social recognition he accepted as a matter of course. His blood he held to be quite as blue as any duke's. The term "blue



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND IN 1868
AND FROM 1874 TO 1880.

From a photograph by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.

tounded London. There his progress was fabulous. Before society knew him he was leading it—snubbing it, for that matter.

"I rather like bad wine," he informed an earl at whose table he sat, and who had made some excuse about the quality of the claret. "One gets so bored with good wine."

blood" comes, as his ancestors came, from Spain, where it means blood free from Moorish or Jewish admixture. Yet little pedantisms of that kind were not of a nature to bother Disraeli, who was not a pedant at all, or even what is called learned. He was something superior. He was a man of great imagination, as all great Jews are. The constant presence

of imagination and the total absence of learning are notable in his novels, in which he displayed another Hebraic trait. They drip with splendor. There is in them the glare of the East.

Hence his love of adorment. He wore his hair in ringlets, which in youth were oiled, and in age were dyed. No one but a rajah ever wore more jewels, no one but a felon more chains. In the days of "Vivian Grey," he had rings on his gloves, rosettes on his shoes, lace at his wrists, green velvet trowsers, and shirts of black silk. But as he approached that loneliest of lands which mariners call Success, these things disappeared, leaving but a love innate for splendor and, by a beautiful antithesis, for flowers too—a love so marked that the primrose, which was his favorite flower, became his emblem, as the violet is that of the Napoleonides.

COVETOUS OF POWER, CARELESS OF MONEY.

By another and equally beautiful antithesis, his contempt of money was complete. He had for it the high disdain that high minds have. During his novitiate he was always in debt, at times unable to leave the house because of the bailiff. In later life there were occasions when he could have turned every stock exchange in Europe topsy-turvy and made millions in a minute. Even then he was more or less embarrassed, but always he was straight. As a public man he got his full share of abuse, but no one, not even his nearest friend, ever intimated that he cared for money.

"It was for money I married you," he once threw at his wife.

"Yes, dear," that lady threw back, "and if you had it to do over you would marry me for love!"

Whether he laughed at that is unrecorded. But we may assume that he did not. It is said of Cato that he laughed but once, and that all Rome turned out to see him. In that respect Disraeli was Catoesque. Even his smile was infrequent. His face, grave, always sallow, and ultimately wrinkled with those curious half circles that form about actors' mouths, was a mask, as his costume had been a masquerade. The greatest fop in antiquity was Cæsar; but behind the plumage of a peacock were the beak and talons of a bird of prey. Behind Disraeli's conceits and affectations was an iron will, the determination, and, what is more, the ability, to make that will law. He might have succeeded D'Orsay, who had succeeded Brummel,

and, as king of fashion, ruled. It is a sway like another, and not untempting, either. But society to Disraeli was but a phase in his ascension. His ambition was not limited to the admiration of peers and peeresses, nor was it his ambition simply to create them, as he did doubly, in fiction and in fact. His ambition was to rule, not fashion, but England.

For an alien, a man of a race despised, un-English in appearance and manner, without property or connections, and in debt, the ambition was rather notable. Yet what is not merely notable but marvelous is the fact that it was achieved. When, therefore, after being for twenty-five years leader of the opposition and three times chancellor of the exchequer, the premiership came to him at last and not once but twice, the supreme dignity of it was but what he had awaited. From the ghetto he had reached the throne; he was the voice behind it, and in all but the insignia of royalty, this Jew, without a drop of English blood in his veins, was King of England.

Had he been the adventurer that he was called, the air of the heights would have turned his head. It only heightened his gravity—without, however, impairing his humor. He could jest as before, and quite as caustically. Meanwhile as Earl of Beaconsfield—a title intended for Burke, which Disraeli had previously declined, but an appanage of which, the title of viscountess, he had long before accepted for his wife—he entered the Upper House. On the occasion of the Berlin Conference, he and Salisbury arranged to attend it. This Lord Granville deplored, or affected to. But Disraeli was ready for him.

DISRAELI'S CAUSTIC HUMOR.

"The noble earl," he began, "has regretted that my noble friend and myself should be abroad at the same time. He has been pleased to express the fear that the absence from the cabinet of the Marquess of Salisbury and myself will diminish the personal importance of those that remain." Disraeli paused and looked blandly about. "My lords," he resumed, "I can conceive of no circumstance—ahem!—more calculated to increase it."

The insolence of that no one not born for the purple could, without ridicule to himself, have uttered. Yet then, too, in reply to a sudden request to differentiate between misfortune and calamity, no one but a wit could have supplied as he did this immediate and cheerful example:

"If Gladstone were to fall into the Thames, that would be a misfortune; but if any one pulled him out, that, I rather fancy, would be a calamity."

Quite so. Yet the one who would have done the pulling was Disraeli himself. He never forgot a friend and never remembered an injury. For twenty years in *Punch* Leech lampooned him. Leech died leaving nothing but a widow. Disraeli got her a pension. Carlyle, who abominated him, called him a fantastic ape gibbering on John Bull's stomach. In the queen's name Disraeli offered Carlyle a high honorific and an income with it.

The simplicity of that is, when you come to think of it, overwhelming. But it takes a brave man to wreak a brave revenge. Disraeli was brave. He was also square. In these traits only was he English. In appearance he resembled an oriental necromancer. In method he suggested *Monte Cristo*. But brave he was, and, if cynical, chivalrous. When he ran a man through, he made him admire the way he did it.

HIS MAGNETIC PERSONALITY.

He extorted admiration. He compelled attack. Not great as Bismarck was great, nor grand like Gladstone, he was merely a genius, and therefore maligned. To Gladstone and his party he was the author of all evil. Of course he was a human being, and as such had his faults. Yet when you come to look for them now, you find that, like his achievements, they have faded. The fact that he was a genius alone persists. No one not that could have begun life as he did, a lawyer's clerk on ten shillings a week, and ended it distributing coronets. No one but a genius could have so developed his hand that from the production of verse it held the destinies of millions. No one but a genius could have risen from nowhere to everything. In any event, if not a genius, he was a magician, unless he happened to be both.

A magician has enchantments. Disraeli enthralled. In his manner was sorcery and in his voice seduction. Queen Victoria had honored him with her dislike. This Brummagem Jew with his sensational measures was distinctly distasteful. That distaste the wizard abated. He exorcised the dislike. How? Through sheer necromancy; with charm and humor. For these are spells which ladies and monarchs cannot resist. To the first lady of Christendom they became irresistible, and the Jew prime favorite among all her prime ministers. "It is

certain," one who knew has declared, "that nobody ever amused her more."

No, nor pleased her more either. For the dictatress of Europe loved the East, and the Royal Titles Bill, which this oriental devised, made her Empress of India. That was not humor, but homage. So are women and sovereigns won.

But it was the charm of the man that won him his wife. This lady whom he married at thirty-five when she was fifty, was a Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a widow with a town house, a few thousands a year, a lively disposition, and an equally lively tongue, all of which were elements in his ascension. Never himself in any sense a rich man, thereafter he was superior to fortune, secure from duns, free to follow his own bent, at liberty to further his immense ambitions.

"We have been married," he afterward declared, "thirty years, and she has never given me a dull moment."

No, nor a loveless one, either. She adored him absolutely, with a frankness which must have been rather middle-class, and which he repaid with a devotion that was princely.

Women inspire masterpieces and give you no time to produce them. Disraeli's wife did both—did, that is, if masterpieces his novels can be called. For a masterpiece is a work which seems easy and contrives to be impossible. It would be an excess of indulgence to put Disraeli's novels in that class; though two of them, "Lothair" and "Endymion"—for which latter he got ten thousand pounds, and offered the money back when he heard it did not sell—will be read, as Suetonius is read, by historians curious to depict an anterior society. As for the others, later critics will, to borrow Disraeli's own humor, "lose no time in reading them."

Bulwer said of one of Disraeli's speeches that it was the finest in the world, and of one of his novels that it was the very worst. Bulwer was spared the delights of to-day, otherwise he would have seen that he was exaggerating. Disraeli's worst novels are rather superior to current rubbish. It would be difficult for them not to be. But that does not make them any the more valuable.

It is not for them that he will be remembered. But in the minds of men it may be that a while yet the surpassing romance of the man himself will endure; perhaps a while yet the memory of the primrose which he loved will also linger. Then as the vizier said, that too shall pass away.

THE GRAND DUKE.*

BY CARLTON DAWE.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT ZILINSKI CONSPIRACY—A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA
AND MONTE CARLO.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

PERCIVAL WRAYMOND, who tells the story, is an Englishman, a solitary traveler, formerly in the diplomatic service, but now possessed of no occupation and few links with the world. On a visit to Monte Carlo he finds himself in a network of intrigue, owing to his remarkable likeness to the Grand Duke Boris, Governor-General of Moscow, who is also on the Riviera. Out of love for Doria Mirsky, a beautiful Russian girl, Wraymond undertakes a daring venture. He impersonates the grand duke, and goes to Moscow in order to secure the release of Basil Mirsky, Doria's brother, who is imprisoned there as a revolutionist. The instigator of the plot is Nicolas Zilinski, who travels as the supposed governor-general's secretary, and who arranges to have the real grand duke kidnapped and kept out of sight.

Arrived in Moscow, Wraymond is accepted without question as the governor-general, though he fears that he has aroused the suspicion of General Gromoff, a little martinet who is chief of staff to the grand duke. Armed with his stolen authority, he has Basil Mirsky and another revolutionist prisoner, Sergius Pakhaloff, brought from their prison to the palace. Zilinski's plan is to send these two men over the frontier with forged passports. The supposed grand duke, and his secretary—who passes under the name of Merliodoff—are to follow as soon as possible, and their departure is fixed for the following Sunday night.

On the Saturday, however, a complication arises. The Grand Duchess Eudoxia, mother-in-law of Boris, being ill, her daughter, the Grand Duchess Sophie, unexpectedly comes to Moscow to visit her; and the pretended grand duke receives the startling message that his wife wishes to see him. Fortunately for the conspirators, she has seen little of Boris in recent years, and an interview passes without discovery.

On Sunday morning, not at all to Wraymond's surprise, General Gromoff reports that Mirsky and Pakhaloff, the two prisoners detained in the palace, have mysteriously disappeared, and that the soldiers detailed to guard them have also vanished. Of course, the escape was arranged by Zilinski, but Gromoff regards it as a sign that the Moscow revolutionaries are actively at work. At this the supposed grand duke exhibits a feigned alarm, which disgusts the grim little soldier.

XXI (*Continued.*)

A LIFELONG servitude had taught Gromoff to have neither a thought nor an opinion where his prince was concerned, but he found it hard to strangle all his original manliness. Unless I misread him greatly, nothing would have pleased him better than a forcible expression of opinion; but he dared not venture it. He might look and he might scowl, but not one word of disrespect would he dare to breathe.

He saluted curtly, bowed stiffly, and withdrew as if to show his contempt in this not very reprehensible manner. But just then I was not inclined to be exacting. Things were going too well for me to scan too closely each objectionable detail. Besides, it is not the business of princes to see these things.

Yes, matters were going well, better than I could have hoped. By suggesting that I should be unusually careful of my precious life, Gromoff had given me the cue I needed, and had played right into my hand. There was Sophie to be

considered, and the sick duchess, but I was afraid I could not stand on ceremony with them.

A short note from the princess informed me that her mother still lived, having passed a somewhat better night; but that her hope, like her mother's vitality, was exceedingly low. I prayed sincerely that fate would permit the old lady to live through another twenty-four hours, and I believed it would. I was convinced my anxious time had really passed—that the luck had changed, and that the rest of my mission would be satisfactorily accomplished.

At the end of Sophie's letter was the pathetic little word "Come," but soft, gentle, pathetic as it was, it rang in my ears like a command, a command which I dared not disobey. It was with no little trepidation I set out for the Kremlin, for the situation there was full of danger for me; but my gracious reception soon put me at my ease. Sophie was pale, and just a little tired about the eyes, but her manner was exceedingly amiable, and she looked particularly

sweet. When I congratulated her on her appearance, she admitted that she felt better, having slept well notwithstanding her anxiety. But I thought her eyes confessed something else; I believed she could have given another reason for her altered appearance.

"And the duchess?"

"I think she is better. She has been asking for you."

Better! Asking for me! What did it mean? What would come of it? But a pair of keen eyes were on me, and I dared not hesitate. A little more was to be done—a final effort accomplished before the ringing down of the curtain.

"May I see her now?"

"If you will."

"You are sure my presence will not excite her?"

"She knows!" she whispered.

"Ah!"

What did she know? What story had this foolish woman whispered?

Priests and nurses and doctors rose respectfully as we passed through the ante-room. As we entered the sick chamber Sophie took my hand, and together we approached the bed. To my relief I found the room in semi-gloom, half a dozen wax candles at the end farthest from the bed supplying the only light.

Sophie and I knelt side by side. The sick woman whispered a blessing over us, and said how glad she was that we had come to a right understanding at last, and how it had soothed her illness and made her no longer fear death. Guilty I felt, horribly guilty, almost like one who was trifling with death. And yet I knew that my subterfuge had caused her at least a moment's happiness, and in this was my compensation.

When once more we had retired from the room, Sophie turned to me with a pretty little gesture of shyness.

"You are very busy, Boris?"

"Unfortunately," and I smiled.

"Too busy to spare me an hour?"

It came with an effort, but she forced herself to say it. The wide brown eyes were pleading, and yet in them was the sparkle of conscious pride which I guessed could quickly turn to defiance. There was only one answer to such a question, and I did not hesitate to make it.

"Never too busy for that."

"And yet there was a time!"

She was a woman, you see, and had to go her woman's way.

"Still unforgiving?" I said.

"No, no! Only foolish. I have or-

dered lunch for you—one of our old lunches. Do you remember those days?"

"I see you are determined to fill my cup."

"I meant only to banish the last few years."

"Forgive me! I am still very stupid," I said.

"But you will lunch with me?"

"I shall be delighted and honored."

"If you are delighted," she replied, "we will dispense with the honor."

More and more did I wonder what manner of man the Grand Duke Boris could be. Surely, surely even a prince could wish for nothing better than this! A gracious woman, beautiful enough to please the most fastidious appetite, and possessed of a true spirit which only needed the awakening touch! That broad, smooth brow belonged to no common mind; those wide, clear eyes reflected the light of no ordinary soul. And the fool had flung aside his pearl for the gaudy glitter of colored glass!

It was an odd, almost funereal luncheon, subdued, quiet, a thing of gray, sad tones and dreamy interludes; and yet I knew that the subdued effects accorded with her humor, and I saw happiness in her eyes. The servants who waited on us moved noiselessly as ghosts; when we spoke to them, or to each other, it was in lowered tones. We could not forget that in one of the rooms yonder the Shadow was walking.

I hated the presence of those noiseless men, who might have been the mute attendants of Death himself, and when they had served the coffee and liqueurs I somewhat peremptorily ordered them from the room. Sophie smiled, and evinced a slight surprise, but she was undeniably pleased.

"They got on my nerves," I explained; "perambulating skeletons at the feast!"

She agreed with me. I wondered when she and Boris had last agreed on any particular subject.

"Won't you smoke?" she said graciously.

"May I?"

She looked just a little astonished. Was Boris over-playing his part?

For answer she chose a cigarette from the box, and passed it to me. Then she reached over and drew the spirit lamp toward her. I would have seized it, but she protested prettily:

"Allow me!"

Lighting the little torch, she held it to my cigarette. Just as fiercely and as brightly as the flame her eyes were burn-

ing into mine. But I could not look into them; I should have betrayed myself.

"And you?"

I held out the box.

"If you wish it, Boris!"

"I beg your pardon. I thought, perhaps—"

"You used to laugh at me because I did not like smoking."

"Did I really? What a brute I was. No, don't smoke if you don't like it. Why should you? It's not a particularly fine accomplishment."

"You are funny," she said.

"I knew I was many things, but I did not imagine I was funny!"

"I mean odd. Do you know, Boris, I don't think I ever knew you until now!"

"And do you think you know me now?"

"I am not certain. There seem to be two of you. The one—well, I entirely misunderstood that one; the other—the other is different. I only wish I had known that other first."

I hid my face as best I could behind a cloud of smoke, yet through it all her eyes shone into mine. There was no eluding them, no hiding. They seemed to be staring with a motive. They glistened with an almost uneasy intelligence. And her voice was soft with regret and lingering hope.

"Some day," I said, "some day it may be possible. Heaven knows I am sorry! Fate did not treat you kindly; you deserved better of her, and I think one day she will give you of her best."

"Why does she not give it now?"

"We may command many things, my dear Sophie, but destiny is a little beyond us."

"You mean that you do not love me—that you can never love me again?"

Taking her hand, I kissed it, the better to hide my embarrassment.

"I mean that at last I have realized the difference between thee and me."

"Oh, but there is no such difference!" she cried impulsively.

"For your sake and my own," I added gravely, "I shall continue to think so."

"Because you do not love me," she answered sharply. "You never did love me; you trifled with me now as you trifled with me then. You hate me; you always hated me. Any woman in the street is more to you than I am!"

The big eyes were now dark with anger, and most of the soft loveliness of the woman fled in the harsher lines of wrath and jealousy. With her vehemence my apprehension increased. Arouse her

to anger, hatred, suspicion, and no one could tell what the result would be.

"You are wrong," I said, knowing the necessity of taking a decisive line, "and do me a profound injustice. Not alone have I always loved you, but you are, and ever will remain to me, entirely different from all other women."

The anger fled from her face; joy danced in her eyes.

"Boris—my husband!" And before I had time to realize the grossness of my error, she was sobbing in my arms. There were tears, and smiles, and low, sweet murmurings, and when she turned her face up to mine it was shining with happiness. "We will forget," she whispered; "it shall be all to-morrow and nothing of yesterday!"

Speaking thus, she held up her mouth for me to kiss.

XXII.

I CANNOT justly decide what explanation or apology my conduct demands, but I trust that when the Grand Duchess Sophie remembers those days in the Kremlin, she will be able to think of them without feeling any particular loss of dignity or self-respect. She, at any rate, reading this written account—if it should happen to fall into her hands—will understand; and one other knows and believes. As for the rest of the world, it may read as it will, always bearing in mind the singularity of my position and the issues that were at stake.

The short, dull day was giving place to the long, dull night when I returned to the governor-general's palace. And yet I did not doubt it would prove anything but a dull night. To-morrow, all being well, I should be safe across the frontier, and speeding southward to Doria and happiness, for that my ultimate happiness lay with her I had no manner of doubt. Marakoff might hope, but somehow I did not think he was greatly to be feared. For I had seen that in her eyes which a man yearns to see in the eyes of the woman he loves.

I took tea with Zilinski, who, with some show of nervousness, I thought, unfolded his plans for our final movement.

"Careful!" he said. "We must be doubly careful now. It was easy enough to get in but it's the getting out that will require our ingenuity. Napoleon had no difficulty in reaching Moscow; the catastrophe lay in the retreat."

"A most unfortunate parallel, my

dear Merlidoff. It suggests disaster. By what portents do you read the future?"

"The malignity of chance."

"Let us humor chance by not doubting her, and she may still smile on us. You think she has been too kind, but then she is a woman, and, woman-like, gives her all. We are favored lovers, my dear fellow, and must not doubt the integrity of our charming, if wayward, mistress."

"Unparalleled luck," he muttered. "It can't last."

"Nervous! Merlidoff nervous! It is incredible."

"But it's true. Don't you realize the crucial nature of this moment? Heavens, man, it's full of the direst fate! We're on the verge, the very verge—"

"Of success."

"Or failure! You know what failure means?"

"I think so."

"Moscow is the starting-point for Siberia."

"My dear Merlidoff, your information is startlingly unoriginal."

"I have been in Siberia; I shall not go there again. If the worst comes to the worst, this will be the end."

He drew a revolver from his breast pocket. I thought the barrel glinted as cruelly as the light in his steel-gray eyes.

"I daresay you are right."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm going to get through."

He looked hard at me, smiling somewhat desperately.

"I shouldn't wonder. But if you don't, you will disappear, and the world will never hear of you again."

"In that case it might be as well to forestall fate."

I, too, tapped the revolver which I always kept in my pocket. His eyes brightened, and the old insolent smile came back to his lips.

"I realize," he said slowly, "something of that spirit which has carried the Englishman across the world."

"But I am a Russian, Merlidoff."

"Pardon, excellency!"

I might have admitted to as many fears as Zilinski had I been no wiser, for I realized them well enough. The crucial moment was at hand, and with it came the nervous irritability of a great occasion. All that we had worked for, schemed for, was now to be put to the final test. On the one hand were triumph, happiness, love; on the other, failure and a despair worse than death.

About six o'clock General Gromoff was

announced, and was shown in by Zilinski, who immediately retired. The little man was less impassive than usual, and seemed to be suffering a constrained annoyance. Nevertheless, he went through the official routine of reporting. There was a scandal in the arsenal. Major So-and-So was accused of embezzling—but I cut him short.

"Really, general, I have no time for these details. Draw up a full report. No news, I suppose, of the prisoners?"

"None whatever. It is rather more serious than I imagined, excellency, as the guards were specially chosen for their supposed loyalty."

"To whom, my dear general?"

"To your highness and the state."

"I think you had better warn our good Nikitin to be more careful in his choice of confidants."

He did not even attempt to conceal his surprise.

"When your highness appointed him—" he began.

"I know, I know. He still enjoys my entire confidence, but confidences have been misplaced before now."

I was not sure that he was entirely satisfied with this explanation. His brows went together in quite a reprehensible fashion, showing that he had some difficulty in making my words and actions agree. And I well knew that this was not the first occasion on which I had appeared so oddly inconsistent. Moreover, I had no doubt that if Boris were not a good soldier, he assumed all the airs of one. And I was a soldier in nothing but my uniform, my knowledge of military affairs being more general than particular.

How much of this did the little old man know; how much did he guess? Often I knew he was on the point of asking awkward questions, which only his respect for the prince held in check. Upon this respect I had depended largely for the success of my undertaking. But now, unless I was mistaken, he seemed determined to come to an understanding. I read it in his nervous manner, the keen, inquisitive glance of the eye, the start as if to frame the thought, and then the sudden check. What was on the tip of his tongue? What was coming? There must have been many confidences between this man and the prince—confidences which, were I what I seemed, I could not have avoided so long.

First he trifled with the hilt of his sword, then with a knot of braid on the breast of his coat; then, clearing his

throat, he looked me squarely in the eyes.

"Highness," he began, "in respecting your incognito I have fully obeyed the orders of my superior officer." I nodded. "But on the eve of your departure, and as you again honor me so greatly by leaving me a command of such magnitude, I must impress upon your excellency the necessity of knowing your wishes respecting one or two important matters."

"Is it necessary, my dear general? In three weeks or a month I shall be back again. Can you not spare me?"

"Excellency, this is a matter which concerns your honor and mine."

"You refer to—"

"The Pavaloff affair."

He lowered his voice and looked vastly important. Of this Pavaloff affair I had not the remotest idea, and I instantly recognized the danger of my position. Unless I could execute some brilliant strategic movement he had me in a corner. Quick, quick my pulse beat, my brain throbbed. There was only one way out of it, and that not a satisfactory one. I must decline to discuss the matter, even though it gave offense.

Gaining time by walking up and down the room, I suddenly turned and confronted him.

"My dear general, you will pardon me, but I fear I cannot recede from the position I have already taken up. I admit the full importance of this Pavaloff affair; but it will require a fuller consideration—a consideration which I have not the time or the inclination to concede at present."

"Then your excellency places me in a position of some difficulty," he said warningly; "a position which I shall have to consider very seriously."

Though I felt like telling him to go and hang himself, I yet realized the delicacy of the situation, and was puzzled exceedingly as to the nature of the next line I should adopt, when a welcome diversion was created by the sudden appearance of Zilinski. In his hand he bore a telegram.

"Pardon, highness," he said, "an urgent message for the general."

No doubt his ear had been at some key-hole, and he had seized the psychological moment. Wherever he was, one might be sure he neglected no opportunity.

"For the general?" I repeated, honoring him with a glance of interrogation.

"Yes, highness. It was brought post

haste by his excellency's aide-de-camp, who is without."

"Then give it to his excellency."

Zilinski advanced, and, bowing, offered the missive to Gromoff, who took it with a curt nod. He did not like my secretary, and I thought he liked him less than ever just then.

Gromoff looked at the despatch, turning it over and over, but he did not open it. Zilinski flashed on me a glance of warning, and took up his position by the door. When the general turned his eyes my way, he found me smiling.

"You have my permission," I said unconcernedly.

"Thanks, highness."

Carefully, methodically, just as he did all things, he opened the despatch, and even his reading scarcely shook his passivity. Indeed, an uninterested person carelessly looking would have observed no sign flicker across that hard, grim face; but I was an interested person, and the general was only human. When he turned to me he was smiling, but it was a smile which showed his yellow teeth. He was not accustomed to smile on me; that in itself was not in accordance with his usual wisdom. Moreover, though he may not have realized the circumstance, he was looking at me in an odd and new way.

"Nothing serious, I hope, general?"

"Nothing, highness."

"Your aide-de-camp evidently thought it of importance."

"How could he know, highness?"

His peculiar intonation of the title did not escape me, but of course I took no notice of it. .

"Of course. Quite a work of supererogation?"

"Quite. I have your excellency's permission to retire?"

"Yes, general. But you are quite sure I can be of no service to you there?"

I pointed to the telegram, which he still held in his hand. He flatly ignored the hint.

"None, thank you, highness."

But here Zilinski suddenly interposed.

"It seems to me, General Gromoff, that you treat his highness with scant courtesy."

I thought Zilinski's tone exceedingly provocative, and the general was evidently of my opinion, for he turned suddenly and indignantly upon the speaker. However, meeting Zilinski's steady glance, he hesitated, seeming to remember himself. Then he said sarcastically:

"I thank you for your lesson in manners!"

"You seem to need it, General Gromoff."

Zilinski was in one of his delightfully cold and wicked humors. I knew that style, that manner. It presaged danger.

"With your permission we will discuss that point on some future occasion!"

"I do not think it will be necessary. I know something of General Gromoff's method of argument. In the mean time I think you had better let his highness see that telegram."

The general's face flushed with anger, and his hand went threateningly to his sword-hilt.

"You impudent rascal!" he cried, drawing himself to the full of his diminutive inches. "Stand out of my way!"

Rattling his sword, he took a step toward the door; but quick as lightning Zilinski had him covered with a revolver.

"If you move, general, or utter a sound, you are a dead man!"

Gromoff was a brave little man, and had some reputation for dogged resolution, but this was a demonstration for which he was ill prepared. He instinctively fell back a step, and, confused, glared impotently at the white, cold face behind the pistol.

"I think," repeated Zilinski, "that you had better let his highness see that telegram."

"And if I think otherwise?"

"I feel convinced that General Gromoff could not be guilty of so disloyal an act. No, no, it is not necessary to rattle your sword. It does not terrify just at present, and therefore it is not imperative that you should hold it. His highness, it is true, gave you permission to retire, but after reading your despatch he may change his princely mind. I shouldn't even attempt to destroy it, general, as there is only the faintest pressure of my finger between you and the devil."

The general, like a good soldier, pressed forward another wing in support of his decimated column.

"What is the meaning of this outrage!" he cried indignantly. "Highness, I appeal to you; what is the meaning of this extraordinary behavior?"

"I'm afraid it means, general, that the game's up."

"Yes, my good little man," sneered Zilinski, "the game's up. Perhaps now you will let his highness see that telegram?" Gromoff still hesitated. "I

think you may as well comply with a good grace, because, little man, his highness is going to see it."

For a moment or two longer the general remained irresolute; but realizing that he was trapped, he turned with an execrable grace and handed me the despatch. It ran as follows:

Arrest the impostor who is masquerading in my name.

It was signed "Boris," and the sending station was Monte Carlo. Boris was free, free! How had it come about?

"This is indeed an extraordinary telegram," I said, turning to Gromoff with an amused smile. "It puzzles me not a little. What do you make of it, general?"

Gromoff's face assumed a cunning look of innocence.

"I do not understand it, highness. It was to seek an explanation—"

"That you wished to retire so precipitately. Do you think it's a hoax, General Gromoff?"

"What does your highness say?"

His tone was contemptuous, his politeness an insult, but he had a certain grim sense of humor which did not displease me.

"I think you had better consider it a hoax. It will obviate the necessity of your taking action. Sit down, general, please; here, close to me. And don't trouble about your sword. You won it nobly and wear it honorably; let that suffice. Yes, general, sit here—on this side of the table, if you please. And you, Merlidoff, just go and dismiss the general's aide-de-camp, and tell him that the grand duke has honored the general by asking him to dinner."

"I take it the general will not require him any more to-night?" suggested the demure Zilinski.

"I think not. Is that not so, general?"

"It is possible," he answered.

With a quick movement Zilinski passed through the door and disappeared. With his going, Gromoff and I dropped the mask of mock politeness and stared frankly at each other. I could see by the puzzled look in his eyes that he was still at a loss thoroughly to comprehend the situation.

"Frankly, you were suspicious all along?"

"Yes, I had suspicions, but I would not entertain them. How could I? The governor-general had a remarkable reputation."

"Which I sustained with some consistency?"

"It was a bold move!"

"And like the majority of such moves, fairly successful."

"That remains to be seen," he said, smiling rather grimly.

"With your aid, my dear general, this final movement cannot fail."

"My aid?"

"I had hoped to spare you the inconvenience, but I fear I shall have to demand the sacrifice. As you are aware, I am leaving Moscow to-night. I think you have already ordered the train?" He nodded, and a bitter, desperate look played round his eyes. "In the circumstance, general, I fear you will have to accompany me as far as the German frontier. I should like to spare you, but I am afraid there is no other alternative."

"And if I refuse?"

"But you won't, general."

He knitted his brows; the little man was fairly seething with fury.

"You play a dangerous game," he said.

"Not more dangerous than you will play—unless you obey orders."

"By Heaven," he suddenly burst out, "you have grit! Who are you?"

"His highness the Grand Duke Boris, governor-general of Moscow. It is necessary, general, that you should not forget my rank and title."

"I will remember it," he said grimly.

"That is well. You must not forget it for one moment, and your duty will be to see that no one else shall doubt it."

"My duty!" he foamed. "You dare to dictate my duty!"

"Be careful, or I shall be forced to place you under arrest."

"Place me under arrest! You—you—" He fairly gurgled and bubbled with rage.

"Pray calm yourself. Such a senseless ebullition of feeling is unbecoming your reputation as a soldier and your dignity as an officer. It was for other qualities; I assure you, that I placed you in the responsible position of deputy-governor."

He looked at me in bewilderment, as if not yet certain whether he was in the presence of a madman or a knave. Then a grim smile played round his mouth and deepened the wrinkles about his eyes.

"You fight well," he said.

"With the audacity of a thousand of my princely ancestors."

"But I think you admitted that the game was up?"

"Only partly, my dear general. We are now about to enter on the final and perhaps the most interesting stage."

"We?"

"I fear it will be necessary to make use of you. I did think of your arrest as a possible way out of the difficulty, but you are a personage quite too important to be gagged, and otherwise you are not to be trusted. Moreover, a grand duke should maintain his dignity even when he travels incognito. Yes, general, you, as my chief of staff, shall accompany me to the frontier."

"I'll see you—" he began.

"Quite right. You'll see me safely on my way out of this unpleasant country, and then you will promptly return to your important charge."

"And you think I will agree to this?"

"My dear Gromoff, I am sure you will not disappoint me."

"You're a cool hand," he said; "but you have not sufficiently reconnoitered the ground over which you intend to advance."

"That is where you, as my chief of staff, will make yourself so useful."

"Absurd!" he growled. "Ridiculous!"

"If you fail me it will be more than ridiculous," I replied solemnly. "It will be tragic."

"Threats!"

"A detestable word, my dear general; don't let us use it. But"—I threw off my bantering tone and eyed him sternly—"you must understand that there can be no half measures. You will accompany the grand duke to the frontier, and you will conduct yourself toward him with all possible decorum. The least movement on your part which I think indicative of betrayal will precipitate a most serious catastrophe."

Rising to his feet with a quick protest, he gripped the hilt of his sword; but I covered him immediately with my revolver.

"Pray be seated, general," I said coolly, "and don't excite yourself!"

XXIII.

He flung himself back in his seat, growling like an entrapped bear, and just at that moment Zilinski, cool and smiling, reentered the cabinet.

"I have dismissed his excellency's aide-de-camp," he said. "I also took the liberty of informing him that the general, being honored by your highness, would not require his services for the next

twenty-four hours or so. Did I exceed my instructions, general?"

The general snorted, but made no other answer.

"I think that I may answer for his excellency, my good Merlidoff, and say that you have done admirably. As a matter of fact, the general, thinking the incognito does not fully sustain my dignity, has decided to accompany us as far as the frontier."

"That is very gracious of General Gromoff, and in keeping with his reputation for facilitating the wishes of his superiors."

"I have also informed the general that the least movement on his part, indicative of betrayal, will precipitate a tragedy."

"Your highness has tested the wisdom of your deputy."

All this time Gromoff was seething with indignation. Finally, unable longer to control himself, he bounded to his feet, his right hand flying instinctively to his sword. Instantly Zilinski's pistol covered him.

"General," he said, "I have no wish to deprive you of your sword, but if you continue to clutch it in that desperate manner I shall have to beg of you to discard it." Gromoff strode furiously toward him. "Not quite so close, my dear general," he added; "not quite so close, if you please! I love you well, little man, but I love you best at a distance!"

The general, looking into the white, cold face, fell back.

"Who are you?" he gasped. "Who in the name of Satan are you?"

"Two harmless gentlemen," answered Zilinski, "whose one wish it is to shake the dust of Holy Russia from their shoes."

"You are conspirators, revolutionaries!"

"Well, well, there's no great harm in that. One must needs turn revolutionary when one is ruled by a puppy like General Gromoff—the creature of a dissolute despot—the worm who crawls and cringes and kisses the royal boot that tramples on it, but spits its venom on the worms of a lower stratum. Oh, we know you, and we know your sort, vermin bred on the dunghill of a despot, a pestilence to men, an offense to Heaven! But we've tricked you, tricked you, you little dog; here in your holy city of Moscow, surrounded by your priests and your spies, we've tricked and fooled and humiliated you, and held up as a laughing-stock the great General Gromoff, the wonderful

soldier, the mighty administrator, the heaven-born ruler!"

The general was quivering with passion, and but for that steady pistol, and that uncompromising face behind it, he would have cut down the mocker without a moment's hesitation. He, Gromoff, the great general, second only to the Prince Boris—he to be taunted in such a manner by this nameless scoundrel!

"Not yet, not yet," he gasped. "I have not finished with you yet!"

"Nor I with you, little man." The amount of contempt Zilinski threw into the two last words was most extraordinary. Gromoff nearly exploded with rage. "I have not done with you," repeated Zilinski. "The measure is not yet full. His highness has honored you by commanding your escort to the frontier. You will go with him, little dog, and play the part of spaniel to your master, and play it well, or—I shall be at your elbow, I who owe you a debt, and at the first sign of refractoriness the little dog shall be whipped—whipped, do you understand? You are dealing with desperate men now, my good Gromoff, and in this your police and your spies can aid you nothing!"

"And you think I will submit? You think I will be a party to your escape? Even your knowledge of General Gromoff—"

"Which you will admit is fairly accurate—"

"Should have taught you better!"

"It has taught me that the tyrant loves his own sensitive skin better than anything else. I will not deny that opportunities will come your way, but you must understand that we have counted the cost and are perfectly ready to pay the reckoning. You may betray us, but the moment you speak, or make a sign, that moment will be your last! Now, I don't think we need further excite ourselves. Highness, I apologize for my apparent want of respect toward your person. It shall not occur again. The general, I am sure, being a man of unexampled generosity, will also pardon me."

Gromoff looked from him to me, and then from me to him, and I knew that confusion dulled his rage. How was it? How had this extraordinary state of things come about? Who were we, and how had we dared to venture upon such an enterprise? At one time I thought Zilinski's taunts had really ruined our chances. It seemed impossible that the general could bear them without urging

matters to a crisis. His sword was to his hand; he had but to draw it and charge his tormentor. To be sure, death would follow, but could death come without exposure?

Gromoff had not won his way to favor by valor, but rather by careful and considerate work, by methods, various and curious, best known to the courtier. He, no doubt, was well aware that a fracas would utterly ruin our hopes of escape; but there was also a doubt that he would be alive to see and enjoy our punishment. And death in such a cause was not compatible with his ideas of the heroic. By strategy he had gained his rank; by strategy he would maintain his place.

Such, I guess, was the nature of the thought which calmed his turbulence. He had lost the trick, but he had not lost the game. We were not yet out of Russia, and many things might happen before the frontier was crossed. Stiffly he sat in his chair wearing a look of ungracious resignation.

"The first bout is yours," he said, "but I warn you I shall try and win the second!"

"A fair challenge, general," I replied; "I have nothing to say against it. You understand the risk you run?"

"Perfectly."

"Then there is nothing more to be said. Only I must repeat, it is a very serious encounter. There will be no trifling, no half-hearted blows delivered. Every stroke will be a lunge home. However, I have this to add. Personally we intend you no harm—that is, of course, if you make no attempt to betray us. Once we are safely over the frontier, you may return to Moscow at express speed. And now, as there can be no possible misconception on either side, let us try to remember that we are gentlemen. Merlidoff, give the general an appetizer. We dine in an hour's time."

Needless to say, I had considerable doubt as to Gromoff's genuine acceptance of the situation; yet he bore it with some tact, if with no particular grace. He smoked my cigarettes, or rather the grand duke's, and sipped his wine with considerable calm; though now and again his eyes, darting hither and thither, reminded me of the piercing glances of a caged bird.

"You're a queer pair," he said presently, addressing me. "I might say an extremely interesting pair." I bowed. "What brought you on such a dangerous mission?"

"I believe there is a rumor of two political prisoners having escaped from the palace."

"So! You are mixed up with that lot?"

"Mirsky and Pakhaloff have crossed the frontier by this."

"And the soldiers? They also have disappeared."

"All in good time, general," and I smiled. "All in good time!"

"Zilinski is in Moscow?"

"Was, general."

Sharply he looked at me.

"Which of you is Zilinski?"

"Perhaps both; perhaps neither. But don't let us grow personal, my dear general. What do you think of the Czar as a ruler? What will he say when he knows?"

But he was not to be led into a discussion of that mighty one.

"At present I am wondering how you fooled the Grand Duchess Sophie."

"Remember that I fooled General Gromoff!"

A grim smile acknowledged the point.

"But a man's wife!"

"Not much of a wife, if rumor is to be credited. But tell Boris from me that he is greatly to blame. The grand duchess is a charming woman."

"You're clever," he said. "I admit it; yet not so clever as you think."

"My dear general, I would not cast such a reflection on your intelligence."

"I had my doubts; yes, I had my doubts. It was the appalling effrontery of the scheme that carried you through."

"I calculated as much."

At dinner he sat on my right hand, Zilinski on my left. We did not dine in style, as I did not wish to embarrass him. At times he appeared so thoughtful that I had to rally him on his lack of appetite. Then he would make a great pretense of eating. But I knew he was really not enjoying the meal, and out of consideration for his feelings we did not prolong it unnecessarily.

We took coffee in my cabinet, a somewhat unusual proceeding, but it is the delightful privilege of princes to do unusual things. There Gromoff and I whiled away the time playing piquet, while Zilinski kept guard. The general rather prided himself on his skill at the game, and soon we were immersed in its intricacies. He was a punctilious officer, indubitably an admirable disciplinarian; but he did love a game of cards, and while he shuffled the bits of pasteboard he seemed to forget his appalling gran-

deur. I don't quite know how it happened, but when Zilinski finally intimated that it was time for us to prepare for our journey, the general was my debtor to the extent of twelve hundred rubles.

He laid aside the cards with a sigh.

"You play well, sir, but you have had Satan's own luck!"

I smiled. He saw the smile and pursed his lips.

"Of course; I might have known. What do I owe you?"

I added up the little dockets.

"To be exact, twelve hundred and fifty rubles."

He opened his pocketbook.

"I'm sorry. I haven't half that sum on me."

"My dear general, don't let us mention it!"

But at this he raised a vigorous protest, and insisted upon giving me his note of hand for the amount. I looked at him and smiled, but solemnly pocketed the paper.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "The claim shall be met. You have heirs?"

"Don't trouble about that, general; it shall be presented."

And yet for a very obvious reason it never was.

Zilinski left the room in answer to a peremptory summons, returning almost immediately with a letter from the grand duchess. I opened it, and found a minute note inviting me to come at once to the Kremlin. The invalid was worse. There was a tender little message at the end, which I did not make known to the others.

"I fear the Duchess Eudoxia is sinking," I explained. "My wife requires my presence. Awkward, general!"

Gromoff stroked his grizzled mustache and smiled grimly.

"As your highness says, awkward."

I turned to Zilinski, who was eying me with a comprehensive stare.

"Your highness is still the Grand Duke Boris," he said.

"Well?"

"Your highness has probably left the palace for an hour or so. There are still a few distractions in Moscow for a prince like Boris."

"To be sure! General, what a thing it is to be a prince! Explain to the messenger, my good Merlidoff; please explain to him."

Zilinski retired. The general's little eyes were gleaming into mine.

"Do you know," he said, "the more

I see of you the less I am inclined to blame my own intelligence!"

"Praise from Sir Hubert!" I murmured.

But the general knew nothing of literary allusions. He merely looked as if he had drawn a blank in a rather indifferent lottery.

When Zilinski returned, he informed us that it was time to start.

"I think we understand the nature of this enterprise, and the consequences," he said, his manner sternly uncompromising; "but in case there should be any misapprehension, let me repeat, General Gromoff, that we shall expect you, on all public occasions, to treat this gentleman with the deference due to your master, the governor-general of Moscow. One of us will never leave you for a moment, and if by word or sign you attempt a betrayal, it will be your last action this side of the grave. It's a matter of life and death for you or us. Now that we thoroughly understand the situation, there is nothing more to detain us."

Without more ado we donned our furs. As we were descending the broad stairway to the hall I took the general's arm, a sign of confidence which I knew he would greatly appreciate. Nevertheless I whispered in his ear:

"Pardon, my good Gromoff, but I am just a little fatigued."

His bright eyes flashed in mine, and a grimly humorous smile played about his mouth. With no little ceremony we were bowed to the door, where the sledge was awaiting us. I stepped in first, Gromoff followed, Zilinski brought up the rear. The word was given, and away we dashed into the darkness. The little general was cozily settled between us.

The night was bitterly cold, and scarcely a soul appeared in the streets. Here and there the ponderous figure of a policeman was seen, but there were no other loiterers.

Fortunate was I now in partaking of the advantage which accompanies a prince through life. The railway officials, apprised of my coming, had metaphorically strewn the way with flowers, so that I was conducted to my carriage with what tradesmen call "promptness and despatch." Zilinski wore his false mustache, in case there should happen to be any of his friends of the secret police in the immediate vicinity, and I clung lovingly to Gromoff's arm, acknowledging in a princely manner the loyal salutations I received. Here I

flung a kind word, there a nod of recognition. I feel convinced that six months of me would have done much to rehabilitate Boris' character. It is a great pity that a few more of us good fellows are not created princes! We should probably set the cult on its feet again.

My traveling car was a gorgeous affair, one that had been specially built to do honor to the governor-general; and as I was led into it by a bare-headed official I felt that nature had really intended me for the rôle I was playing. With a few gracious words I dismissed the obsequious functionary, and then sat down on the velvet cushions, with Gromoff before me. There followed a minute or so of suspense, and then the train slowly crawled out of the station.

I could not repress a sigh of satisfaction. Gromoff looked at me quizzingly.

"You're not sorry?" he said.

"No. Candidly, it was a bit of a strain. Thank goodness that's the last of Moscow!"

"Query!"

"There is no query. That is the last. I shall not permit myself the honor of being entertained by our good friend Nikitin. I don't like his eyes, my dear Gromoff. He is a creature with a little soul."

"I am sure he would be pleased to welcome your highness!"

"Certainly I found him extremely gracious."

"His solicitude for your welfare will be infinitely greater when you pay him your next visit."

"A vain hope, general. Whatever happens, I am not going back to Moscow; nor you either, possibly! You behaved with some circumspection just now on the platform, but once or twice I thought—no doubt it was my fancy. One gets odd fancies now and then. And, my dear general, let me tell you that they may prove to be extremely dangerous when there is only the lining of a coat between you and the next world!"

(To be concluded.)

POLLY'S THINGS.

TIME-YELLOWED leaves and sheepskin cover
The old book has that I pore over

Because my grandsire, Deacon Joe,
In quaint phrase and phonetic spelling
The home and farm expenses telling,

A century and more ago,
'Mongst dry details of country living,
Pinned in a page the items giving
Of Polly's up-to-date trousseau.

Polly was his youngest daughter :
"Polly's things" are what he bought her—
A winsome maid about to wed.
Now on the page my eyes shall tarry,
To learn how much it cost to marry
This old-time bride now long years dead.
"To blankets," "towe cloth," "ingey cotton"—
So runs this list that housewives lot on,
The list of "things that Polly had."

Though earthenware and tin are noted,
Though tick and feathers both are quoted,
And cost of quilting written down,
That Polly did not give the deacon
An itemized account to reckon,
From which on rashness he might frown,
Is very clear ; for three big entries
Still to a father's trust stand sentries ;
They're simply, "Cash to Salem town."

I know not whether bargain-hunters
On Monday stood in throngs at counters
In Polly's day as now in mine ;
But this I know, that both her lover
And modern shopper would discover
That Polly was a bargain fine,
Marked down to suit the best intentioned ;
"Sum of the things above here mentioned,
Three hundred dollars, ninety-nine" !

Louise Putnam.

A Child's Recollections of Hans Christian Andersen.

BY EMILI ROESS.

THE DANISH POET AND ROMANCER WHOSE FAIRY TALES MADE HIM WORLD FAMOUS, AND WHOSE RECENT CENTENARY WAS CELEBRATED AS A NATIONAL FESTIVAL IN HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

WHEN I was a very little girl, Hans Christian Andersen was a constant visitor in my father's house. On the 2d of April of this year, when the bells in my fatherland rang out the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great writer of fairy tales, it was like the celebration of a patron saint's festival. Seldom has any writer found his way to the hearts of grown people and children alike as did our well-beloved Danish genius. Yet, like many another genius, he won comparatively little fame until the evening of his life.

My recollections of Andersen would not have been so clear, had it not been for his remarkable personality, which made an ineffaceable impression on me. I recall that I thought him a quaint-looking man. He was very round-shouldered, and had a prominent nose. He looked very much like the pictures of Disraeli—another maker of fairy empresses. But I worshiped him, and saw no defect in his looks. He was my ideal of manhood, and I frequently told him—to his apparent delight—that if he would wait for me I would marry him when I grew up.

Years afterward, when I had become a better judge of masculine beauty, I had to admit that he was indeed very homely; yet I have always hastened to add:

"But he was really the most charming man I ever knew!"

He was very excitable, his feelings coming quickly to the surface. On the street, if he met a friend, big or small, high or low, there would be a waving of umbrella or cane or anything he happened to have in his hand, followed by pattings on the back, enthusiastic talk, and smiles that made you thankful you had encountered him. He was very fond of children, and so gentle and kind that we all loved him.

I remember that once, when I was about five years old, I got a good, old-fashioned Danish spanking for making fun of him. I had not meant to do so, but, being utterly absorbed in listening

to what he was telling, and gazing at him all the while, I unconsciously imitated his way of breathing, which was peculiar, probably on account of some catarrhal trouble. Presently he noticed what I was doing, and was very indignant; but when I was punished, it was more than his gentle heart could bear. His anger died immediately, and he took great pains to console me.

THE GALOSHES OF FORTUNE.

Another thing that my memory associates with his visits is the fact that he always wore a tremendous pair of rubber overshoes. We children called them the Galoshes of Fortune. Even to this day I feel convinced that there must have existed some subtle connection between them and his fairy tale of that name. On entering the room, he would usually forget to remove them. When he had been seated awhile, my mother would discover the omission, and exclaim:

"Mr. Andersen, you have again forgotten to take off your galoshes!"

"Why, so I have, so I have!" he would reply.

Then he would take them off, and my sister Hedwig, the eldest of us, would reverently carry them out into the hall. In passing us other children she would look meaningfully at us, we in turn sending envious glances after her, for was not she carrying the famous Galoshes of Fortune?

It was always a holiday when Hans Christian Andersen came to spend an afternoon in our home. The shining samovar was brought in, and mother would brew fragrant coffee in the little brass coffee-pot that stood on a three-legged dish filled with red-hot charcoal. And while we all were drinking coffee—for even children had coffee in those blessed days—he would talk about his travels, tell little stories for us, and patiently answer all our eager questions.

When Andersen died, on the 4th of August, 1875, I was visiting with my two sisters in a village a few miles from his

birthplace. We all grieved over the letters from home that brought the news of his death. On that same day a little pet duckling of ours died, and we saw in this a mysterious connection both with his death and with his famous story of "The Ugly Duckling." We laid our pet out in a cigar-box, covered it with rose-leaves, and hid it until the day and hour when Andersen's funeral was to take place.

At the appointed time we sneaked down to the pretty little village graveyard, which lay almost under our bedroom windows, and there we buried the dead bird. We all took turns speaking over the grave, mentioning both Andersen, the "ugly duckling" of the story, and our own little pet. Then we closed the ceremony by singing the pretty Danish wedding song:

Det er saa yndigt at følges ad,
For to, som gjerne vil sammen være—

which means: "It is so lovely to be near each other, for two who love to be together." By some process of juvenile logic we reasoned that this was an appropriate sentiment.

MONUMENTS IN ANDERSEN'S HONOR.

Not long afterwards, a beautiful monument in memory of Hans Christian Andersen was erected in Copenhagen. It first stood on St. Anne's Place, but was later removed to the King's Garden, a fine park surrounding the historical Rosenborg Castle. There it stands today, and the children who play around it know that it represents the man who gave them their best-loved fairy tales. It shows him in his favorite attitude, with one hand outstretched, and with the gentle smile that was always on his face when he talked to children.

Not only in Denmark has he been honored with monuments. The children of America subscribed for a handsome statue which was modeled by the Danish-born sculptor John Gelert, and erected in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

I remember the little house in Odense, on the island of Fünen, where Andersen was born. An American child of humblest parentage would look with scorn upon it. It consisted of a single chamber, which had to suffice as living-room, dining-room, bedroom, and shop. Behind it was a tiny kitchen, from which, by means of a ladder, one could reach the attic. Outside the attic window his mother had kept a box in which she grew garlic and lettuce and a few flowers.

Beside this box Andersen, when a little boy, used to sit and dream for hours. It is the very box mentioned in "The Snow Queen."

THE STRUGGLES OF A GENIUS.

In his autobiography he says that his father was an indulgent, easy-going man who let the dreamy, imaginative lad have his own way. His mother, however, was of a more practical turn of mind, and she wanted to make young Andersen a tailor. But true genius will not be suppressed, and he struggled for an education as very few boys have to struggle in these happy days when good schools are within the reach of everybody.

"My life," he says with cheery optimism, "is a pretty story, rich and fortunate;" but his own narrative shows that he had his share of sorrows and trials. His first literary success was won with a novel, "The Improvisatore," which he founded upon his travels in the south of Europe. This was followed by "Only a Fiddler," in part a record of his own boyhood, "The Poet's Bazaar," and several other books.

Then, comparatively late in life, he published his first fairy tales. The critics who had praised his novels united in lamenting that a man of his ability should waste his time upon such childish nonsense, as they called it. To-day, all his earlier works are practically forgotten, except among his fellow-countrymen, while his fairy tales have been translated into almost as many languages as the Bible, and are household treasures all over the world. In these, good Dane as he was, Andersen speaks to the boys and girls of every land. To the Danish child the volume that contains them is the book of books, not even to be discarded with long dresses and grown up manners.

He lived to see his genius universally applauded, and his books welcomed in many lands. He was the friend of the intellectual and artistic leaders not only of Denmark but of Europe—among them being such men and women as Thorwaldsen, Alexandre Dumas, Chamisso, the brothers Grimm, Frederika Bremer, Jenny Lind, and Rachel.

He himself said that the authors who "mingled with his very blood" in his youth were Sir Walter Scott, Heine, and Ernst Theodor Hoffmann, a favorite German romance writer of a century ago, now almost forgotten. He was also very fond of the "Arabian Nights" and of Holberg, the Danish Shakespeare.

But few authors have owed so little to their predecessors, and have struck so distinctive a note of their own.

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO ANDERSEN.

As a tribute to the genius of Hans Christian Andersen, and to the sympathetic charm of his work, let me relate an incident from my own childhood.

The baby in our home was dead. She had been the darling and pet of the family. All of us, from the sixteen-year-old boy down to myself, the six-year-old girl, had been so many slaves under her tiny feet. When the funeral service was over, we children sat huddled together in the nursery, weeping and not knowing what to do. Suddenly I had an idea. Bringing our favorite book to my eldest sister, I asked her to read for us "The Story of a Mother." She could not find

voice and courage to do so; but when I had read it I felt that somehow it was not so bitter to think of our poor little sister's death. And twenty years after, when my own dear baby died, it was that same sweet little story which brought the first comfort to my sad heart.

I have sometimes read in foreign biographies of Andersen that he was a widower. This is a mistake, for he always remained unmarried. Only a year ago there died, in Denmark, a venerable old maiden lady who—so it was whispered—had been the only love of Andersen's life. I presume it was his lack of means that kept him from marrying. He lived and died a poor man, but he was always content and happy. It seems as if he felt that he was, as a great American poet so beautifully said, "the darling of the world."

AN IDLE DAY.

Put up my tools, old boss, dock me a day !
I'm off to some old spicy wood
On the sunny edge of town,
Where there's a lust of leisure in the May,
A lure for brooding bone and blood—
To wander up and down,
To idle through the sylvan solitude,
And hear the old oaks drown
The swallows' twitter in the moss-grown kirk—
I will not work, old boss, I will not work !

Put up my tools, old tyrant—I'm away
On double quickstep, to the rhyme
And beat of the drummer grouse !
Put up my tools, and have me docked a day—
I'm off to watch the squirrel climb
The pillars of his house,
The swift and tragic pantomime
Of owl and meadow mouse,
The waking of the wood, the musk and murk—
I will not work, old boss, I will not work !

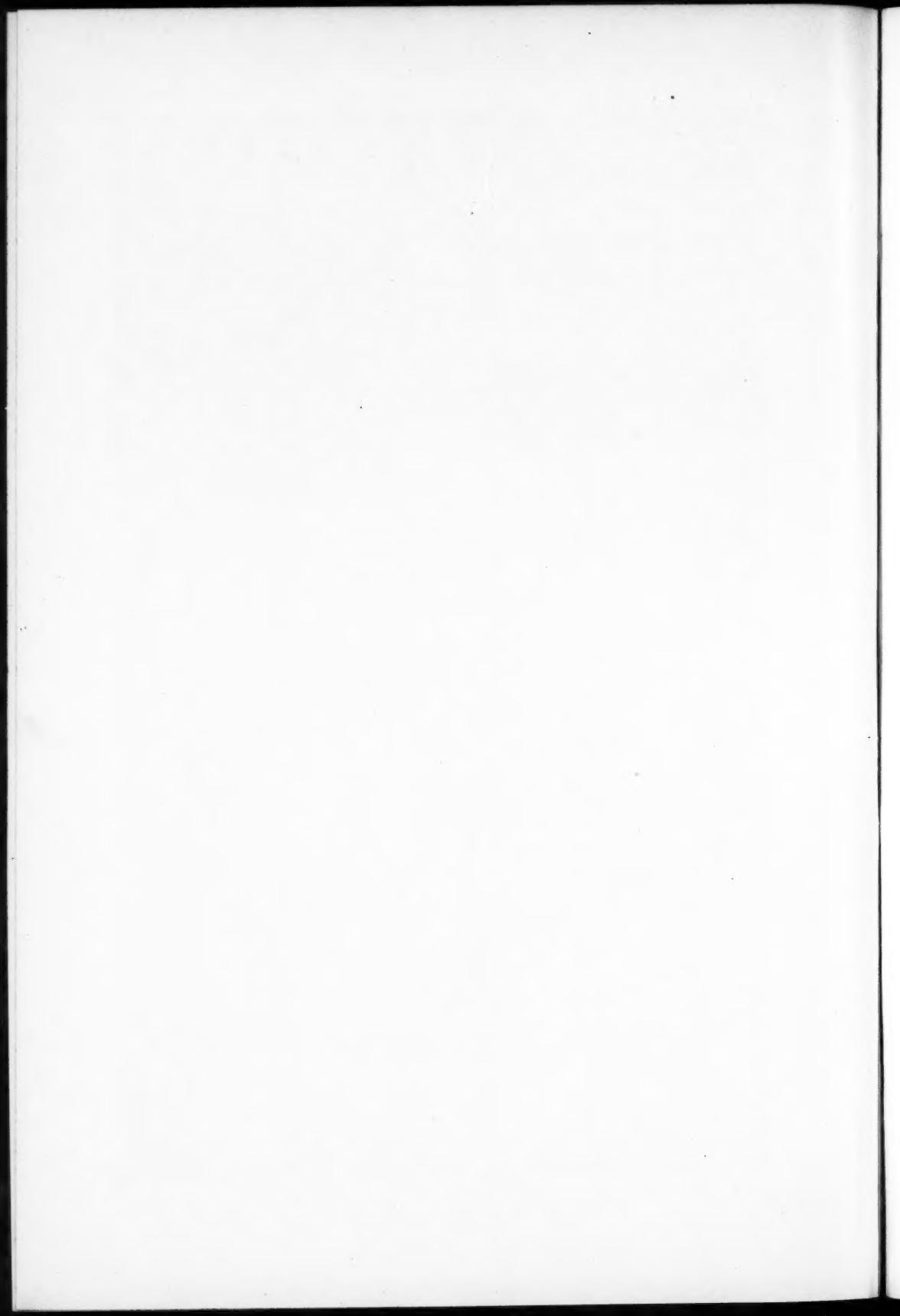
Put up my tools, old tyranny of toil !
I'm off to smell the roots of myrrh,
And pluck a marigold
That once I buried in the pungent soil—
A seed of sunlight, sown to stir
The bosom of the mold ;
It calls me now, a burning blur
That I would win and hold—
Old boss, take off these chains that gall and irk ;
I will not work this day, I will not work !

Quaint little song that hath escaped my heart !
The morn is old ; and vanished too
The golden afternoon !
Here have I sat, a fellow and a part
Of sunrise, and the dawn and dew,
Till now the silver moon
Hath found me nodding o'er my art !
And yet, so close the boon
I craved, that, toiling while I dreamed and shirked,
I have not worked, sweet hours—I have not worked !

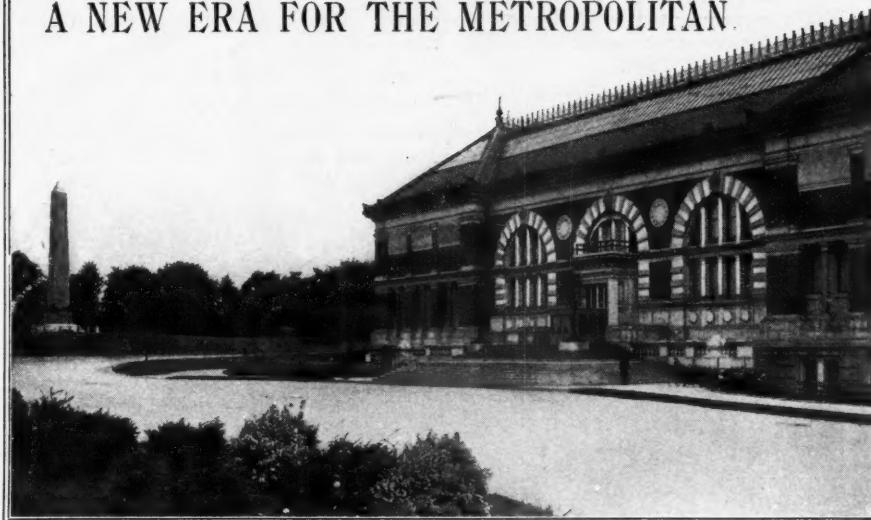
Aloysius Coll.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, THE DANISH POET AND WRITER OF ROMANCES, WHOSE FAIRY TALES ARE KNOWN AND LOVED BY CHILDREN ALL OVER THE CIVILIZED WORLD.



A NEW ERA FOR THE METROPOLITAN



THE OLD SOUTH FRONT OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, WHICH WILL ULTIMATELY BE ENTIRELY SURROUNDED BY THE NEW BUILDINGS.

From a photograph by Charles Ballard.

BY ARTHUR HOEBER.

NEW YORK'S GREAT ART INSTITUTION PROMISES TO DEVELOP MORE RAPIDLY THAN EVER WITH J. PIERPONT MORGAN AS ITS PRESIDENT AND WITH THE ROGERS BEQUEST AS AN ENDOWMENT FUND—ITS NEW DIRECTOR AND ITS PLAN FOR A MAGNIFICENT GROUP OF BUILDINGS.

In our strenuous American life, nothing may hope to escape the march of progress. It is in the air of this western hemisphere to advance, improve, readjust, reorganize. The recent development of our Metropolitan Museum of Art, and its promise of still greater development in the near future, may be cited as instances of the tendency.

In the world of art, things necessarily move more or less slowly. It takes many years to equip a great art institution. The preliminary work is enormous, and in a new country it must be accomplished under many disadvantages and in the face of discouraging apathy. It can be done only by the aid of public-spirited individuals who are able and willing to go down deep into their pockets. Moreover, the man who is profoundly interested in exploiting things esthetic is not apt to be intensely practical.

In view of the difficulties to be overcome, the growth of the Metropolitan Museum has been phenomenally rapid. It has been in existence for only thirty-

five years. The movement for its creation was first suggested by the late John Jay, then United States minister to Austria. In the enthusiasm of a Fourth of July banquet in Paris, in the late sixties, he declared that New York should possess an art gallery comparable to those of the chief European cities. Later, some of the American residents in the French capital came together, talked the matter over, and addressed a letter to the Union League Club, of New York, advocating Mr. Jay's idea. In the mean time, that gentleman had returned home, and had been elected president of the club. When the letter from Paris came, he turned it over to the art committee of the Union League, and the result was a public meeting for consultation, which was held November 23, 1869.

THE BIRTH OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

A committee of one hundred and sixteen gentlemen proceeded with the organization, and on April 30, 1870, the State Legislature incorporated the as-

sociation under the name of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A year later, the State appropriated half a million dollars for the construction of a suitable building in Central Park.

Meanwhile, as early as March, 1871, the trustees had acquired a collection of pictures of various schools, mostly of the sort referred to as "old masters"—and

hundred. In contrast to these scanty figures may be set the fact that last year nearly a million people visited the museum.

THE GREAT MUSEUM THAT IS TO BE.

By May, 1879, the central part of the present group of buildings in Central Park was finished. The new structure



THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE,
AT PRESENT DIRECTOR OF THE ART DEPARTMENT OF THE VICTORIA
AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON.

Drawn by W. M. Berger from a photograph.

certainly they were old, if not always by the masters. To house these, along with other possessions, they leased the building at 681 Fifth Avenue. John Taylor Johnson, a well-known art patron, was made president, and thus was the museum formally started.

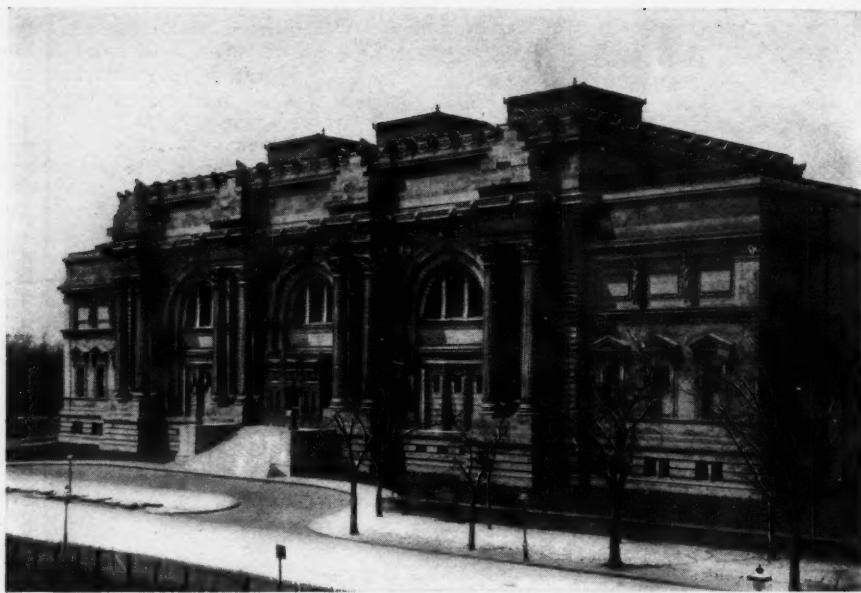
Two years later a move was made to the old Cruger mansion on West Fourteenth Street, near Sixth Avenue. At this time the public was admitted free on one day in the week. On that day the attendance averaged a little more than a thousand; on pay days, it was less than a

was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies, the President of the United States assisting at the function. Wings on either side were subsequently added, and finally what is known as the new East Wing, which cost nearly a million dollars, was opened two years ago. This really magnificent extension is the work of the late Richard M. Hunt, left uncompleted at the time of his death, and carried on by his sons. It gives an idea of the splendid proportions and imposing appearance to which the museum will attain when the plans for its architec-



ONE OF THE PICTURE GALLERIES (NO. 11) OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM—AT THE END OF THE GALLERY, ON THE RIGHT, IS ONE OF THE MUSEUM'S MOST VALUABLE PAINTINGS, "THE RETURN OF THE HOLY FAMILY FROM EGYPT," BY RUBENS.

Drawn by C. D. Williams from a photograph.



THE NEW EAST FRONT OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, FACING FIFTH AVENUE—THIS FINE STRUCTURE IS SHORTLY TO BE EXTENDED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET DOWN THE AVENUE, AND WILL ULTIMATELY FORM A GREAT QUADRANGLE SURROUNDING THE OLDER BUILDINGS.

From a photograph by Charles Ballard.

tural development are completed. Ultimately the original brick edifice is to be enclosed within a great quadrangle of handsome stone structures extending from Fifth Avenue, on the east, to the main driveway of the park, on the west. The cost of the completed museum is estimated at about twenty-two million dollars. Two and a quarter millions have already been appropriated for the next addition, which is to extend down Fifth Avenue for two hundred and fifty feet, and the architects are now perfecting the working plans.

Mr. Johnson continued at the head of the Metropolitan until 1888, and after that we find him carried on the annual reports as "honorary president for life." He was succeeded by Henry G. Marquand, to whose energy, good taste, and princely liberality the museum is greatly indebted. Mr. Marquand was a connoisseur in the true sense of the word and his judgment on a work of art was almost final. He presented many treasures to the galleries, among them paintings by Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Velasquez and Hals. Under his régime the museum was almost a personal possession. Trustees came and went, but his word was law. When he died, in February, 1902, he was

succeeded by F. W. Rhinelander, who survived him but two years, when J. Pierpont Morgan was elected to the chair.

MR. MORGAN'S PRESIDENCY.

Up to Mr. Morgan's incumbency, the museum had been managed along somewhat haphazard lines—the lines, perhaps, of the least resistance. This is not likely to continue. The value of specialized work has long since made itself evident, and nowhere is the specialist so necessary as in the management of a museum. Executive ability there must be, and the power to impress men of wealth to make liberal contributions; but nowadays much more than this is demanded from a managing director. He must be a man of erudition, of experience, of artistic intuition and training, and the training must be the result of years of serious application and practical labor. Furthermore, he must be supported by men endowed with broad notions and liberal art education, and possessed of ample money and the courage to spend it promptly when proper opportunities present themselves.

In European countries, whose government is more paternal than ours, the matter is easier. Over there they have

the advantage of the years behind them. The art idea, in a measure, is engrafted in the make-up of the public men who stand at the head of the state. There are no Congressmen from the "way-back districts" to be placated when it comes to an appropriation. The glory of the French artistic tradition is part of the equipment of every Gallie statesman.

having passed successfully through the various ills of childhood, has emerged into vigorous manhood. It is no longer a struggling infant, but a virile personality with the claims and the needs of a full-grown individuality. Mr. Morgan, coming to the presidency at just the appropriate moment, has injected into the institution that intelligent business spirit



IN THE GREAT NEW HALL OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, IN WHICH ARE EXHIBITED MODERN SCULPTURES AND CASTS OF FAMOUS ANCIENT STATUES—THE STATUE IN THE FOREGROUND IS "THE BEAR-TRAINER," BY PAUL WAYLAND BARTLETT.

Drawn by C. D. Williams from a photograph.

We in America have still a formidable number of legislators who would object to paying out good money for a cracked canvas, dim with age and shadowy with color, because it bore the marks of some old master, or a statue with a broken nose and an arm missing, even were it pure Greek. Moreover, our tariff on works of art is so intelligently arranged that it keeps out good things and permits the entrance of much vile stuff, in the end offending and hampering the artist whom it is popularly supposed to assist.

However, the Metropolitan Museum,

which has made his name a synonym for successful organization.

THE MUSEUM'S NEW DIRECTOR.

An important epoch in the history of the museum was marked by the recent death of General Louis Palma di Cesnola, who had been managing director of the institution since its foundation. When Mr. Morgan chose Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke to fill this important vacancy, he probably made a very wise choice. The fact that he went out of his own land for the selection is a matter of no moment

whatsoever. Unlike poets, directors are not born; they are made. Naturally and obviously, they must have a predilection for the work, but they must also, as has been said, go through a special course of study and experience. The facilities for such a curriculum do not exist in America. We have been occupied with the

It does not suffice to roll up an enormous bank account; there is something else in this life of ours. It is gratifying, after all, to have one's name associated with the cause of art.

MILLIONS FOR THE MUSEUM.

Curiously enough, this sentiment crops



ART STUDENTS COPYING PICTURES IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM—THE GALLERIES ARE OPEN TO COPYISTS ON MONDAY AND FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK, ON PAYMENT OF A SMALL FEE.

problems of empire-building. In building the structure of the great republic, art has come last.

But to-day conditions are rapidly changing. We have emerged from the primitive state. We are heaping up unprecedented wealth. Having all the creature comforts, men begin to look about for the luxuries and the elegancies.

up where it might be least expected. One day about four years ago, the directors of the Metropolitan rubbed their eyes as they read in their morning paper that one Jacob S. Rogers, a manufacturer of locomotives in the rather prosaic city of Paterson, New Jersey, had died and left to their institution an amount estimated at from five to seven millions of dollars.

Such a colossal bequest perhaps is only possible here in America, and even here it staggers the average man. Yet there was no mistake about it. In time Mr. Rogers' will was admitted to probate, and it was found the income of the fund thus created was to be used for the purpose of purchasing rare books, fine pictures, and other works of art. Such a splendid endowment will, of course, greatly aid the museum's development.

Sir Purdon Clarke, the new director, will begin his new duties in the coming autumn. He is at present in charge of the art department of the South Kensington Museum in London, educationally the most important of the art institutions of the English metropolis. Of course he made no financial sacrifice in accepting the call to New York, but undoubtedly he was also attracted by the enormous possibilities he saw in the future of the American museum. His schooling has been thorough and diversified. He was graduated from the National Art Training School in 1865, and has steadily advanced from one position to another until he succeeded the late Sir Philip Owen in his present post. He has practised as an architect,

he has designed museums, he has organized exhibitions, and he has traveled over most of Europe and Asia as a purchasing agent in quest of works of art. He seems preëminently fitted to cope with the problems of organization, of extending the field of our museum, and generally of putting it on a more modern and scientific basis.

Sir Purdon's interest in American art, publicly expressed, gives the greatest encouragement to the native worker.

"Americans," he is reported to have said, "fail to recognize their own geniuses. The country is full of talent. Some of the best of the artists are American-born, but Americans demand that they shall be hall-marked in Europe before they will pay American prices for their work. I found foreign art everywhere I went in the United States; but I hope the day will come when American art will be most sought after by Americans."

A cheerful, hopeful note this for the American artist—one which will incline him to watch with the liveliest interest the policy of the director under whose guidance the Metropolitan Museum of Art enters upon a new and most promising chapter of its development.

SOUL OF THE WORLD.

ADOWN the vista of the years
 Triumphant Purpose marches still ;
 Behind the fog of blood and tears,
 Undimmed by doubt, unmarred by fears,
 Beyond our petty sighs and cheers,
 Still glorious shines the Righteous Will !

"How long, O Lord, how long ?" we cry,
 Forgetting how the measure runs
 Beyond the arrow of an eye,
 Beyond the curving of the sky ;
 Forgetting God, we idly sigh
 And count the setting of the suns.

And still the tide sweeps up the sands,
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore ;
 The sword is struck from feeble hands,
 And still the truth unshaken stands,
 The mighty bulwark of our lands,
 Implanted firmer than before !

From eastern unto western coast
 The Purpose grows, unstopped, unstaid,
 While nations spring, a mighty host,
 To vanish like the early frost.
 Oh, what are we that we should boast,
 And what that we should be afraid ?

The Prophet Voice is ours to-day,
 The Prophet Voice that bade us rise,
 Scarce knowing why, to bloody fray,
 Scarce knowing why, to save and slay ;
 Not ours to triumph, but to pray ;
 Not ours to tremble, but be wise !

Wilma F. Schmitz.



THE FLATIRON BUILDING, THE FAMOUS NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER AT THE CORNER OF BROADWAY, FIFTH AVENUE, AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET—THE NEW BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY OCCUPY THE EIGHTEENTH FLOOR.

[See opposite page.]

Impressions by the Way

FRANK A. MUNSEY

THERE is nothing like getting up in the world. The desire to do so is instinctive with the human race, and particularly with Americans. Our free schools, our system of government, our upbuilding everywhere and in every line, the sweep and power of wealth, the charm of luxuries and delights of sports—all these give stimulus to ambition and nerve and vigor to application.

Yes, it is good to get up to higher levels where we can look out over the world, taking in the great expanses that stretch to the line of the horizon—good figuratively and good literally.

In the absence of real greatness, real bigness that places a man head and shoulders above his fellows, one can get a kind of sensation of superiority by recourse to the "skyscraper." This is what we have resorted to. The things we get we are sure of. After twenty years' hot chase on the trail, and the upward slope to a clearer and more rarified atmosphere still in the far perspective, we have taken to the mechanical lift. This method of elevating oneself is plebeian to a degree. It brings lassitude to ambition and flabbiness to the muscles. But it has the merit of being a sure thing. There is no phantom-chasing, no striving. It is delightfully easy, delightfully lazy. And after all there is a glimpse of the world—a little world, to be sure. And a real glimpse of a real world of whatever size matches up not so badly with the fancies of a worn and bedraggled ambition.

It is on the eighteenth floor of the Flatiron Building, of which we give herewith an illustration, that we have pitched our tent and unsheathed our binoculars to feast our eyes on God's good unobstructed views—views of the North River and of the East River, views of the bay and the Narrows stretching down to the ocean, views of a myriad of ocean-going craft; great steamers, the greyhounds of the Atlantic, and of war-ships and sailing vessels and ferryboats and yachts; and a thousand other kinds of water craft. And then the city itself, the great throbbing, pulsating, panting monster creation reaching from the Battery on the south to the Harlem River on the north, and all girdled by a waterway upon which moves to and fro the flotilla of a good-sized nation.

Across the East River is Brooklyn, which covers a vast acreage—Brooklyn and Long Island City and the great stretches of country extending far out to the dim mingling with shadows.

And across the North River is New Jersey—a whole State with its populous cities, its busy docks, its splendid industries, its world-famed colossal corporations, its farms and valleys and mountains.

But I must stop here. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE isn't a guide-book. Moreover, 1

couldn't tell in a hundred magazines all there is to be seen from this aerial floor. Verily we are at last up in the world. We have arrived.

And now that we have adopted this method of climbing, and accepted it as our destined way of procedure, we rather like it. It is restful and comfortable as a whole. But this altitude isn't altogether a flat, dead-level existence. It has its exciting moments, its coincident thrills. But this would properly come under the heading of the "Thrills of the Skyscraper." It would be bad economy from an editorial standpoint to incorporate it in this rambling talk.

The mathematician of an investigating turn of mind, who happens to count—if he be equal to it—the number of stories in this Flatiron Building may discover that there is a still more elevated floor above us. And if this type of man should be multitudinous, and should bombard us with letters as to why we didn't "go the limit," it is to "copper" his queries that I make mention of the matter and frankly confess that some other fellows a bit more far-sighted than ourselves abandoned ambition on normal lines and took to the modern, mechanical, commonplace way in advance of us.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Julian Hawthorne's striking article on "The Crime of Hazing," published in our March number, brought us a good many letters, some of commendation, some of criticism and protest. We return to the subject because we desire to be entirely fair to those who resent Mr. Hawthorne's sweeping indictment or question the accuracy of his statements.

Captain Brownson, superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, makes the following comment upon Mr. Hawthorne's account of the injury to Midshipman Pearson in 1903, and his description of the existing situation with regard to hazing at Annapolis :

The injury to the midshipman mentioned was the result of a fight, which was brought about by a senior classman having accused him of making a misstatement. According to the midshipmen's code, an accusation of untruthfulness always results in a fight. While he doubtless had been hazed, the broken jaw was not the result of hazing.

The hazing class did not stipulate that it was to be the judge of what brutal hazing was; on the contrary, the superintendent decided that hazing must stop, and defined hazing as any improper interference whatever with a junior classman. It is to the credit of the class concerned that its members were unwilling for a time to enter into any agreement until they were sure they could faithfully carry it out. They did finally agree to stop hazing in every respect, and it is my pleasure to state that no agreement was ever more scrupulously adhered to. There were no individual pledges, but simply the verbal statement of the class president. The code of honor has not become more rigid, but is, as it always has been, a high one, and the midshipmen of the academy would be the first to resent any violation of it.

Other correspondents have pointed out that Mr. Hawthorne must be in error in locating a case of hazing by girl students at Lafayette College. Lafayette is not a co-educational institution, and the incident could not have occurred there.

Mr. Hawthorne was careful to state, in his article, that it is difficult to get the exact facts of hazing affairs, and that there might be errors of detail in his stories. He also premised that his charges would be met with general denials of the existence of hazing. And yet, in spite of the influences that make for secrecy, cases of it are constantly reported. On a recent morning, for instance, a single page of a leading New York newspaper—one not rated with the yellow press—contained two items headed respectively, "Hazed by Secret Committee—Report that Black Avengers Squared Class Account," and "Pneumonia After Hazing—Victim Beaten, Half Drowned, and Dragged through Mud." It scarcely looks as if hazing has been finally and forever abolished.

McPIKE'S GOOD FORTUNE.

BY MONTAGU MARTIN.

I.

THE brazen moon loomed through the haze of the Wyoming desert, while the half-dozen cowboys were spreading their blankets on the sand around the wagon.

"Looks sort of gay, like a school-ma'am's parasol, don't it?" suggested a sentimentalist in overalls.

"Pears to me more like the headlight of the Whoop-Up Saloon in good old San Antone," said Conk Hoover, and smacked his lips, white and parched with alkali dust.

"It looks," muttered McPike, "like a red stain on the sky," but nobody heard him. He lay apart from the others on a canvas tarpaulin.

They were trailing a big herd of cattle three hundred miles north from the railroad to the Gridiron Ranch, on Powder River. The mulatto cook stamped out the embers of the camp-fire and viciously slammed the lid of the grub-box. The tin dishes inside rattled, and a heavy bake-oven fell from the top of the box, clangng stridently against a wheel. The cow-punchers grumbled with the irritation of men whose endurance is stretched taut, and Blodgett, the boss, rapped out an oath.

"Stop that, you dern fool!" he snarled. "Don't you know nothing? Them dry steers'll run for less than that to-night, you black fool. You—"

Hoover slouched forward placatingly.

"Say, Blodgett," he asked, "reckon we'll find water in Crazy Woman's?"

"By thunder, if we don't!" said Blodgett, and turned sullenly to his night-horse, saddled and staked in the crimsoned dusk beyond the wagon.

McPike smothered a cough and shifted on the canvas. The two days' thirsty drive had wearied him. He had not felt so racked, body and soul, since the time that kind doctor in St. Louis had given him his cruel sentence, three years ago. His face was strained intently, and his eyes were as bright as the two pink spots on his cheeks above the line of his thin beard.

Clasping his hands behind his neck, he stared straight up at the stars. In the rare, motionless atmosphere the dim

stars seemed to be sliding up and down in rigidly perpendicular grooves, now away from him, now toward him, coming so close that McPike thought he must hear their marvelous machinery.

"Well, pardner," grunted Hoover, squatting tailor-style on the tarpaulin, "this ain't no dago dream of paradise, is it? No, sir, this ain't no sugar-cane Garden of Eden, for a fact. Say, I expect when we gets to the creek to-morrow Blodgett 'll leave us lay by for a day. That 'll be all right, hey, Mac? There's heap water and grass along Crazy Woman's Creek. Shady trees, too, and a bubbly spring cold enough to freeze a mink! I expect he'll let us kill beef, maybe, and—"

"Oh, what's the good, Conk?" sighed McPike. "I wished I was—"

"Look-a-here," broke in Conk exultantly, swinging out his huge hand and parading with eager triumph a battered cup, in which floated a few stewed prunes. "Look-a-here! Swiped 'em off'n old chuck-away yonder." He giggled like a schoolgirl, and nodded at the cook.

"Saved 'em from your own supper, you mean," said McPike. "Thank you, Conk!"

McPike propped himself on his elbow, but the tin was warm to his fingers and the soggy mixture impossible to his tongue; and in an abrupt spasm of distaste he flung the cup into a sage-bush. Hoover rescued it, and rubbed the edge of the cup reflectively against his chin. He was loose-jointed and very long-limbed, with a sun-coppered skin set off by hair and mustache and arched eyebrows curiously yellow.

"Got any bottled goods?" he hinted. "Any more drug-store keddoes?"

McPike rolled his head.

"Oh, I'm callous to the—the cough," he said. "Tain't that."

"A night's sleep 'll fix you, pardner."

"I can't sleep," said McPike.

"Well, no harm in taking a shot at it. Even if you don't hit your man, you may hit the barkeep, as the saying is." Hoover tugged off his high-heeled boots and leather shaps. "Get on to that measly moon," he continued, folding his vest over the gunnysack pillow. "Looks about as sociable as a panther, don't it?"

Good-night, Mac!" He slid between the blankets under the tarpaulin and touched McPike's wrist bashfully. "Good luck, bunkie," he added, and fell at once into the deep, regular slumber of childhood.

II.

LIVING beside his comrade, McPike fretted enviously, studying the stars and listening to the eery chant of the night-rider circling the herd. The dome of the sky was like a sounding-board. Against it the plaintive wail of a distant coyote echoed and reechoed musically, and it brought the faint, rhythmic tread of the watchman's horse close to McPike's ears. McPike himself had been adjudged too green a hand for night-riding.

Every three hours the watch was relieved, and at midnight Blodgett shook Conk Hoover's shoulder. Conk woke without a start, and glanced down at his blanket-mate. McPike affected repose, but his eyelids twitched, and the finger nails were dug into his palms. Hoover reflectively screwed up his mouth.

"Come, shake out, you, Mac!" he said. "You ain't asleep no more'n nothing. What do you say you sneak Montana's pony and ride herd with me for a spell? Better 'n flopping 'round here like a trout fish."

"Sure!" assented McPike gratefully.

The air had turned coolish, and when he was comfortably planted in the roomy saddle McPike began to feel the ease which monotonous action gives to jaded nerves. The horses single-footed soberly and noiselessly, as good night-horses do, toward the scattered herd, which made a wide confusion of blots on the moon-lit plain.

"They've drifted onto the wagon some since sundown," Hoover commented. "Thirsty cattle, look out for battle! Them poor critters would stampede at the drop of a hat;" and he stooped over and removed his jangling spurs.

Knee to knee the men jogged the circuit, a half mile more or less, without a word. Then Conk spoke softly.

"What cuts you, Mac?"

"Nothing much," returned McPike, "except that I'm afraid."

Conk pulled his horse to a walk and bent one leg over the saddle-horn.

"I worked with the Rangers once," he said. "Sonora Kid's outfit started in to massacre us at a water-hole on the Brazos one day—me and Bat Kelly and old man Henshaw. Mac, we didn't have a livin' show. They plugged Bat, and

then they plugged the old man. I scrunched down and kept a poppin'. 'Conk,' says I, 'it's meant.' Well, I couldn't know more about dying if I was in kingdom come this minute, and if the cavalry hadn't boiled over the mesa just in season for yours truly. But here's a funny thing, Mac. I'd been up against it plenty before that, and for all my bluff, I'd been scarier 'n a Chinaman. But from the time I says to myself 'It's meant' in that water-hole, Mac, I've never been more feared of the finish than this pony is of hay. Death? 'Tain't fearsome, not it! How many good men do you reckon have tackled it since Adam? But the dreading of it—that's what's to be scared of, pardner."

A gossamer wisp of haze cloaked the moon, and McPike's voice quavered mystically out of the shadow.

"Yes—the dreading," he repeated.

"That's the sense of it," insisted Conk. "What's meant is meant, when you're against the finish—against a gun or a blizzard or—a cough. Worrying is what you want to be feared of; nothing else. If anything makes you worry, get shut of all you can of it, Mac, and then when you've nat'rally got to go out, you'll go out singing."

For a while the men rode on in silence. Occasionally Hoover turned to head back a fugitive steer. The rising morning wind brushed away the screen of clouds, and the last glow of the moon before the dawn came clear and strong.

"It's a girl," said McPike under his breath. "We were going to be married, Conk, before I saw that doctor. We'd 'a' been married now if she'd had her will. But I said 'No, sir-ee,' just that way. That was right, wasn't it? The doctor gave me two months, Conk. Two months, and I wasn't to stay under a roof at that. What could I do? I couldn't bring a wife out here!" and he swept his quirt toward the horizon.

"No," muttered Hoover. "This is no place for such as girls."

"I wasn't aiming to spoil her life, you bet," pursued McPike. "I sneaked away. She wrote me a couple of loving letters, and I tore 'em up and didn't answer 'em. By and by I saw a newspaper that said how she'd married a real good man I used to know. I can't kick. That doctor was wrong about the time, but what he told me was coming is coming soon now, and I know it, and I'm afraid. Not of going, but of going useless to her—because I love her, and just to drop off for nothing—no good to nobody—"

"You're drinking burnt coffee without sweet'ning, all right," said Conk, "but—"

He broke off at the other's impulsive gesture. McPike shoved his hand under his coat and pulled out a narrow roll of fluffy crimson cloth.

"That's all I got to remember her by," he whispered. "That's the scarf she wore the night she gave me her word."

Hoover handled the little packet with a tenderness which contrasted oddly with his harsh voice.

"Look-a-here, Mac," he commanded. "That girl's happy now, ain't she? Who let her be so? You? Well, talk about being no 'count to her!"

"But I love her yet, I—"

"She ain't here no more for you to love, Mac, nor there. That's the whole of it. If you hanker to make a play for another man's wife—"

McPike's eyes glimmered.

"She's not that brand," he said.

"Now you're shoutin', boy. Now you've got the trail, and stick to it. The girl ain't there no more for you to love. That's heap good medicine, you hear me!" Hoover contemplated the lines of purple which streaked the east. "Most time for the sun-up shift," he observed.

McPike's shoulders shivered with a momentary tremor of hatred for the coming day. In their circuit, the two cowboys had reached the point of the herd which was closest to the wagon and the sleeping camp. Hoover leaned sideways and held McPike's upper arm in the vice of his brawny fist.

"Mac," he said, "you've got to make a try to leave off thinking of that girl. Do you know what ails you, partly? It's hanging on to this here keepsake and letting of it worry you. Do you know what I'd do? I'd heave it away right here and now. Shall I, pardner?"

McPike did not speak—did not raise his head, and Conk, standing upright in his stirrups, threw the crimson scarf afar into the sage-brush. Neither he nor McPike followed its whirling flight. They shook out their reins, and the ponies trotted slowly on their final round. Hoover sang in a flat monotone:

For it's ride all night and daytime, too,
Till you drown your cook in the Little Mizzou;
And that's the Black Hills trail!

He watched his companion furtively. McPike's eyes were fixed on his bronco's nervously fluttering ears. When they were on the low rise of ground behind the herd, he cleared his throat.

"To drop off here for nothing—and

no good to her—and she not knowing!" murmured McPike wistfully. "If I could only hitch the finish to—"

"A man's finish is his own," said Conk. "A girl who ain't here can't butt into it. Bite on the bullet, Mac, and—my God, the cattle! The cattle is up!"

III.

So miraculous was the quickness that morning with which the panic struck the herd that Conk's exclamation was drowned in the peculiar, swishing boom of the awakened cattle. From the slope Hoover and McPike gazed down for part of a second upon the countless, tumultuous horns, tossing frantically as might the white spears of a mutinous army, and upon the hundreds and hundreds of tons of mighty bone and muscle, hanging on the brink of deadly fury like an avalanche upon a mountain crest. Between his knees McPike felt Montana's pony draw in a long, quivering breath and stiffen his sinews.

"We'll mill 'em!" yelled Conk.

"The wagon!" gasped McPike. "They'll hit the camp!"

Hoover was out of ear-shot down the slope. Montana's horse followed, scurrying close to the ground like a bull-terrier, snorting with the trained brute's anxious delight in doing duty well. They veered toward the camp, for in this direction the insurgent cattle were breaking, yard by yard. Conk rode quietly at the foremost group. He made no violent gesture, but kept up a sleepy, soothsing chant. His placid figure was oddly incongruous against the broiling swarm.

It seemed at first that his peaceful efforts had succeeded, when the cattle next him hesitated and tried to edge away. But they were a hundred against two thousand. Behind them the bellowing took on a sharper, wilder note, and the baked prairie groaned under the beat of hoofs. Conk's forty-five revolver barked angrily into the sand at the feet of the nearest steers.

"Back off—we can't head 'em!" he screamed to McPike over his shoulder, and galloped for his life away from the front of that ominous line.

Around the imperiled camp, Blodgett and the others were saddling in frantic haste, knowing well that a man afoot in the path of a stampede must perish. McPike's power of sight turned feverishly preternatural. He distinguished the mulatto cook clambering from the

wheel to the high seat on the wagon, and he saw the foreman pausing by his horse's head to shove shells into his long pistol. Upon McPike's mind this picture of his comrades in their danger was immediately burned deep, like the sharp glimpse of a shipwreck caught by a coast-guard in a gleam of lightning.

Midway between the clamorous cattle and the wagon his eyes photographed another picture—the picture of a rosy streamer flapping lightly in the breeze from the top twig of a sage-bush. McPike's hands clutched his saddle-horn convulsively. In the fraction of a moment the tiny crimson pennant assumed in his vision the size and whipping swing of a battle flag. The bit of cloth became gigantic. The red folds of the girl's scarf seemed to twine with a savage grip around his heart. Before he could breathe again, perhaps, that scarlet emblem of his life's love would be swallowed in the bestial wave, stamped into the desert clay, profaned unspeakably.

His thought and sight were instantaneous. When McPike shot a second glance at the camp, Blodgett was still busy with his revolver, the hurrying cook had climbed no higher than the wagon wheel, the other men were still afoot, struggling with the plunging horses, spurred to their utmost by the now imminent onrush of the raging, unguarded cattle. The vast and golden diadem of dawn glowed tenderly in the eastern sky. McPike's soul burst into a sudden ecstasy of happiness—of a glorious joy which he had never known before. He leaned forward in his saddle. The crimson streamer beckoned him.

He must sing as he fought the herd. He must go out singing, like a plainsman. What should be his song?

And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me —

McPike's cracked voice rang stanchly over the thunder of the stampede. His horse, obedient to him as an arrow to the bowstring, flew straight for the scarlet pennant.

And ne'er forget will I —

Conk Hoover could have snatched the scarf, Indian fashion, as he galloped by. McPike had no such skill. At the red-tipped sage-bush he pulled rein and jumped to the ground. The pony raced on, riderless.

Gradually the charging herd, deflected from its course and dazed by this mad dash through its very center, began to mill, surging in a circle like a colossal

whirlpool; and hanging desperately to its flanks rode Blodgett and Hoover and the Gridiron T men—all but one!

IV.

THE outfit had moved camp to the grassy bottom-land along Crazy Woman's Creek, fringed by its shady box-elders. Over his second luxurious dipperful of cool water, Blodgett addressed the cook.

"A close call?" he said. "You're dead right it were a close call. If that Mac hadn't turned 'em, we'd all be where he is now, and that's a bet you don't have to copper, either."

"He were a nervy cuss to do what he done," observed the cook, rolling a cigarette, "and him a tenderfoot!"

"A sure enough nervy cuss," agreed Blodgett slowly, "and he went the right way—the way good men go. Who's holding up the tobacco?"

Conk Hoover bent over his roll of bedding, hesitated, straightened up, and walked to Montana, assuming elaborate indifference.

"Say, Monty," he proposed sheepishly, "I sort of reckon I'll bunk in with you, if you'd as lief."

"You can have the bridal chamber, son," said Montana, understanding, and they began to spread the blankets. "I'm a whole lot sorry for Mac," grunted Montana.

"I ain't," responded Hoover. "He got what he wanted in spite of that cough. He was happy!"

"Well, what stumps me, Conk, is the reason of them cattle jumping. Blodgett, he says there was a red thing waving on a bush. That might 'a' started them, but Blodgett seen a ha'nt, that's what he seen—a ghost."

"A girl started that run," said Conk gently. "A girl back in Saint Lou. If there was any ha'nt, she was it."

"A girl in—oh, what's the matter with you?" protested Montana.

He lounged to the fire, and Conk heard him informing the circle that Hoover was taken queer in the head by the loss of his friend.

But Hoover, stretched flat on the blankets, did not mind. He drew a frayed, stained scarf from his pocket.

"The girl, she'll never know," said he to himself, "and old Mac's where he can't know nothin' now." High above him the early stars slid up and down in magical, rigid grooves. "Seems like there's some one bound to know!" he whispered timidly.

STORIETTES

An Affair of the Heart.

WHEN her maid had put the finishing touch to her hair, Mrs. Cordery left her dressing-room and walked slowly and deliberately down the softly tinted hall to the door of her husband's apartments. The faint odor of cigarette smoke indicated the presence of that gentleman.

She knocked.

The door was opened by Mr. Cordery's man, who, bowing discreetly, slipped aside as she entered.

Her husband smiled cheerfully.

"Ah, my dear," he said, as he held out his arms for the man to help him on with his coat, "good-evening! You may go, Peters," he told the man, who retreated noiselessly. "You look very fit to-night," he added as he drew up a comfortable leatheren chair for her to sit in. "What's on? The opera?"

"No." There was a short pause, as Mr. Cordery, surveying himself critically in the cheval glass, toyed with a few stray aristocratic hairs that were displayed on a partly bald and wholly immaculate head. "This is one of my simplest gowns. I had no thought to put on anything elaborate—this evening."

"Quite right. You look best in simple things. Is there"—he surveyed her composedly, with an air of considerate curiosities—"anything I can do for you?"

"I have come for something that I very seldom ask for—advice. I find myself in love."

"In love? Why, I thought you and I had outgrown that sort of thing!"

"So did I. But I find that I was mistaken."

"The affair, then, is serious?"

"Yes."

Mr. Cordery glanced at his watch, lighted another cigarette, and placed himself at ease on a divan, where he could look full upon his wife's face as the light from the chandelier fell upon it. She moved slightly, so that she would be more in the shadow.

"Adèle," he said quietly, "it has always been my wish to make you happy. The responsibility of catering to your wants has been with me continually, more or less. But that I feel incompetent to

advise you I am free to admit. The fact is, I am disappointed."

"Are you disappointed in a general sense because I'm in love, or disappointed in *me* because I'm in love?"

"In you. I had hoped for better things from you."

"You have just said that it has been your wish to make me happy. If I can gather any happiness from this hitherto unknown experience, why should you care?"

"It is not so much because I care. I try not to disturb myself too much about the personal peculiarities of others. But since we have been married I have taken a real interest in you—haven't I, Adèle?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"Very well! And it comes to me now with a certain feeling of disappointment that you are not fulfilling my expectations."

"You do not believe, then, in love? Your narrow, shrunken, selfish, self-centered little man's soul cannot conceive of such an absurd and undesirable human emotion? And to think that I should have so debased myself as to come to you—for advice!"

She rose.

"Calm yourself, my dear," he said. "I do believe in love. Perhaps it may interest you to know that I too am in love."

"With whom?"

"With you."

She smiled scornfully.

"Since when?"

"Since we have been married and have lived—apart."

"What have you done to show me that you loved me?"

"I have kept away from you—knowing that you did not love me. What more could you desire?"

"If that is your idea of the matter, you have certainly done your part. And now you expect me to believe this nonsense!"

"Not at all. I merely mentioned the matter so that you might know that I fully sympathize with you in your present difficulty."

"Robert, I had hoped that—"

"That in some manner it might be arranged for you to—to—"

There was a pause. They gazed at each other intently.

"There is no reason," he said at last, "why in time such an affair cannot be arranged. When two people really love each other, why should a husband interfere? Absurd! Only it would have been

"Mr. Robert Cordery?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are my prisoner!"

Mrs. Cordery sprang forward and tore the evening paper from the hand of her husband's valet, as he stood there clutching it nervously and looking blankly at



"YOU ARE MY PRISONER!"

better if you had not waited—if you had come to me before. You see, my dear, I was in ignorance of your wishes."

"But now?"

"Now, the man has come to me first."

"What!"

"Yes. He also came to me for advice. I don't think I ever knew such a considerate pair of—lovers."

"When did he come?"

"This afternoon—at the club—an hour ago."

"What happened?"

Outside in the street below there was a low murmur, which gradually increased in volume. A chorus of strident voices was calling.

"Extra! Man shot at the Gotham Club! Extra!"

There was a loud knock at the door. A man forced his way in, closely followed by Cordery's valet.

his master and the detective. She sank back.

Her husband went over to her quietly and put his hand gently on her head.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear. He will recover. It was a bad shot. I missed his heart by fully two inches." Turning to the detective he said: "And now, sir, I am at your service!"

Tom Masson.

Clorinda's Highwayman.

I.

CLORINDA had not enjoyed Mrs. Dorset's dinner. She had ungraciously characterized the man who had taken her out as pitifully imbecile, and the star guest, the Tibetan explorer, as cheaply pyrotechnic. The women, she had declared to herself, were nonentities or worse. Even

her old and dear friends, the Chisholms, who had come in from Montclair to meet the famed traveler, she found less agreeable than usual. During their few seconds together in the dressing-room, Nora Chisholm had scrutinized her altogether too keenly, and had inquired too sympathetically into the condition of her health and spirits.

She was angrily conscious of her own shortcomings as a guest, and of the amazement they provoked. She fretted through the evening, making the vaguest replies to the remarks addressed to her. To answer at all was a trial; she heard so badly, with the ringing in her ears. That was what it meant to be a fool of a woman, and to hear one man's words all the time; to hear Tony's words, angry, cold, measured, irrevocable, utterly unlike the impetuous outbreak of her own that had caused them!

"Good-night! Don't imagine that I can be whistled back after this!"

She must have heard that not less than seven hundred million times in the seven days that had elapsed since Tony said it. As if she could possibly want him back! Then his face, pale with rage, clear-cut, fair, swam before her vision; she was conscious of a sickening, miserable throb of admiration for the look of the set jaw, the grim chin, the unforgetting line of the mouth—Tony's laughing mouth!

When she had reached that point in her reverie, and had told the man who was talking to her that she liked "Aïda" best of all Wagner's operas, and Mrs. Dorset's sister in the music-room began to sing "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," Clorinda could stand it no longer. She had ordered a hansom for eleven o'clock, and it was not yet a quarter before eleven, but she bade her hostess good-night and fled to the shelter of the dressing-room. There, at five-minute intervals for the next half hour, the maid reported, "Not here yet, miss"; and there, at nearly half-past eleven, Nora Chisholm found her, a wild-eyed vision of tragedy with a white lace hood upon her black hair and a cape of silk and marabout feathers over her shoulders.

"Nora," the vision declared, "you've got to take me home. My dear, if you ever loved me, let me drive to the station with you, and then send me home in your hack! Mine hasn't come, and I'll die if I can't get out of sound of that music and everything!"

"Of course, dearest," cooed Nora. "We'll take you down first—there's lots

of time. Our train doesn't go until twelve five."

As the cab proceeded on its way toward the modest apartment off Washington Square where Clorinda Lee and her widowed sister dwelt, an inopportune jam of opera carriages delayed it. Consequently, as they drove into Washington Place, Richard Chisholm was consulting his watch and wrinkling his brow in the commuter's customary computation of chances.

"Don't get out, Dick!" cried Clorinda penitently as they stopped before her door. "I'm all right. You'll make the train if he'll only drive like lightning. Twenty-Third Street ferry, driver—fast!"

The carriage door slammed upon Mr. Chisholm's perfunctory protestations, the coachman cracked his whip, the horse pranced off, and the carriage turned the corner even while Miss Lee stood before the closed door of her dwelling.

It was not one of those new apartment houses created chiefly to afford an ornate refuge for hall-boys, bell-boys, and elevator-boys. It was an old-fashioned house, converted by an L in the rear to its new uses. Its only boy closed the outer door of its vestibule at ten o'clock, and departed for his home. It was this heavy slab of mahogany—for the house had been a fine one in its former days—which Miss Lee now confronted with no misgivings.

She turned the knob and pushed. Nothing happened. She moved back a step and stared. It was undoubtedly her own house. The outer door was never locked. Any late-coming householder could always gain access to his bell and speaking-tube, even though he had forgotten his keys. Clorinda could feel her worthless ones in the pocket of her cape, the big one for the inside hall door and the little one for the apartment itself. They were as useless as if they had been in Timbuctoo, since accident or blunder had sprung the lock of the outer door.

The janitor's bell was, however, still accessible. Clorinda rang it until her finger was tired; but either the janitor slept a drugged sleep, or his social engagements kept him from home even later than Clorinda's did her.

Now, among the desirable qualities which that neighborhood of New York possesses, not even the glibbest real estate agent would name safety and comfort for unaccompanied, conspicuously clad young women barred from home at midnight. Although distinguished ele-

gance and respectability bound it upon one side, and although half the less imposing doors in the region open to emit a kindly stream of young writers, painters, and devotees of art in general, yet the veritable slums encroached upon it. A stone's throw from where Clorinda stood, a dingy avenue stretched away into the distance patrolled at night by vice of the duller, more squalid sort. She could hear the sound of a quarrel borne from it, and the discordant notes of a drunken song.

The door of a house across the street opened to let out a laughing party of late guests. It was the Arkwrights' house, and the Arkwrights were friends of Tony's. She flattened herself against the door, hoping to escape notice. She felt shame as well as fear at her position; it was so horribly forlorn, so undignified!

When the sound of their laughter had blown around the corner, she took her resolution. She must find a public telephone and rouse her sister. She caught up a handful of filmy draperies and almost ran toward the corner; on the avenue, she knew, there was a small drug-store. A few doors beyond her house she was breathlessly aware of a man standing close to the wall, almost unnoticeable in his dark overcoat. Her excited fancy made his steps pursue hers down the sidewalk until she could not distinguish between them and the echo of her own. She swung around the corner and almost cried aloud in thankfulness to see the friendly green and yellow beacons of the druggist still shining into the night. In her relief she scarcely heard the jocular greetings of a pair of sailors rolling down the street, and she did not at all observe the emergence of a man in a slouch hat from the angle formed by the wall of a shop and its projecting window.

The druggist was just closing for the night, but he courteously admitted her to the telephone. And while she frantically called for "7007 B, Spring," the man in a slouch hat made a leisurely choice of a cigar.

There was the inevitable pause. Then Clorinda, her voice almost shrill with annoyance, said:

"Oh, nonsense, they must answer. Certainly some one's at home—not less than three people, in fact. I do know; it's my own house—No. 200 Washington Place. Try again!"

Another pause, during which the stranger clipped his cigar and lighted it.

"Oh, Cora, is that you? Yes; Clorinda. I'm so sorry to get you up. But I'm

locked out—the outside door won't open. Send Nellie or Jane down to unfasten it, will you, please? No; I'm in the drug-store around the corner, and it's closing. Just send one of them to the door. I'll be there in three minutes!"

She had gone half the distance to her home, her heart beating a little fast and her breath a little shortened with excitement, when an arm slid around her waist, pinioning her own arms, and a hand was laid firmly over her mouth. It was a hand which had thrown away a cigar at the corner.

"Don't squirm," commanded a voice, harsh and determined in spite of its low pitch. "Don't try to holler. Give me them beads you're wearing an' you won't get hurt." He fumbled roughly beneath her marabout collar with the diamond bar that clasped her collar of pearls—hers and her mother's and her grandmother's—her one sacred heirloom, her one valuable possession. "Now, then!" he went on, when he had loosened it.

When he recovered from a strong delusion of showering stars, a second or two later, he was lying on the sidewalk staring up into the fair, clear-cut, enraged face of a young man who sat, with unmistakable intent, upon his chest. He was conscious of a call for help dying upon the air, of opening windows and slamming doors. He was also aware that a white-gowned young woman limply dangled a pearl collar and sobbed hysterically:

"Tony, Tony!"

II.

"TONY," asked Miss Lee an hour later, when in defiance of all decorum Anthony Webster sat in the dining-room of her apartment and described his captive's progress to the jail around the corner. "Tony, how did you happen to be there? Were you—oh, was it that you were hanging around hoping for a chance meeting and an opportunity to make up?"

Tony looked at her, and dallied with the temptation to romantic untruth. Then he squared his shoulders.

"I had been playing bridge across the street at the Arkwrights'. I saw you crouching against your door as some of us came out. I dropped the others and waited to see that you got safely in. That's the true and unromantic story of how I happened to be on hand."

"Oh!" said Clorinda coldly. "You were playing bridge—at the Arkwrights!"

You must have suffered greatly in the last week, Tony!"

"I lost seven dollars and sixty-five cents," said Mr. Webster gloomily, "if that will serve as a guarantee of a troubled mind. I usually win." Then he rose and bent over her. "Dearest," he said softly, "don't let us be two obstinate, jealous, exacting fools again. Don't let us undo all that our highwayman has done for us—at such cost to himself!"

Her lips relaxed into a smile.

"Poor highwayman!" she murmured. "He was our good angel, wasn't he? I'd like to do something for him; wouldn't you, Tony?"

"Do something? I'd like to make him my best man!" replied Mr. Webster enthusiastically. "Tell me, dearest, how soon shall I need a best man? It must be soon. You've proved yourself notoriously incapable of taking care of yourself. How soon, how soon?"

"Well," said Clorinda meditatively, "before his term is up, I'm afraid—if they sentence him for more than a month, Tony!"

Katherine Hoffman.

The Courting of Molly McCrea.

From the corners of her roguish black eyes, pretty Molly McCrea, busy among pans and crocks in the milk-house at the foot of the winding path, glanced at the eastward and then at the westward slope of the cabin-crowned hill.

Striding vigorously up the westward slope, a long and lanky man, his head surmounted by a derby hat one size too large, his neck gripped firmly by a lofty collar, swept belated bees from the honey-laden clover with his well-oiled cowhide boots.

"Josh Miller! Comin' of a We'n'sday evenin'!" Molly McCrea exclaimed.

Toiling upward through the orchard on the eastern slope, a short and corpulent man, flouting a long-tailed coat



"YOU KNOW WHAT I TOLD YOU BOTH THE OTHER TIME YOU FOUGHT."

and gorgeous tie, ruthlessly crushed under massive feet the golden yellow apples in his path.

"And Jim Stivers!" murmured Molly. "Tisn't his evenin' to call, neither. There'll be fun when they meet!"

Swinging around the cabin toward its closed front door, Mr. Miller's oleaginous boots came to a sudden standstill as their owner stared dumbly at the perspiring Mr. Stivers emerging from the shadows of the spreading lilac-bush.

"Little off in yer dates, ain't ye, Josh?" Mr. Stivers growled, halting abruptly and nervously fingering the resplendent necktie.

"Been lookin' at the calendar upside down yerself, strikes me," rejoined Mr. Miller, tugging at the torturing collar.

Mr. Stivers advanced slowly from the shadows.

"Looky here, Josh," he said amicably, "I've come on important business, and I won't be long. You back out and pull in again in about thirty minutes."

"If there's any backin' out you'll do it," Mr. Miller responded pugnaciously. "I didn't rig up and tramp over here fer fun, neither!"

The significant accent called symptoms of alarm to the broad face of Mr. Stivers.

"Draw cuts who stays," he suggested.

"Ye'll draw nothin'," answered the implacable Miller. "Ye couldn't draw to a bobtail with that face of yours."

Mr. Stivers took one step forward.

"If I was afflicted with the hatchet-faced mug you carry, I'd take a course of treatment," he asserted in a highly aggressive tone.

Mr. Miller took two steps forward and dexterously shed his coat.

"Ye're goin' to take coarse treatment right now, Jim Stivers," he muttered,



"NOW, LOOKY HERE, JOSH!"

with a furtive glance toward the closed door. "You've been tryin' to cut the grass from under my feet jest as long as I—"

His further discourse was precluded by the impetuous onrush of Mr. Stivers. Gripped in each other's embrace, the two crashed through the lilac-bush and waltzed over the bed of sweet peas. Then something caused a breakaway as sudden as the clinch. Mr. Stivers hurriedly recovered his hat, and Mr. Miller hastily slid into his coat as Molly McCrea came up the path.

"Evenin', Molly," Mr. Stivers panted sheepishly. "Fine evenin', ain't it?"

"Me and Jim was jest a scufflin' around a little to pass the time," ventured Mr. Miller, with an abashed glance at Molly's disdainful face.

"Oh, of course; you both tramped a mile to get to wrastle in this yard, and smash down mother's sweet peas," Molly remarked sarcastically. "You know

what I told you both the other time you fought about me. Now, git!"

"I'm ready to 'pologize, Molly," stammered Mr. Stivers. "Fact is, Josh threatened—"

"I don't want to hear a word from neither of you," Molly interrupted, turning in the cabin door. "Not now!"

"Some other time, then, Molly?" suggested Mr. Miller hopefully.

"I'm makin' no promises," Molly snapped. "I'm waitin' for you to git."

Mr. Miller bestowed one more fierce scowl upon Mr. Stivers, and shambled away toward the setting sun. Mr. Stivers hesitated, coughed feebly, stole another look at Molly's unrelenting face, and sneaked eastward. Half a mile he tramped, steadily and in silence. Then he dropped wearily upon a fallen beech at the roadside, removed his hat, mopped his brow, and meditated.

"By gosh, I'll try it!" he finally ejaculated. "She wasn't half as mad as she looked, and I miss my guess if she don't thaw out when I tell her about my heirin' them eighty acres. Josh'll be sneakin' back about to-morrory to tell her about his good luck with them mining sheers, and there's no knowin' what might happen. Girls is mighty funny critters. I'll try it, by gosh!"

Hurriedly retracing his steps, Mr. Stivers once more toiled through the orchard and rounded the lilac-bush, to halt, dumfounded, at the sight of Mr. Miller bent almost double at the key-hole of the cabin door.

"Now, looky here, Josh!" he managed to begin, when Mr. Miller lifted a warning and beckoning arm.

"Sh-sh-sh! Don't make no noise, Jim. Jest slide up here and take a look."

Mr. Stivers stole to the door, applied a curious eye and then an ear to the key-hole, stepped back, and stared up into Mr. Miller's lugubrious countenance. The querulous tones of an old woman, followed by a deep, bass voice and the merry laughter of Molly McCrea, came through the door. Mr. Miller gulped at something in his lengthy throat.

"Jim," he remarked hoarsely, "I'm dry!"

"Me, too," murmured Mr. Stivers. "Thirsty as a tramp—and I hain't carried a drop fer six months, 'count of Molly bein' agin it!"

"That's my fix. Let's go to the milkhouse, Jim. We'll have to put up with spring water till we can git to the store."

Arm in arm the two meandered down the path. Having partially assuaged

their thirst, they found lowly seats upon upturned crocks, and gazed mournfully into each other's faces.

"Did—did he have his arm around her yet when you looked, Jim?" inquired Mr. Miller pathetically.

Mr. Stivers nodded.

"And was a kissin' her—right before the old woman," he added.

"It's all up with us, Jim," said Mr. Miller decisively. "He owns the biggest stock-ranch in ten counties. I've kind o' suspicioned somethin' ever since he was here last Christmas. Must have got in on that last train."

"S'pose we catch him, down in the woods, when he leaves, and lick him," Mr. Stivers suggested.

"Not me! Them Texas fellers'll shoot in a minute!"

"Ye orter have heard what she was sayin' about you," observed Mr. Stivers, after a long silence.

"Couldn't have been no worse than I heard her sayin' 'bout you," remarked Mr. Miller reminiscently.

"You can't never bank on a woman, nowow," said Mr. Stivers.

"Ain't never goin' to try again," responded Mr. Miller. "It's a waste of time. I'm goin' to 'tend to business."

"That's me!" exclaimed Mr. Stivers earnestly as he rose to his feet.

"Where ye goin', Jim?"

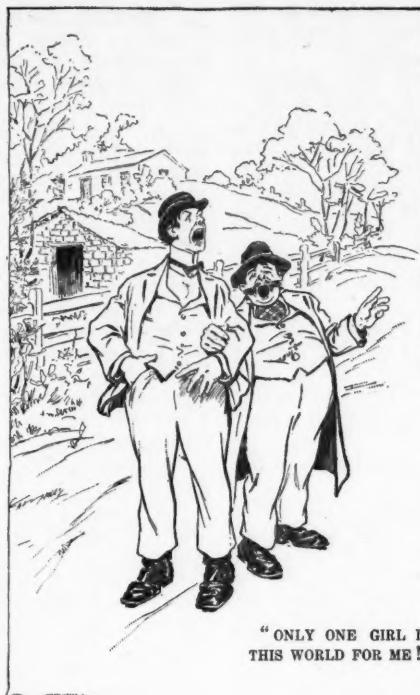
"Down to the store. Darn water fer drinkin' purposes, anyhow!"

"My sentiments, to a dot," said Mr. Miller, hooking his arm within that of Mr. Stivers.

At the lower boundary of the orchard Mr. Miller halted.

"Jim," he remarked thoughtfully, "strikes me the song that clown sung at the circus last week jest fits our case. Can ye start it?"

"I can; but I disremember most of the words."



"ONLY ONE GIRL IN THIS WORLD FOR ME!"

"Let her go; I'll jine in."

A loud, rasping roar reverberated through the woods, evoking an alarmed response from a startled owl. A nasal, shrieking voice chimed in at the second word:

Only one girl in this world for me—e—e—
Her face is on the dollar, and her name is
Libertee—e—e!

Frank N. Stratton.

Chub's Chance.

As Ballard, entering the court-room, reached to push the swinging door, he turned his head to see what had suddenly obscured the sunlight streaming through the Gothic window far behind him. His upward-sweep-

ing glance discovered successively a pair of ample cowhide shoes, a gigantic form enveloped by a faded calico gown, and a frowning face with steel-trap jaws and glittering eyes, shaded by a conglomerate bonnet that defied even Ballard's power of analysis.

The presence advanced; the jaws opened; a voice rumbled forth:

"You're Mr. Ballard, I reckon!"

"Madam, I am," the State's attorney confessed. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to give Chub a chance; he's never been up before."

"And who is Chub, madam?"

The bony finger of the giantess pointed through the glass partition.

"Chub Garrity; that's him in there with the dep'ty sheriff. Give him a chance!"

Ballard frowned. To prosecuting attorneys, requests for clemency come with irritating frequency.

"He's your son, I suppose?"

"Stepson, he is," grumbled the voice; "an' sorry the day I married his dad, fourteen year agone! But the cub needs a chance."

"I think not," said Ballard, pushing the door open. "He has been the cause of altogether too much complaint from

your neighborhood. He's nineteen—old enough to behave. I fear he hasn't been properly raised, Mrs. Garrity."

"Don't you say that, Mr. Ballard," snarled the giantess. "I've been more 'n a mother to him. If there's been a day in the fourteen year that I hain't give that red-headed cub a good beatin', I've forgot when it was. If you won't give him a chance, it can't be laid agin me. I've done my duty by askin' you!"

Ballard passed into the court-room, mentally multiplying fourteen by three hundred and sixty-five.

"Five thousand one hundred and ten wallopings at the hands of that female Goliath!" he soliloquized grimly. "It strikes me that if there ever was a boy entitled to a chance it's this Alexander Napoleon Garrity!"

He beckoned the deputy sheriff and his charge into the library.

"Garrity," he said sharply, "the police have warned you more than once that you'd land here if you didn't behave, and here you are—on your way to the Reform School for a two-year term." Alexander Napoleon uneasily shifted his lank legs, and blinked his small eyes helplessly. The very homeliness of his solemn face, the pathetic stoop of the shoulders that had borne those five thousand beatings, appealed to the calloused Ballard. "Why don't you behave yourself and go to work?" he asked less sharply.

"Did," answered Alexander Napoleon gloomily. "What's the use? She swipes all my wages—an' licks me besides. She's a terror!"

"Bosh!" exclaimed Ballard impatiently. "She couldn't beat a big fellow like you, if you had any spunk."

Alexander Napoleon's capacious mouth twisted into a mournful smile.

"Huh!" he grunted. "She kin lick pap with one hand. I bet she could lick him an' you an' the dep'ty all to once. She'd enjoy it!"

"If I can induce Judge Flint to let you off this time, will you get out of town and find work—try to make something of yourself?"

"Give me the chance an' see!"

"You'll go straight from this courthouse?"

"Mr. Ballard," said Alexander Napoleon impetuously, "the straightest lightnin' streak you ever saw would be a circle by the side of it! I kin git a job in Rapville. It's twenty mile from here, but you git the judge to let me off an' I'll eat supper in Rapville—an' I'll stay there!"

"State of Indiana *versus* Alexander Napoleon Garrity called for trial," came the voice of the bailiff from the courtroom. Ballard strode to the bench and murmured into the judicial ear.

"I don't know about that, Mr. Ballard—I don't know about that," his honor growled. "Still, since it's a matter in which you're personally interested—h'm—let the defendant come forward! I'll take a look at him."

At a motion from Ballard, the lanky legs propelled Chub within the range of the magisterial vision. His honor summoned his most awe-inspiring scowl.

"Young man," he snapped, "you stand before this bar charged with malicious trespass and disturbance of the peace. I am informed that you intend to plead guilty; is that correct, sir?"

"Could—couldn't do nothin' else," gasped Chub.

"Are you aware, sir," continued his honor, removing his gold-rimmed glasses and shaking them threateningly toward the blazing red head, "that I have the power to commit you to the Reform School? And I ought to do it. The police say you are an incorrigible."

Chub's mouth opened as if to deny so dire a charge, but closed resignedly.

"Were I to follow my own inclination and consult the interest of the State, I should send you, sir, to a place where, I have reason to believe, your proclivity to mischief would be sternly curbed." He jerked the gold-rimmed glasses astride his sharp nose, and grasped a pen. "However, at the solicitation of the State's attorney I shall *nolle pros.* your case"—a spasm of horror agitated Chub's upturned face—"and I trust that that will end the matter. Stand aside, sir. Mr. Bailiff, call State *versus* Long."

"Now go—and go quick; before she nabs you," Ballard commanded in an undertone.

Chub stared at him, mystified.

"But I'm nullied—"

"Go, I say; through the back door!"

Alexander Napoleon cast one last, fearsome glance at the Terror in the corridor; then his long legs twinkled down the aisle like the spokes in a rapidly revolving wheel.

A yoke of years ensued, and Ballard, plunging through the hamlet of Rapville over the new traction line, caught a passing glimpse of a fiery forge, a rangy youth, a swinging hammer, and a head that glowed amid a shower of sparks like a sun amid his satellites. Marshaling the memories of the past, he recalled the in-

cident of Chub, dismissed it with a smile, and again turned his thoughts to the fight he was making against Lannon—Lannon, learned in the law and powerful in politics—with whom he was contending for the magisterial ermine.

Like himself, Lannon was industriously sowing the political seed whose crop should be harvested in the approaching convention, where nomination was but a proceeding preliminary to election. Earnestly did Ballard labor, and manfully did he face defeat when, after the election of the delegates, it was discovered that eleven of the twenty-one marched under his opponent's banner.

"Stay with me to the finish, boys," pleaded Ballard to his loyal ten. "That will give me prestige next time—six years from now."

Trying as the campaign had been, it was yet more trying, when the convention assembled, to mask the disappointment of defeat with a cheerful face; to smile and jest with the jostling throng in the convention hall; to grasp the hand of friend and foe with the hearty campaign grip. But Ballard did it.

To the preliminary proceedings—the reading of the inevitable "ringing resolutions," the appointment of committees and the delivering of their reports, he listened listlessly. Once, indeed, he roused himself when he noticed a sudden agitation of the group about Lannon, and saw his adversary's lieutenant, perturbed and serious, plunge into the crowd and plow his way to the rear of the hall. From mere force of habit he checked off the names of the delegates as they responded to the roll-call and issued from the crowd to take the seats assigned them immediately in front of the stage. Above the name of William S. Stevens his pencil hung, for Stevens did not respond. Instead, there emerged from the crowd a lank and sinewy youth with fervent head and the eyes of those who gaze long and often into glowing fires.

"He's all right," Ballard overheard Lannon's henchman declare. "Nobody knows what's become of Stevens; but Garrity's just as safe—or safer."

"Alexander N. Garrity, alternate from the eighteenth precinct, present," drolld the secretary's voice; and the faint hope that had leaped in Ballard's bosom died out as he reflected that in each precinct both delegate and alternate had no doubt been "instructed."

The eloquence of the nominating speeches fell tamely upon the lawyer's ears. When Chub stepped forward, at

the second roll-call, to drop his ballot into the box, Ballard could not repress an appealing glance; but the solemn, freckled face was inscrutable.

Welcoming the termination of the ordeal, Ballard mechanically tallied the ballots as they were called from the box. He felt a thrill of gratitude as he drew the tenth tally in his own column, and as his pencil hovered expectantly over Lannon's column he glanced up to see why the tellers had become suddenly silent. The revelation that his keen eyes read in the face of the teller who stared at the next ballot brought him to his feet, breathless and tense. All about him men were springing up in groups.

"Read it—call it out, sir!" commanded the excited chairman.

"It's for Bal—Ballard!" stammered the teller.

A cyclone of yelling men swept up and down the hall until the thunderous gavel of the chairman stilled the din, while his bellowing voice proclaimed the nomination of Thomas M. Ballard.

On the evening of that same day, Ballard invaded a Rapville edifice from which swayed a sign: "Gipe & Garrity, Blacksmiths and Wagon-Makers," and laid hands, hands almost violent in their energetic greeting, upon a grimy, bellows-pumping youth.

"It was you, Chub!" he said.

The bellows wheezed alarmingly; the eyes of the youth twinkled as merrily as the snapping fire into which they gazed.

"Me an' mam," Chub confessed.

"Mam?" queried Ballard; he knew no politician named Mam.

"Her—you know—that was in the corridor that day," explained Chub.

"Ah!" said the puzzled Ballard.

"You see," continued Alexander Napoleon above the coughing of the bellows, "when I got into that old town ag'in I was took kind o' homesick. I got Stevens to go along, and mam was actu'lly glad to see me—she actu'lly was. And I asked her to keep Stevens out of the convention, so I could get a chance to vote instead of him; and she did it, you bet! Stevens is kind o' sawed-off an' skeery, anyhow—an' mam's a terror."

He grinned reminiscently as he plunged the tongs into the fire and whirled toward the anvil.

"Sometimes," he called to Ballard through a cascade of sparks as his hammer smote the white-hot iron, "sometimes folks thinks a feller's licked to a standstill, when all he needs is a chance!"

William S. Lawrence.

THE STAGE

THE RIVAL HAMLETS.

If the late William Shakespeare could revisit the earth, he would no doubt be pleased to find that he, alone of the older dramatists, still figures prominently in the playbills. Could he enter a modern theater—probably the man in the box-office would admit him on clear proof of his identity—he would be further gratified to see the handsome style in which his plays are presented nowadays. After listening to the actors for a while, however, his feelings would change.

"This is not what I wrote!" he would say in disappointment, if not in disgust.

For the fact is that the Shakespearian drama, as presented to-day, contains very little Shakespeare. The great Elizabethan dramatist is a splendid tradition, an august convention, and is likely to remain so. It is the ambition of every aspiring player to impersonate his famous characters. It is the duty of every intelligent playgoer to see his classic masterpieces. But while audiences, and perhaps actors, delude themselves with the idea that they love and understand Shakespeare, the managers know better. They recognize the fact that Elizabethan English is to a great extent unintelligible to any but a scholar. They treat the text with knife and sandpaper till just as little as possible is left of the original. They regard it as a frame on which it is their business to build a pleasing and impressive entertainment. They accentuate and modernize the comic parts. They prepare fine costumes, decorative scenery, sometimes good music, and always every feature of pageantry or display that they can devise. In short, they turn Shakespeare into a spectacle.

Different productions vary somewhat, of course. Perhaps the most thoroughly spectacularized, during the last few years, have been those of Beerbohm Tree in London and Mansfield's "Henry V" and Goodwin's "Midsummer Night's Dream" in New York. At the other end of the scale we may put Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet," which, if not the best Shakespearian performance of recent times, is certainly the most Shakespearian one.

A year ago, and again this season, New

York has seen two notable "Hamlets"—Robertson's and that of the Sothern-Marlowe combination. The two acting versions of the play differ widely. The famous tragedy, of course, is so long that it must be curtailed for presentation within the time that a modern audience will sit still. The Robertson performance, with commendably brief intervals, lasts about three hours and a half. The Sothern-Marlowe version is considerably shorter, cutting out even so famous a speech as *Polonius'* advice to the departing *Laertes*; and it seems to have been arranged less with an eye to preserving the Shakespearian spirit, and more to exploit the two leading players.

It must be recorded that the New York public displayed much greater eagerness to see the American stars than the visiting Scotsman. Of course, Julia Marlowe's popularity partly accounts for this. Neither she nor Kate Rorke, who plays the heroine with Robertson, looks the part of the girlish *Ophelia*, but Miss Marlowe makes a rarely beautiful and pathetic stage picture.

Neither of the supporting casts is what a Shakespearian company should be. The usurper *Claudius*—a curiously milk-and-waterish person for a prince who has waded through blood to a throne—is not made plausible or effective either by Harrison Hunter or by Ian Robertson, Forbes Robertson's elder brother. Giles Shine, the Robertson *Polonius*, wholly belies his name, except in so far as he makes W. H. Crompton, his Sothern rival, shine by comparison.

BEHIND AT "THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

There are few things more absurd than the first impulse of the average person who goes behind the scenes. This takes the form of an insistent desire to station himself where he can observe the proceedings before the footlights—which can be seen so much more comfortably and satisfactorily from the orchestra chairs. The players that one meets at the back of the curtain are almost sure to ask: "Have you seen it from the front?" And yet few privileges are more coveted by the theater-goer than a chance to penetrate that region of bare brick walls and the



DOROTHY TENNANT, WHO HAS THE TITLE RÔLE IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW," THE GREAT COMEDY SUCCESS OF THE NEW YORK SEASON.

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

wrong side of things known comprehensively in actor's parlance as "behind."

At the Garden Theater, where "The College Widow" lifts itself above every other attraction of the present New York season by having scored the longest run, the most striking feature of the scenic hinterland is the platform for the spectators of the football game. It is built against the rear wall, which sepa-

affixed to the front platforms of the Broadway trolley-cars to inform the public whether those palatial vehicles go to Murray Street or Bowling Green.

The sign-boards are kept on the edge of the platform, out of sight of the audience, and ranged in a consecutive pack like a calendar. The first bears the single word "Bingham," the second "Atwater," and so on, to denote yells the



LOUISE RUTTER, WHO IS WITH "THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

rates the theater from the big auditorium of Madison Square Garden. In the great scene of the third act some dozen or more "supers" seat themselves on the lofty structure, which, from the front, takes on the appearance of a section of the grand stand. They are quite out of reach of the prompter, and there is such an uproar on the stage that no cues can be heard. George Marion, the stage manager, came to the rescue with an electrical device and a series of sign-boards resembling nothing so much as the strips

FLORENCE DAVIS, TO APPEAR IN "THE PLAYER MAID."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

supers are to emit when each is displayed by the man who holds them up. His motions, in turn, are guided by three small electric bulbs at his left, one red, another white, the third blue. The flashing of the red means "make ready"; the white, "yell"; the blue, "quit."

The supers receive fifty cents a performance, and are recruited from all walks of life. Among them are three or four children who never fail, at the fall of the second curtain, to wander across the stage close to the supper-table,



BESSIE BARRISCALE, NOW APPEARING AS LOVEY MARY IN "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."

From a photograph by Bundy, Albany



ELLIS JEFFREYS AS QUEEN SÓNIA IN "THE PRINCE CONSORT."

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

where they seize the opportunity of running at the Fourteenth Street helping themselves to what happens to Theater, one of these fifty-cent supers



MARGARET ILLINGTON, WIFE OF DANIEL FROHMAN, PLAYING THE TITLE RÔLE IN
"MRS. LEFFINGWELL'S BOOTS."

From her latest photograph by Pach, New York.

be left of the ice-cream and cake that was an old man who had once appeared *Flora Wiggins* deals out so sparingly. at that same playhouse as a star.
When "Common Sense Bracket" was "And do you see that girl with the



GERTRUDE QUINLAN, WHO IS FLORA WIGGINS, THE BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER,
IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York

light hair, standing there on the porch," whispered *Stubby* to the writer during the last act of the "Widow." "Well, she is a German, and she had a good salary as an ingénue in Berlin. Conried offered her a fine position in his company at the Irving Place, but she wants to get on the English-speaking stage, and went on with our supers to learn the language."

Stubby and *Flora Wiggins* handle real money to the amount of forty-five dollars at each performance, as legal authority has ruled that the use of so-called "stage money" is a breach of the statutes against counterfeit currency. The bills are handed to *Stubby* by the property-boy, who afterward gets them back from *Flora*. He is held to strict responsibility for the forty-five dollars, too. One ill-fated evening he lost the money, and had to replace it.

The engraving on page 203 shows a somewhat kittenish portrait—a glance at the picture will explain the epithet—of Dorothy Tennant, the fascinating widow of the piece. Details of Miss Tennant's theatrical career were given in



HELEN HALE, WHO IS JENNY WREN IN THE BIRD MUSICAL COMEDY, "WOODLAND."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



PERCITA WEST, WHO ORIGINATED THE LEADING WOMAN'S RÔLE WITH ROBERT EDESON IN "STRONGHEART."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

this department a few months ago (November, 1904). On page 208 appears another member of the company, Gertrude Quinlan, who made her first essay outside the field of musical comedy when she created the boarding-house keeper's daughter *Flora* in the "Widow." She began in the chorus of the Castle Square Opera Company, having taken part in the very first performance of that troupe, "The Beggar Student," at the Castle Square Theater, Boston, May 6, 1895. Her last previous rôle to the one she is at present playing with such decided success was *Chiquita*, in "The Sultan of Sulu." Before that she was in "King Dodo."

George Ade wrote "The College Widow" in three weeks. When it was first read to the company, they laughed at the humor of the lines—which is always regarded as a bad sign in stageland. Apropos of theatrical superstition, shortly before the first performance of the piece, last September, the writer, in conversation with Mr. Ade, reminded him that up to that time all of Mr. Savage's successes had carried in their titles

the names of men—kings, sultans, princes, and other potentates.

"But all of mine, you must remember," Mr. Ade broke in nervously, "have begun with the word 'The'!"

Bulger made shipwreck of the funds they had acquired "By the Sad Sea Waves."

PLAIN TRUTHS FOR WOULD-BE ACTORS.
The head-master of a well-known New



MAUDE FEALY, THE AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO IS TO BE LEADING WOMAN WITH SIR HENRY IRVING, WHEN HIS LONDON SEASON OPENS IN MAY.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

In making this assertion he realized that "Peggy from Paris" was scarcely among his winners, but he took no account of his very first play, "The Night of the Fourth," with which Mathews and

York dramatic school had a very bad quarter of an hour on the occasion of its recent twenty-first annual commencement exercises. These are held each spring in a leading Broadway theater,

and there are always addresses to the graduating class and the invited guests by players of more or less prominence. One year Richard Mansfield was the star speaker; this season it was Forbes Robertson. He was followed by three or four others, among them William A. Brady—distinguished as the manager of “Way Down East” and the husband of Grace George—and Louise Closser, who is likely to be long identified in playgoers’ memories with *Prossy*, the outspoken typist of “Candida.”

For his final “number” Mr. Sargent called on Victor Mapes, representing the playwrights. Mr. Mapes is perhaps best known for his “Don Cæsar’s Return,” written for Hackett. He has been a dramatic critic, and was at one time stage director for Daniel Frohman at Daly’s. Thus, in spite of his comparative youth, he knows whereof he speaks, and it was certainly plain talk from truthful Victor that he gave the young men and women who were being launched on the troubled theatrical sea—more than usually troubled just now. He observed that Mr. Robertson had uncorked the usual sugar-coated pilules of advice and encouragement, but he wanted to call the attention of the aspiring graduates to the fact that they were up against a hard proposition. Had any of the managers among those present whispered the magic word “engagement”?

In this strain Mr. Mapes pictured the dark side of the theatrical situation—the unemployed actors, the empty theaters, the managers who cannot find suitable plays for their stars, the playwrights who cannot get their work considered. Of course he was leading up to the assertion that all obstacles and difficulties can be overcome by persevering effort; but long before he reached this comforting conclusion Mr. Sargent was wriggling uneasily in his chair and sending word to William C. De Mille—the author of “Strongheart” and one of the school’s instructors—to get up and say something that would warm the atmosphere after such a chilly dose of depressing facts.

It cannot be said that Mr. Mapes was unduly pessimistic. So over-crowded is the dramatic profession that to see twenty young people graduate into it is not an occasion for unmixed congratulation. In London the opening of Beerbohm Tree’s school for actors caused no small outcry, but America is full of such academies, and it is a matter of record

that not a few of our talented players received their training in them. But of what avail is the highest degree of training if one cannot secure the chance to put it into practise?

Never before were there so many capable actors out of work. The failure of the supply of plays has sent the stars into vaudeville in droves, and this means, of course, the disbanding of just so many dramatic companies. Listen to just one single experience—which was exceptional in that it ended happily. The writer had it from the lips of a leading man, capable in every way, who has acted many important parts on Broadway, and who was trained in Augustin Daly’s stock company, with which he has played at Stratford-on-Avon.

A theatrical season runs usually from thirty to forty weeks. Last year this young man was employed for only sixteen. The English star with whom he had been playing went back to London, throwing him out of work in the middle of the theatrical term, when few companies were forming. Returning to New York, he haunted the managers’ offices and the agencies in vain. His savings steadily dwindled, and at one time he went for three days without a meal. It was more important to be seen on the Rialto with clean linen and properly pressed trousers than to satisfy his inner and unseen cravings.

One morning, weak and faint-hearted, he entered an office with his usual query.

“Call again this afternoon,” they told him. “We may possibly have something for you then.”

After three or four more hours on the rack, he was asked to sign a contract making him leading man in an attraction which played throughout the season, and which is probably good for several more to come. He found out, later, that at the very moment when he entered the doors of this particular office, they were telephoning all over town for him, knowing that his personality was especially well adapted to the part they had to fill. The ruse of asking him to call a second time, he declares, was intended to prevent his putting a higher rating on his services.

How much an actor’s appearance does to get him engagements is perhaps not generally realized by outsiders. A striking instance is found in the case of a young man connected with the Robert Edeson company. He was employed in a railroad office in St. Louis, and two years ago, when “*Soldiers of Fortune*”

came to town, he went to see it. He liked the play, and as it was Christmas-time and he had some skill with the brush, he painted a little calendar and sent it with a brief note to Mr. Edeson. The star was pleased, and wrote a word of thanks, which set the young railroader a-tingle with desire to meet the actor. He went around to the theater the next evening, and was lucky enough to catch Edeson just as he was entering the stage door.

"I'm the calendar man," he said by way of introduction.

Edeson invited him into his dressing-room, chatted with him while making up, and noted that the fellow was tall, well set up, and of pleasing address. Ascertaining that his ambition was for acting, not painting, the star said that when he went back to New York, in March, he would be glad to hear from his St. Louis acquaintance.

Be sure the young man acted on the suggestion. As a result, he was engaged to enter the Edeson company the following autumn, and prepared himself by playing with a St. Louis stock organization during the summer for practically little or no salary. He "made good," as the players say, when he joined Edeson later on, and was paid twenty-five dollars a week to play two very small parts in "Ranson's Folly," and to assist in running the stage—ringing up the curtain, making sure that all properties were in place, and so forth. He is still with the troupe, and in "Strongheart" enacts an important scene with Mr. Edeson.

BRAVE AMELIA BINGHAM.

The presentation of "Mademoiselle Marni" at Wallack's by Amelia Bingham placed her in the front rank of the theatrical Amazons, full of courage and daring and gifted with a self-confidence which is supposed to be rare with her sex. The play showed her in the rôle of a sort of theatrical Grace Darling, manning the lifeboat on her own account, and dashing to the rescue of a sinking playwright.

Henri Dumay, who figures as the author of "Mademoiselle Marni," appears to have invoked all the ingredients that make a French comedy effective, and to have added but little on his own account for the sake of originality.

In brief, it deals with a woman who is the illegitimate daughter of a senator of France—a statesman who, as played by Frederic De Belleville, would probably get less than thirty votes in any New

York ward. When she first learns the circumstances surrounding her birth, *Mlle. Marni* rushes to the stock market, gives her father a swift Daniel Sully twist, and operates a frenzied finance deal that brings about his ruin. The senator is so much put out about it that he repairs to his suburban home, and is on the point of taking his life—being over forty, and worthless—when his daughter appears. Relenting, she leads him gently away from the Osler treatment, arranges for a settlement with his brokers at a rate that will enable him to lead the simple life without running into debt, and forgives him the past.

Amelia Bingham represents a type of American actress—a rather uncommon type, by the way—who has made her way to the front chiefly by her own pluck and push. From the time when she appeared at the People's Theater, on the Bowery, in "The Struggle for Life," she has steadily moved forward, by way of the spectacular "White Heather" and the farcical "White Horse Tavern," to her great hit as an independent star in Clyde Fitch's best comedy, "The Climbers." Unfortunately, she has not added to her reputation in "Mademoiselle Marni."

It would have been better, perhaps, if the breezy young Frenchwoman had never escaped from the foundling asylum. A play that enables but one character to develop interest lacks the elements that make a whole composition worth while. The chief difficulty with several of our American playwrights lies in the fact that they are striving to bring about effects gratifying only to the star, and ignoring utterly both the players who support her on the stage and the audience that supports her off it.

IBSEN, INTELLECT, AND IDIOCY.

New York has recently enjoyed—we use this last word as did the lady who said that she "enjoyed very poor health"—an opportunity to hear the latest Ibsen play, "When We Dead Awake." Sooner or later, no doubt, other American cities will have the same privilege.

"When We Dead Awake" is described as the "swan song" of the septuagenarian Norwegian dramatist. No self-respecting swan would approve such an application of the term. It is a dreary and talky piece with marked resemblance to "Amoureuse," which Rejane inflicted on us during her American tour. Both plays portray a husband and a wife who have grown tired of each other. Neither

is dramatic, pleasant, or interesting; neither teaches anything that has not been much more effectively taught before.

The two leading characters in "When We Dead Awake" are a sculptor and his wife, *Arnold* and *Maia Rubek*—impersonated in New York by Frederick Lewis and Dorothy Donnelly, the latter of *Candida* fame. The playwright tells us that *Arnold* is a genius. It is fortunate that we are informed of this, as we should never have suspected it from anything that he says or does on the stage. We should probably have taken him for a driveling idiot of swinish propensities. The following is only a slight distortion of the conversation to which he and his unhappy wife treat their hearers:

RUBEK—"Five years married! What an intolerable servitude! Was ever any one in such a miserable situation before? I cannot endure it!" (*Drops his massive brow into his hands, and ruffles his long hair.*) "I cannot endure it! I will not stand it another minute! I am so restless that I cannot keep still! I am going away from here!"

(*Long silence. Rubek continues to ruffle his hair.*)

MAIA—"Well, go! You're no little ray of sunshine in the house, anyhow!"

RUBEK (*still ruffling his hair*)—"I cannot endure it! I will not stand it another minute! I am so restless that I cannot keep still! I am going away from here!"

(*Long silence. Rubek continues to ruffle his hair.*)

MAIA—"Well, why don't you go?"

RUBEK—"Ah, little Maia! Probably because I am an Ibsen character, and do not regulate my actions by logic, common sense, or any other known principle."

After two hours of such brilliant and cheerful dialogue, however, the weary and wearisome husband does go away. In fact, both husband and wife go away, and, curiously enough, each takes a companion of the opposite sex. Poor *Maia* cannot fairly be accused of leaving with a handsomer man. The Norwegian sportsman—do all Norwegian sportsmen bellow and roar as Frank Looee did in the character of *Ulfheim?*—with whom she departs to hunt bears is an even more repulsive and ruffianly-looking blackguard than her contemptible husband. Meanwhile *Rubek* wanders off with a former inamorata (*Florence Kahn*) who used to pose for him in the altogether, and who apparently went insane—if she had not always been insane—when he deserted her to marry *Maia*. They make for the dizzy mountaintops—just why it is impossible to guess; and at the end of the play they perish in some sort of a catastrophe which the stage manager ap-

parently meant for an avalanche. At any rate, they perish, to the satisfaction of most of the audience—which satisfaction would doubtless be increased if the silly wife and her wild and woolly bear-hunter had been involved in the same fatal cataclysm.

The responsibility for the New York production of "When We Dead Awake" rests with Maurice Campbell, the husband and personal manager of Henrietta Crosman. Whether Mr. Campbell's purpose was to make money or merely to gather dramatic laurels does not appear; in either case, his venture was rather a desperate one. But perhaps the sinews of war were furnished by some enthusiast who wants to elevate our frivolous American stage to the lofty intellectual heights of the Ibsen drama.

EVERY INCH A QUEEN.

They were speaking of "The Prince Consort," the comedy in which Miss Ellis Jeffreys made her American début.

"The critics certainly handled it pretty severely," said the literary man, "but the people seem to like it."

"Well," remarked the actor, "they do not seem to be tumbling over themselves to get into the theater!"

"But you must remember," the literary man reminded him, "that it takes longer for a play to make a success if only audiences like it."

We had been told beforehand that this comedy, which was adapted from the French by William Boosey and Cosmo Gordon Lennox—the latter is Marie Tempest's husband—strongly resembled "A Royal Family," in which Annie Russell disported herself so successfully a few seasons ago. As a matter of fact, "The Prince Consort" begins where "A Royal Family" left off—at the betrothal of the two royal personages. In many respects it is a reversal of the situation in "The Pride of Jennico," the Castle novel on which Hackett's hit as a star was founded.

The plot of "The Prince Consort" turns on the fact that *Prince Cyril*, urged on by his imperial sire, the de-throned king of Ingria, is in search of a wife, a crown, and board and lodging. The prince chances to please *Queen Sonia*, and is led into the matrimonial yoke, docile and satisfied. The queen's ministers, however, with a wholesome disregard for consorts of all sorts, give him to understand that his utility ends when his marriage begins, and that he

will be recognized only as an ornament in the kingdom of Coreonia. Thereupon the prince throws down the gauntlet of independence, tells the queen to go to Hackensack, and retires with a package of cigarettes and a problem novel to the outer wing of the palace. The queen screams a budget of court etiquette after her receding consort, throws a seven-hundred-dollar wrap on a thousand-dollar lounge, and leaves the room in tears. Of course the prince brings the lady to her knees ultimately, even if she is the star in the piece. He is taken into the kingdom as an equal partner, while his father, the ex-king, is accepted as a suitor by *Princess Xenofa*, the queen's aunt.

As *Queen Sonia*, Miss Jeffreys' acting was quite as good as her clothes, which were the gladdest that have been seen on any American stage for years. The imperial robe in the third act, in particular, was a dream of beauty, and was molded to the statuesque sovereign in such a manner as to occasion sighs of suppressed emotion upon her entry and exit. The cast throughout, featured as composed of English and American players, was exceedingly well balanced, and Miss Jeffreys is to be complimented on permitting some of her support to enjoy strong situations. The time may come when the star, hungry for the limelight, will be willing to be dimmed occasionally for the benefit of a few of the third-magnitude artists in the Milky Way of dramatic endeavor.

Ellis Jeffreys has been leading woman at the London Haymarket for the past two or three seasons, succeeding Winifred Emery, Cyril Maude's wife, who was compelled to retire through illness. She created *Cousin Kate*, which Ethel Barrymore did here. Her career began on the operatic stage, in Gilbert & Sullivan's "Gondoliers" at the London Savoy. She married the Hon. Fred Curzon, a younger brother of Lord Howe, but no relation to Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

Ben Webster, who was in "The Sword of the King" in London last year, made an attractive *Prince Cyril*, and Henry E. Dixey—who has returned to the legitimate after a flier in vaudeville—was very amusing as that royal tramp, the exiled *King of Ingria*. As president of *Queen Sonia's* council of ministers, William H. Thompson deserves to be called a corker from Coreonia, for his acting was as full of finesse as it was last year in "The Secret of Polichinelle."

He was transferred to "The Prince Consort" from "You Never Can Tell" by the Lieblers, who manage both plays, and who have now given Miss Jeffreys a chance to show her versatility by stepping from the queenly *Sonia* to the dashing *Lady Gay Spanker* in a revival of "London Assurance."

BROKEN REEDS FOR STARS TO LEAN UPON.

Paul Potter, who opened the flood-gates for the recent deluge of dramatized novels with "Trilby," perhaps the best of the lot, has just turned out what is possibly the worst of them all. For such is the general verdict on his "Nancy Stair," with which Mary Mannering has been struggling after a brief period of retirement. Many people who read the book noticed that it gave fine opportunities for stage effects. This very fact seems to have lured Mr. Potter to his downfall. He swamped his goose with its own dressing. Everything went for the stage picture, nothing for the telling of the story.

"I'll give 'em lots of Bobbie Burns," one can hear him arguing out beforehand. "They've all heard of him, and they'll like to see him on the boards."

But the public, which wants interest in plot and action, proved curiously indifferent to the personality of the peasant poet. The trick was too palpable for New York theater-goers, who after all are tolerably acute in some respects; and they began to stay away in droves. The management issued a hurry call for Edward E. Rose, play-tinker in chief to Charles Frohman, who wrote a new act and otherwise doctored up the weakling. But a play is like Humpty Dumpty—when once it has fallen down, all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot set it up again. Such things have been done with musical comedy—notably in the case of Francis Wilson's first starring venture, "The Oolah"; but then, musical comedy is without form and void in any case.

Poor Miss Mannering! It is said that she was delighted with the idea of playing *Nancy Stair*, which her audiences evidently do not like. On the other hand, the part of *Janice Meredith*, in which they insisted on keeping her for two seasons, was an exceedingly distasteful one to her.

Other women stars are having their troubles, too. Here is Virginia Harned, as her own manager, in a most pretentious offering of "The Lady Shore,"

playing to a still more beggarly array of empty benches than Miss Mannerings had to face. And "The Lady Shore" is by no means a bad play, nor was it badly acted. Why, then, did it fail to score, you inquire? Possibly, when people saw the announcement of a play written by Mrs. Vance Thompson and Mrs. Harry B. Smith, they refused to take it seriously. Could Mrs. George Dewey command a fleet or Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee lead an army? Then why should two playwrights' wives produce that rarest flower of literature, a good drama?

More probably, however, the reason for the public's neglect of "The Lady Shore" is the apparent fact that it is wearying of the romantic historical play. And besides, there are too many theaters in New York—so much too many that it is scarcely necessary to give excuses for a failure nowadays.

A significant commentary on the transitory nature of theatrical fame lies in the fact that on the same block, and within a few doors of each other, the dramatizer of "Trilby" and the creator of *Trilby* were bucking against the popular taste—one in "Nancy Stair," the other in "The Lady Shore." On the very next square, Frank Keenan, the uncertainty of whose venture with one-act plays was mentioned in this place last month, shut up shop on the very day when our comment appeared. Mr. Keenan has taken himself and his "System of Dr. Tarr" into vaudeville. All roads seem to lead to Proctor's, as the panels in the street-cars used to tell the dwellers in Gotham.

After all, as has been asserted over and over again in this department, it is the man behind the pen who is the chief factor in spelling out success or failure. And yet managers won't believe it. Ask them what is the secret, and—if they told what they believed to be the truth—they would reply:

"Chance!"

Speaking of "Trilby," Miss Harned's chief associate in that famous play, Wilton Lackaye, has struck oil in an exactly opposite direction to the trend of his *Svengali*. He is now in his second year as the speculator in "The Pit," which Channing Pollock was ordered to dramatize from the late Frank Norris' novel before he had even read the book. A similar experience came to Melville Baker, who was commissioned to transform "Foxy Grandpa" into a musical comedy ere he had seen any of the cartoons on which the thing was based.

Lackaye, it is announced, is next season to appear in "Les Misérables," which has been hanging fire for some three or four years. And yet, who knows whether a revival of "Trilby" may not intervene?

DRESS OFTEN MAKES THE PLAY.

The success of "The Music Master" is more than pronounced; it is extraordinary. Not only did its removal from the Belasco to the Bijou Theater not jar the receipts, but the crowds kept increasing, so that it was found necessary to give extra matinées week after week. It is on the cards that Mr. Warfield will play the piece in New York, probably at the Bijou, throughout next season.

"The Music Master" breaks a tradition of the New York theatrical world. Nearly all the great hits of recent years, outside of musical comedies and farces, have been made by "dress-suit plays"—pieces that give an opportunity for the display of fine clothes. In "The Auctioneer," Mr. Warfield had a strong comedy element to help him. In his latest play, it is his consummate art that triumphs over the lack of a chance for sartorial display.

As another case in point, take Grace George's latest venture, "Abigail." Here the "dress-suit" tradition got in its deadly work. The newspaper criticisms were uniformly favorable, the cast was strong, and the piece really charming. But most of the action takes place in a furnished-room house, and in a very few weeks Broadway made it manifest that the production need not linger in town.

"Abigail" is the work of Kellett Chalmers—the *nom de théâtre* of Harrie K. Chambers, brother to Haddon Chambers, the well-known English playwright who wrote "Captain Swift." The younger Chambers, who is a native of Australia, has been a newspaper man in New York for some years, and his experiences have probably given him material for anything but the dress-suit drama. At one time, it is said, he was reduced to driving a street-car. "Abigail" is his first play to reach the footlights, but before these lines are read his second venture will have been submitted to their glare in the shape of "Frenzied Finance."

Miss George's leading man for "Abigail," Conway Tearle, is a son of Osmund Tearle—the English player, a favorite at Wallack's in the palmy days of that theater—and of Minnie Conway.

THE RICHNESS OF COAL-TAR.

BY EUGENE WOOD.

HOW WHAT WAS ONCE A WORTHLESS AND TROUBLESOME BY-PRODUCT OF THE GAS-WORKS HAS BECOME A MAGICIAN'S BAG FROM WHICH CHEMISTS EXTRACT A VAST VARIETY OF DRUGS, DYES, ACIDS, OILS, PERFUMES, AND OTHER USEFUL AND VALUABLE THINGS.

OUR respected ancestors first used coal-gas to light the streets in the year 1814, and in the London parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster. Why they didn't do it long before I cannot see, for a small boy can make illuminating gas on a small scale by putting bits of soft coal into the bowl of a common clay pipe, sealing up the mouth with clay, and heating it. First smoke streams out of the stem; then a clear inflammable air, which will blaze when a lighted match is applied; and last of all a jet of black, sticky fluid.

For a while, the pioneer London gas company had its work cut out for it persuading people that the gas-pipes were not full of flame, and that to light a jet was not necessarily to court sudden death. Later, the chief problem that perplexed gas-makers was:

"What on earth shall we do with all this tar?"

There had been some kind of a market for it as a substitute for wood-tar for painting posts, piles, and the like, but the supply so far exceeded the demand that the gas companies were glad to pay people to come and take it away. Sometimes they burned it up, but it was an awkward fuel to handle.

It is always pleasant to read about other people's foolishness. When we know, as we do now, that coal-tar is a regular magician's bag, in which almost anything can be found, we feel so much superior to our ancestors that it is almost like getting a raise of salary. Out of this coal-tar, once so despised, modern chemistry extracts so many useful products that it would be almost impossible to compute the added wealth with which it has enriched the human race.

The reason why so many things are obtained from coal-tar is because it is the most complex substance known. I counted one hundred and nineteen different constituents in a recent list, but more may have been separated since it

was printed. By the time one has rung the changes on these different substances, combining them or treating them with various other things, it is easy to see that the products will be practically infinite, and the possibilities are great that many of these products will be useful to man, seeing that they are all carbon compounds. Almost everything in our world is a carbon compound, with hydrogen, oxygen, or nitrogen in different proportions and arrangements. We are carbon compounds, and so are our foods, our clothes, furniture, liquors, explosives, books—everything about us, in short, that is not metallic or plain mineral, like salt, door-knobs, and such. All that makes life possible and enjoyable is a compound whose chemical formula begins with the initial C.

The chemistry of the coal-tar products is so nearly akin to creation itself that unless we are very careful we easily fall into the habit of believing anything we are told about it. Let anybody come to us with the biggest whopper he can think of, such as: "They can make fine porterhouse steak out of the coal-tar products," and the tendency is to answer: "I don't doubt it in the least." But the cow process of making beefsteak will continue to be the best and cheapest for many a long day to come, and what has been done will be found sufficiently wonderful without yarning about what is going to be done.

In the United States comparatively little coal-tar is made at the gas-works, especially in the large cities. The illuminating gas produced by distilling soft coal in an air-tight retort—the small boy's clay pipe on a larger scale—has been superseded by that called water gas, which is made by heating anthracite white-hot and passing a jet of steam over it. The result is the generation of several gases, chiefly carbon monoxide, which is subsequently mixed with naphtha, obtained from the refining of petroleum.

The naphtha makes it burn with a bright and shining blaze, brighter than the gas of coal, and cheaper to the gas-companies—though incidentally it is much more poisonous. Coal-gas only smothers people who blow out the light; carbon monoxide, the water gas, poisons them. That is what makes city gas so popular as a means of suicide. They say it is a very nice way to die. I don't know. I've never tried. However, only in the smaller towns and in old gas-works where they hate to put in new appliances do they distil coal and get coal-tar.

A CHEMICAL FAMILY TREE.

A nicely colored genealogical tree has been printed showing what has been derived from the parent stem of coal by distillation and chemical treatment. After the first big branches are marked off, the tree becomes such a tangle of long names that it is no use for any man not a chemist, and mighty well-read in organic chemistry at that, to try to get any good out of it. For you and me the best thing to do is to remember that on the first distillation of the coal there come over gas and gas-liquor, coal-tar and coke being left. From the gas-liquor are got liquid ammonia and ammoniacal sulphates, chlorides, and carbonates. From these can be made the stuff that is so reviving in smelling-salts and that freezes artificial ice for us. Without the sulphate of ammonia, sugar-beets would hardly be so sweet. It is a fine fertilizer. But let us get on with the coal-tar.

If we are minded to let it alone as it is, we can use it to tar paper and felt for roofing and lining houses. We can pave with it, but it is not so good as asphalt. Mix it with its own weight of hydraulic lime or Portland cement, and liquefy it at a temperature of seventy degrees, and it makes a fine acid-proof and waterproof varnish for woodwork under water. Boil stone in it, and the chisel will not scratch the stone afterward. Fireclay pipe, fragile and not even water-tight, when treated in like manner becomes hard, impervious to water and acids and little susceptible to changes of temperature. To treat roofing-tiles so is cheaper and better than glazing them. Printers' ink can be made of coal-tar, and I should be afraid to say how big is its share in the rubber boot industry.

If we distil the tar, separating what comes over at gentle heat from the rest, we get the oils lighter than water, toluenes and benzenes and the like, and

the oils heavier than water, such as the naphthalenes and anthracenes. Just put those names on one side for a moment. I will call for them later. All that is necessary to say about them now is that on no account is benzene to be mistaken for benzine, the stuff that takes out grease-spots. That is a product of the distillation of petroleum when it is refined. Benzene is a light oil that comes from coal-tar.

MOTH-BALLS AND CARBOLIC ACID.

In the old days of coal-gas the manufacturers used nearly to go out of their minds because their mains were stopped up with a white, crystalline stuff that smelled rank and stuck to the pipes like the bark to a white-oak. I know of a case where to get any gas to the consumers through a twenty-inch main, chains had to be dragged through to loosen up the stuff, and then five revolving brushes of different sizes run through. A span of horses, rigged to a snatch-block on a telegraph pole, started the pole out of the ground before the last brush budged. This troublesome white stuff was naphthalene, which, refined and pressed into shape, gives that delicate perfume to winter clothing that one notices in the theater the first cold evening of the autumn. They make moth-balls out of naphthalene.

The carbolic acid of commerce, which is undeservedly popular with suicides, comes from the heavier oils distilled from coal-tar. When one thinks what the world would be without such a disinfectant as carbolic acid, one realizes a little the value of coal-tar. Where would the amazing miracles of modern surgery be without antiseptics? Stop and think on this point before you go further.

OIL OF MYRBANE AND ITS USES.

I said that the constituents of coal-tar were the same as of all the things about us that make life enjoyable, only that they are in different proportions, so that if one of these substances is compelled to give up a share of one of its elements to some other substance, the new arrangement may be useful to man. Take benzene—not benzine, mind you—and add nitric acid to it and the result is oil of myrbane, which smells like oil of bitter almonds. You will find many soaps perfumed with it. You may notice it in your shoe-blacking. You will find it in a thousand mixtures where the manufacturer thinks to himself:

"Now, they'll all want to know what

this is made of, but I will disguise the ingredients with oil of myrbane, and they'll never find out in the round world."

Simple soul! The only way to keep the secret of a compound is not to let the public get hold of the stuff. But this oil of myrbane, coarse and cheap though it be, gives a hint of what the future possibilities of the coal-tar products may be. Taken into conjunction with the fact that from carbolic acid is made salicylic acid, and from salicylic acid is made the artificial oil of wintergreen, the hint is strong enough to amount to a kick. I am coming to that by-and-by.

I have mentioned first the direct uses of tar itself, moth-balls, carbolic acid, oil of myrbane, and oil of wintergreen, because that is about as far as we have got with our commercial hammer-and-saw chemistry in America. In this country we are a practical people. When we see a young man fiddling with chemicals, putting this and that together to see what will come of it, shaking up stuffs in a test-tube, and trying to find out the secrets of nature just for the pleasure of knowing, we think he is fooling away his time and ought to be in better business. "What's the good of it?" we ask all the time.

PERKIN'S INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

They do that over in Germany. Over there, about seventy years ago, three men, Unverdorben, Rung, and Hofmann, were fussing with oil of myrbane. They mixed this reducing agent and that with it, and they found that from this artificial oil of bitter almonds could be made a substance that was identical with the active principle of indigo, which they called aniline—from anil, a name for indigo. Still that was only knowledge, and not applied knowledge, until an Englishman named Perkin took the next step in 1856. He knew that quinine was not so distantly related to aniline, and tried to make artificial quinine. He did not succeed, and, so far as I know, nobody has; but he got something valuable, though not what he was looking for.

There is a pretty story about it. They say that after having worked hard all day without any success, he emptied the slops of his experiments into a big beaker, and set it in the window, while he threw himself into a chair, downcast and discouraged over his failure. After a time he chanced to look up, and there in the beaker glowed the most beautiful and gorgeous purple dye. In the low rays of the westerly sun it gleamed like

a gem. From that came the first artificial dye known to man—mauve, aniline purple.

It is a pretty story, but it isn't true. Instead of the beaker full of lovely liquid like that in the bottles of the druggist, Perkin really got a dirty, black precipitate that he had to work with till he made a dye out of it. Truth is the most undramatic and unpoetical thing ever heard of. It simply will not keep step with the band at all.

After that, however, the aniline dyes came trooping gaily. It was found that the aniline principle in coal-tar was quite obliging, and would as soon be red or violet or purple, or any shade of these three, now that its secret was found out. About green there is a pretty story, and lest you think I am going to fool you again I will say in advance that this is a true story. A dyer was working with an aldehyde on a sulphuric acid solution of aniline red. All he could get was a blue that faded quickly. He tried to fix it on silk, but it would not stay. He happened to mention his trouble to a friend who was a photographer.

"Have you tried hyposulphite of soda?" asked the friend.

"Do you think it would do any good?"

"Oh, sure. Whenever we want to fix a picture we always use hyposulphite of soda."

The dyer tried it. By an action entirely different from that which serves the photographer, and one that it would have been utterly impossible to predict in advance, the drug made a fast color of the most brilliant and beautiful green.

Most of these discoveries were more or less accidental, made by mixing things together to see what would come of it. Still, it wasn't all luck, and the discoveries of the early days of chemistry—say, fifty years ago—were like the discoveries of gold-mines. Once a man picked up a stone to throw it at a jack-rabbit, and lo, it was a nugget that he had in his hand. That will do to read about, but mining, as a business, is not carried on on the jack-rabbit principle. Neither is organic chemistry.

SUPPLANTING NATURE'S DYE-STUFFS.

In 1868 Craebe and Liebermann deliberately set themselves the task of making a trade with various chemicals so as to change anthracene, the green grease of coal-tar, with its formula of $C_{14}H_{10}$, to alizarine, $C_{14}H_8O_4$, which they knew to be the principle of madder-root, the stuff with which, from the

earliest days, cloth had been dyed Turkey red. They succeeded, and were the first to make an artificial color out of coal-tar synthetically.

The year before their discovery, nearly six million dollars' worth of madder was sold by the farmers who raised it, chiefly in southern Europe. In 1892 the year's sales had dwindled to thirty thousand dollars. I cannot find later figures, but it is evident that the madder industry was practically destroyed.

The aniline of indigo and the aniline of coal-tar are the same, but it was not until 1880 that Adolf Baeyer, an ingenious German chemist, patented his process of making artificial indigo from one of the coal-tar products bearing the truly overwhelming name of ortho-nitrophenyl-propionic acid. You'd think it was the hereditary grand duke of some pocket-handkerchief province in Germany. Its sponsors in baptism gave it that name, not because it sounded pretty, or because they wanted the infant to be remembered in the wills of several relations, but because the cumbersome appellation told just what it was and where it came from.

Within the past few years this artificial indigo has been steadily driving the natural product of the indigo plant out of market after market. If it were not that the British government does not wish to see millions of Hindu peasants ruined because of the destruction of their best crop, it would need no prophet to predict that natural indigo would speedily follow after madder.

But the swift growth of new industries is not the most wonderful thing about those coal-tar colors. It is that man's work in the laboratory can successfully measure its strength with the product of that subtle chemistry that operates out of doors on the soil, with sunlight and air and moisture, and which we call the work of—shall we say Nature?

MEDICINES, PERFUMES, AND FLAVORINGS.

The magician's bag is by no means exhausted. Rather has it barely been opened. In it there are medicines—who knows how many? When we have a headache, we take antipyrine or phenacetine or acetanilid or I don't know what proprietary name it may bear. It is almost certain to be a coal-tar product. We cannot sleep. We take sulphonal or trional, hypnotone, or any one of another long list. We take salicylic acid for rheumatism and other ails. I counted some hundred and odd coal-tar deriva-

tives in "The United States Dispensatory" the other day, and the number increases almost with every stroke of the clock-bell.

I mentioned toluene among the lighter oils that come over in the distillation of tar. From this is made a powder three hundred times sweeter than sugar. For bottle-babies who must have cows' milk sweetened to their taste, but must run no risks of colic, and for the great army of people who like coffee, but whom coffee does not like—that is to say, the sugar in it ferments on their stomachs—this white powder, saccharin, is a treasure of value inestimable, for it does not sour or change in any way. It is simply sweet and that is all.

I bade you also remember the hint that oil of mybane and oil of wintergreen gave. Perfumes can be extracted from coal-tar. Artificial musk, worth two hundred and forty dollars a pound, is one derivative. It is possible to make coumarin, which is the odor of "new-mown hay" and carnations; hyacinth, neroli, the odor of orange blossoms, cherry laurel, vanillin, and other odors more or less direct in their exit from the magician's bag.

On the other hand, what is possible in the laboratory is often very far from being possible in the commercial sense. So long as lemon-grass is cheap, its oil will be treated so as to turn it into ionone, the odor of violets, worth a hundred and twenty dollars a pound, but so powerful that a ten per cent solution is almost stifling. So long as deer's-tongue grows so profusely in the Southern States, it is not likely that ice-cream will be flavored with a coal-tar product. So long as oil of cloves consents to become carnation pink with such alacrity, handkerchiefs will be scented with an odor obtained with less difficulty than from tar.

The search for the richness of coal-tar has hardly yet begun. The wise men hardly know yet how to apply this philosopher's stone. When we bethink ourselves that this black, sticky stuff is the most complex of all substances; that our own bodies, with all that covers them, nearly all that goes into them, and all that makes life pleasant and possible, are close kin to tar and its derivations; that in its study we come so near to the secret of life itself that we know not at what moment we may tear the veil from before the face of Isis—then the imagination mounts aloft and soars on outspread wing undaunted by the deep abyss beneath.

THE RUNAWAY INMATE.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

I.

[**T**was little old Mrs. Murray's day out. When the other old women had a day out they went joyfully off to the house of some friend, and spent the whole long day—the friend making merry on their account, perhaps to the extent of pigs' feet and a glass of pale milk all round. In the evening they were wont to return, tired, but happy, and boasting vaingloriously.

Little old Mrs. Murray had no friends. Unhappy circumstances had thrown her on a county which did not want her in the least, a county that was continually grumbling over the cost of feeding its poor. Mr. Briggs, hard of voice and of heart, daily informed Mrs. Murray that her keep was depriving others of the comforts they should have had. Daily, too, the tune was taken up by all the little world around her. Mrs. Murray was requested to keep down her appetite as much as possible, since hearty eating on her part resulted in more water in the soup, and a smaller portion of soup meat to each inmate. Therefore it was that Mrs. Murray welcomed her day out.

Surreptitiously, too, Mrs. Murray was apt to have in her pocket on such occasions a little piece of bread and a pinch of salt, filched from her breakfast. This was against orders; but she was very careful, and prayerfully hoped never to be found out.

On this particular day the old lady took her way down a green lane that turned into a shady and inviting country road. This was contrary to her custom. Generally she hobbled off in the opposite direction to a little wooded hollow, through which a clear brook ran babbling among the trees. There on a mossy bank, with her back against an old beech tree, she was accustomed to rest—to take off her bonnet, to cry a little, sleep a little, and let the quiet of the place sink into her tired soul. When she became hungry she would sprinkle the pinch of salt over the bread, and eat it with the greatest enjoyment.

The frugal meal over, she would make a cup of the largest leaves she could find, and drink from the clear pool just below her, as she remembered

doing in her long-past girlhood. And so, resting and sleeping and day-dreaming, she would stay her allotted time, and then wend her slow way back along the lovely, sunset road, with the poor-farm at the end of it.

But on the day of which we are speaking, Mrs. Murray turned her back on her favorite haunt. Rebellious plans of escape from the bondage of the poorhouse filled her mind. She took a lonely road, and walked on and on. Where it led she did not care. She hoped she would get lost—she would like to be so lost that she could never find her way back again. And so, hurrying along with unsteady step, she came to a house that seemed deserted. Then she turned off the road, entered the woods, and sat down to eat her bread and salt. She felt thirsty, but no cooling drink was at hand.

"It's my last meal, I reckon!" said the little old woman dolefully. "For I'm not going back—that's certain—I won't go back."

When evening came, however, she arose and walked wearily along the slope toward the deserted house.

"I'll go aroun' to the back, an' see if I can't get a drink o' water," she said to herself.

Weeds had grown rankly around the house, choking the paths until she could scarcely make her way through them. At the back was a well, but neither bucket nor rope; and when she saw this, Mrs. Murray found that her thirst had really become intolerable, and that she could not wait until she reached the next house.

She had noticed that all the front windows were protected by closed blinds; but here at hand was the kitchen window, without blind or curtain. She stood on tiptoe and looked wistfully in; and there, in the middle of the floor, were bucket and rope.

Her thirst overcame her fears. She tried the door—it was locked.

She was about to turn away in disappointment, when she remembered that she had in her pocket the key to her little locker in the poorhouse. She tried the key; the door swung open; and in another moment Mrs. Murray stood in the kitchen, her hand on the bucket. She was

trembling from head to foot—what would be thought of her if it were known that she had broken into somebody's house? But then—only for a drink of water—there could be no harm in that.

Letting down the leaking bucket, she watched it fill, drew it up, and drank from the brim. Then she went meekly back; set it on the kitchen floor; and paused to look about her.

In the nook behind the door stood a stove, with white ashes still in the grate, as though it had lately been used. Just beyond was a door, and she saw that the door opened into a pantry, with shelves from floor to ceiling.

"Canned things!" she whispered, her lips white and her eyes wide. "And there's coffee—and tea—an' sugar—an' bacon—an' meal. An' nobody usin' 'em—not a soul!"

Temptation stood before her. Hunger was gnawing, and here was food, with no one to eat it. Why, might she not stay there and hide, no telling how long? And she needed a home. That was the burden of her lament as she stared around the well-furnished kitchen.

"I need a home so bad—an' I'm not goin' back to the poorhouse—I won't go back—I won't go back!"

She stood there a few moments, trembling; then she sat down on the step with her head on her hands, and waited with set determination—waited until she knew that no hurrying of hers would take her back to the place she must needs call home before the gates were closed.

The Rubicon having been crossed, there could be no returning footsteps. Mr. Briggs was fierce toward those who ran away from his protecting care. She would sleep on the floor, somewhere. The May weather was warm, and there were worse things in the world than a hard bed. She would never go back—not even for the few poor clothes she had left. And then, with a clearer vision, she arose and went through the house.

Her jaw dropped, and she gasped as she went. All the rooms were as if they had been left yesterday, except for the dust that was thick on everything. Piles of bed-clothes lay upon beds and dressers.

"It's a mercy if the blankets ain't ruined—an' such blankets!" cried the little old woman, feeling their texture with trembling fingers.

There was one room at the front which seemed to have been used as a study, and there was a litter of books and papers on table and floor. There was another room, across the hall, where all was in the

primmest order. She knew all about it now—this was the place to which the young man had brought his mother last winter, hoping that the pine woods would cure her; and she had died very suddenly, and he had shut up the house and gone away without saying a word to any one. And this orderly room was where the coffin had stood.

"An' he didn't care for anything as long as it was there," she whispered to herself—having looked into coffins of her own, in the course of the long journey which had led her to the poorhouse. "I might stay till I've aired them blankets," she murmured pleadingly.

She had found a little bedroom at the back, which had probably been meant for the servant's room. It could hurt no one if she occupied it for a single night. She took it humbly for herself, spreading the sheets with anxious care.

"I've got a home—for to-night!" she kept saying to herself. "I'm not goin' back any more. I reckon the Lord sent me this. He surely must 'a' sent it—an' just at the time when I had to have it, too. I won't hurt a thing—not a thing—an' I'll pay for the little I'm goin' to eat by takin' keer o' the blankets!"

II.

MRS. MURRAY sat down in the kitchen—hers for that one night—and watched two thin slices of bacon sizzle in the hot pan. In another pan she baked a griddle-cake, while the kettle boiled and bubbled merrily, in readiness for the tea—for tea she would have. It was like a dream. Mrs. Murray felt sure she would wake suddenly and find it was a dream, and that she was in the fourth iron bed from the end of the row, and that the old woman in the third iron bed from the end of the row had been having a particularly vicious and noisy nightmare.

It was not a dream. The supper was real—very real indeed. No one could dream things as good as that bacon, and those cakes, and that tea.

She was up early next morning; and there were more undreamable things to eat; and after that Mrs. Murray swept and dusted over and over again; and everything that could by any excuse be put out to air was carried or dragged out into the sunshine at the back of the house. The hearths were cleaned and filled with green pine boughs; and the little old woman slipped out along the ridge where she had eaten her bread and salt yesterday, and brought back an armful

of wild flowers for the vases in that orderly room at the front.

But in the evening she was not ready to go.

"To-morrow I'll fix that room where the books are," she said to the stove, which was sending a red glow from beneath the door. "I'll have to be mighty keerful about that—like as not it'll take all day—for every scrap o' paper's got to be put away, an' all the books is got to go just so."

All these tasks took time, and evening came on before she had fairly finished.

"I'll get that job out o' the way soon in the mornin'," she said. "By that time it'll be too hot to walk much, so I might as well wait over till the nex' mornin' an' rest up."

She waited over and rested up; but in the evening, with that wistful light in her eyes, she suddenly raised her head.

"Them weeds ought to be pulled out," she assured herself with conviction. "I'll work on that every mornin' till I get it done. It's awful to see the way they've took possession!"

And it was the pulling of the weeds which betrayed her, after all. A gaunt and bearded farmer saw the clearing spaces, and left his wagon at the gate while he went around to the kitchen door.

"I see you've been put in charge of this place," he said civilly. "It was time, I reckon."

The heart of the withered old woman stood still for a minute. All her poor, lowly life had gone in straight paths. She had never supposed it possible that she could tell a lie. There was a silence that seemed to her numbed faculties to take half an hour before she replied, with her face turned away:

"Yes—it was surely time."

Farmer Sharon lingered, looking around at the changes she had wrought.

"You're from town, I reckon?" he suggested mildly.

"I'm from the poorhouse," she said hurriedly, her lips trembling. "If you see the manager—Mr. Briggs—will you please tell him that I ain't comin' back any more? An' I'd be much obliged if he'd send over my few clothes. I've earned 'em, I reckon. I worked hard at that place."

"I reckon you've earned 'em," said the farmer kindly. "I'm glad you've got this place. I've often wondered why Mr. Finley didn't put somebody in charge. He was too much cut up to think about it, I reckon. Anything we can do for ye, jes' let us know. I can send the boys

over an' help clear out the weeds, if ye want."

"I can do that myself," said the little old woman hastily, feeling that her own hands must do everything that was to be done; then she added wistfully: "I'd like some flowers, if ye've got any to spare. I've always wanted flowers, an' vines an' things. If I could see things growin' aroun' me—it would be different."

"I'll send ye over a lot!" said the large-hearted farmer. "My wife's a reg'lar crank about flowers. Well, I'll tell Briggs."

And through the agency of Farmer Sharon word went forth that Mr. Finley had given his place over to the little old woman from the poorhouse, to be cared for until his return, which was not likely to be soon. Mr. Briggs sent a particularly small and mean bundle, together with the curt information that if Mrs. Murray lost that job, she needn't come whinin' back expectin' to be took in, for it wa'n't goin' to be done.

The news that Mrs. Murray had "happened to a windfall" waked the wildest emotions in the breasts of the withered old women at the poorhouse, who were told by chance-passers that she was living at the Finley place like a queen, with her three meals a day, and a good bed to sleep on, "with flowers growin' that fine in the yard it was like a city gyarden, an' with vines creepin' over the porch."

Her home—her home! After the first feeling of suspense wore off she began to feel a jubilant delight in the house and all its belongings. It was hers—hers. It had been so long since anything in the world had been hers. It was like being fed with manna. The wrinkled old face began to lose some of its lines as Mrs. Murray went about house and yard, always busy and cheerful, and doing with her might what her hands found to do. As the weeks wore on she opened doors and windows wide, every day, and sat on the front porch in the evenings, watching the sunset light go out of the sky. There were even times when she sang in a sweet, faded old voice, something about the sweet fields of Eden, where there was rest evermore.

There seemed to be no limit to the supply of food in the pantry. Chickens were cackling and clucking about the house now, for Mrs. Sharon had sent over half a dozen as a start—she was a kindly woman, that Mrs. Sharon, with an instinctive sympathy for any one who had been forced to live in the poorhouse. In a little while Mrs. Murray would have

eggs to sell. Everything prospered in her hands—everything. How kind Providence was to give her this little asylum in her old age!

Farmer Sharon, driving home from town through the summer evening with his comfortable wife beside him in the wagon, heard the strains of the old song.

"I hope his coming back won't put her out of a job," he said, carrying his hat in his hand for a moment. "If it does, she shan't go back to that Briggs fellow again. I'll find some place. Do you reckon we could make room for her, mother?"

Mother patted his hand; and he halted at the gate and sung out cheerily:

"Hello, Mis' Murray! I hear ye singin', but I can't see ye for the vines. My, how them things has grown! Dennis, up in town, tells me he seen in the papers that Finley was comin' back. Has he writ to you?"

She was silent as she came toward the gate; and the two, looking at her, seemed to see all the light of her face blotted out by a gray shadow.

"No, I ain't heard from him," she said presently.

She stood at the gate, among the flowers she had planted, and replied somehow to the comments of the Sharons on the weather and the hopeful condition of the markets. When they drove away she tottered back into the darkest corner of the house, and sank down there, her world in ruins around her.

He was coming back! And the house was not hers—it was his house—everything in it was his. For months she had been eating his provision and burning his wood and occupying his house. She had stolen—she, Elizabeth Murray, whose hands had been clean of wrong-doing all her sorrowful life until now. She had stolen!

She had done more than that. She had broken into his house—she with her miserable little key—had broken into his house and taken possession of everything as if it were her own. She was a burglar—and what did the law do with burglars? Her mind was curiously alert, but it seemed she had forgotten that little detail. No doubt it was something so dreadful that it could not even be thought of without a shudder. She—a thief and a burglar! Surely the heavens were falling, and the earth was being upheaved—else why did everything swim before her frightened eyes?

And she had deceived all her little world—even the old women in the poor-

house—even the good Sharons, and all the people who had been kind to her. She had not lied outright, but what could be worse than the lie she had acted? And when the disclosure came, what would they think of her?—what would they say? A sickening consciousness came to her that the old women, on their days out, would talk to their friends about it, drinking tea, and cackling with shrill laughter over her downfall. And poor old Mrs. Murray groaned and wept in agony of spirit.

In the long night watches what she must do became plain to her. When morning came she fed the chickens—she might do so much, she thought, since she planned to leave them as a humble gift to the owner—but she must not eat, for there was to be no more stealing. Then, tying up her worn garments in a little bundle, she locked the house, and went out at the gate. Once she paused an agonized moment to look back—on the brilliant beds of flowers, on the graceful vines, and all the neatness and order she had created. In another moment, with face set and eyes dry, she was hurrying away along the country road where the dew was sparkling on every grass-blade.

The town was far away, and she had come without breakfast. While still a mile or two from her destination, her steps began to falter. After a little she leaned, panting, against a fence, and wiped her face with her blue apron.

"I can't do it!" she whispered with a helpless glance into the cloudless blue of the morning sky. "I thought I could run away, but I can't!" And then all at once she stood erect. "I've got no right to run away!" she cried half aloud. "I'm goin' back to face it, whatever it is."

And in another moment she was trudging back slowly and wearily.

III.

A YOUNG man, driving along the country road through the morning freshness and fragrance, was aware of the tired little figure plodding on before him. Something in the droop of the shoulders, something in the exceeding cleanliness of the faded blue dress, appealed to him, and he drew rein beside her.

"Won't you get in and ride with me?" he asked in gentle tones. "You look tired of walking, and I am tired of driving alone."

She hesitated for a moment, but then an unutterable weariness of mind and body overcame her, and she turned to

ward him. Perhaps it was because he stepped out and held out his hand to assist her that the tears started. When he was seated beside her, he saw them rolling down her withered cheeks.

"Are you in trouble?" he asked.

The question opened the flood gates of the old woman's grief.

"If you knew what I was, you wouldn't be askin' me to ride with you," she sobbed bitterly, her old hands shaking as she held the apron to her eyes. "I'm a liar an' a thief an' a burglar! I was runnin' away to get out o' the country. I run away from the poorhouse before that—I've got into the habit o' runnin' away, seems like—an' then I seen I couldn't. I seen it wasn't right, so I'm goin' back to take whatever punishment they put on me; an' whatever it is, I deserve it all for doin' what I done!"

The astounded young man looked at her.

"You haven't that appearance," he said at length, restraining the smile which twitched his lips; but she heard the smile in his voice.

"It's nothin' to laugh at!" she sobbed in the depths of the apron. "I broke into a empty house, an' I've been holdin' on to it like grim death ever since—an' eatin' everything they'd put away there—an' lettin' people think I was put there in charge—but oh, I needed a home so bad! An' it did seem to me that this place was lef' there a-purpose to be a home for a poor old woman that needed a home mighty bad—an' I was so glad—an' I let myself stay an' stay—"

She was shaken with uncontrollable sobbing. The young man felt sorry for her.

"Don't worry like that!" he said soothingly. "It'll all come right—I'll look into it, and try to help you out. Maybe money'll fix it—money'll do a whole lot. Sit up and wipe the tears away—there's no need of feeling so bad over a little thing like—like burglary and theft—and lying."

He said this last with great seriousness, for the notion of such crimes was fantastic in the extreme in connection with that wrinkled little old woman.

"But oh," she cried in deep despair; "you don't know what it means to think—to think that God's fixed a little home for you, when you're so old, an' then find that He didn't have anything to do with it, an' that you haven't got any home, after all. I can't go back to the poorhouse—I can't go back!"

The young man considered this a mat-

ter on which he was not an authority, and applied himself to driving in silence. As the road swept away behind the wheels, a shadow fell on his own face; and it was not till he had paused at the gate of the Finley place that the shadow gave way to a look of blank amazement. He sat there for a minute gazing. When the little old woman found where she was, she began to climb down.

"If you'll come in I'll make you a cup o' coffee an' give you something to eat," she said timidly. "I s'pose I might do that much—it'll only be stealin' a little more. An' I'll give you a bouquet before you go—I've planted all these flowers myself—you couldn't move for the weeds when I come first. I've got the key to the kitchen door—come around to the back."

The young man followed dumbly to the kitchen, where everything shone with neatness; and while the little old woman made a fire for the last time, he wandered through the house—into the bedrooms, which were kept as if the owners were expected back that day; past fireplaces fragrant with green pine-boughs; past vases and pitchers of flowers; through every nook and corner of the whole cheerful, homelike house.

While Mrs. Murray was getting the coffee ready, he was in the front room alone. It was not until she had called him the second time that he came forth, and then she saw that his eyes were moist.

"Say," he said a little haltingly, "if you can find the burglar who broke into my house and made a home out of it—and filled it with flowers—and took care of everything that I had deserted—I wish you would send her to me! I believe I have a place where that burglar would just fit, and it isn't in prison—no, nor in the poorhouse, either! I was desperate when I went away," he continued. "Mother and I were chums, and I didn't care if I never saw the place again, or anything in it. But now I think I'll stay and do my writing here—until winter, anyhow; and I couldn't get along without you—not for a moment. You and I are much alike in one thing, it seems—we are both in need of a home." Here he paused, for the old woman trembled like a leaf, and seemed ready to fall. He stepped to her side to support her.

"You!" she whispered aghast. "So you are Mr. Finley!" She sank in a chair and murmured, as the troubled look left her eyes: "So God was sendin' me a home, after all!"

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE BRILLIANT LAWYER, ORATOR, AND DIPLOMAT WHO IS ABOUT TO RETIRE FROM THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY IN LONDON AFTER SIX YEARS OF REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL SERVICE.

A UNITED STATES Senator, who died a few weeks ago, once declared, in opposing a measure which he regarded as dishonorable, that "Uncle Sam is a gentleman." In that pleasant aphorism may be found one reason why Uncle Sam has been so well represented by the gentleman who is about to end his tenure of the American embassy in London.

Those who believe that diplomacy is a distinct profession, requiring a long and specialized training, can find no argument for their theory in the case of Joseph H. Choate. When Mr. Choate was appointed to the most important position in our diplomatic service, he had had practically no experience of political life. He had never held office, elective or appointive, beyond a brief term as member of a State constitutional convention. He had been known purely as a lawyer—as the most brilliant and successful lawyer of the New York bar—and as a most graceful and skilful after-dinner speaker. He had been president of a semi-political club, and he had occasionally spoken at political meetings; but in no sense of the word was he a politician. He was too independent in his ideas, and too outspoken in expressing them, to be considered a strict party man or a vote-getting candidate. When his name was mentioned—no doubt without his authorization—in connection with a vacancy in the United States Senate, a prominent Republican newspaper denounced the suggestion as "obviously impracticable." He was thought to regard politics lightly, and to have no ambition for office, even for very high office.

Yet when President McKinley offered him the post from which John Hay was retiring to become Secretary of State, Mr. Choate accepted it, although it involved exchanging a very lucrative practise for a position that costs its holder more than its salary; and his success as an ambassador has been signal.

On the other hand, no one can argue from Mr. Choate that any ordinary citizen is qualified to be the head of an embassy. There are many Americans who

think so, and who swell the White House mail with expressions of their willingness to prove it if the appointing power will give them a suitable opportunity at a proper salary. As a matter of fact, it takes an extraordinary man, a most extraordinary man, to make a successful ambassador. That is precisely the reason why no course of training can be trusted to develop one. The great ambassador, like the poet, is born and not made. It is because Mr. Choate possesses a unique personality, an exceptional mental and physical endowment, a rare combination of intellectual and social powers, that he will be remembered as one of our strongest representatives at the British court.

That is high praise, for his predecessors in office have been a line of strong men. The London legation, or embassy as it now is, has been a reward of the most distinguished merit, and also a stepping stone to the very highest political honors. On the one hand, it has been held by such famous Americans as Edward Everett, George Bancroft, John Lothrop Motley, James Russell Lowell, and John Hay; and on the other it has forwarded James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, and James Buchanan to the Presidency of the United States.

It is the general testimony that Mr. Choate has enjoyed greater popularity in England than any of his predecessors, cordially liked and deservedly esteemed as most of them have been. The fact is partly due, no doubt, to the general trend of British feeling toward America and Americans, but still more to the personality of the retiring ambassador.

"He who sows courtesy," says an eastern proverb, "reaps friendship." Not that Mr. Choate has ever sought to curry favor abroad by abating a jot of his Americanism. "An American of the Americans," a leading American resident of London recently called him. Nor has he relied upon the cheap commonplaces about "Shakespeare and our common tongue" that have so often done duty upon international occasions. Mr.

Choate has far too much originality to condescend to such trite platitudes. He has made himself felt in England, beyond the routine of diplomatic work, by his tact and geniality, by his wit and eloquence, by his rich fund of information, and above all by the force and the magnetism of his personality.

Mr. Choate's phenomenal success at the bar was won by these same qualities. His was not the sledge-hammer method of the old-time forensic thunderers. He won his cases—and few lawyers have won so many and such weighty ones—by his good-tempered and tactful methods, his pervasive humor, his unfailing self-control, and his quick judgment of other men. His professional income was probably the largest earned by any practitioner in the American courts, though it may occasionally have been surpassed by some of the huge fees paid for special services in the organizing or reorganizing of great corporations. The following may be given as a characteristic illustration of his court tactics:

Once, when he was defending a suit against a large corporation, the plaintiff's counsel, a well-known New York lawyer, raked Mr. Choate's clients fore and aft in the good old-fashioned style of invective, denouncing them as "vampires, monsters that feed on the blood of the people," and so forth. The jury was evidently impressed, and the orator, after a final broadside from his heaviest batteries, sat down in triumph. Mr. Choate had been leaning back at ease in his chair with his hands in his pockets. He rose to reply with a pleasant smile upon his handsome face.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said in quiet tones, "do you know what a vampire really is? Look at the Quaker gentleman who is the president of the defendant company—sitting there with a gray suit and a white neckcloth. Look at the seemingly inoffensive young man sitting beside him—his secretary. You thought vampires were something terrible when Brother Parsons described them; but can it be so? For these gentlemen are vampires!"

The whole court-room smiled, and the effect of the opposing lawyer's ponderous artillery was undone.

Yet Mr. Choate could say very cutting things in his suave and courteous way. He once commended a candidate for a judicial nomination as "a capable young man, a very capable young man. In his fourteen-year term he will learn enough to be a judge."

And with all his velvet gentleness of method, he never lacked fighting power or the ability to assert himself. He was making the closing speech in an important case before the local Supreme Court when the judge wheeled round in his chair and began to talk to a friend. The lawyer ceased speaking. The justice, noticing the silence, looked inquiringly at him.

"Your honor," said Choate, "I have just forty minutes in which to make my final argument. I shall not only need every second of that time to do it justice, but I shall also need your undivided attention."

The undivided attention was secured; but only a lawyer can fully understand how much courage was needed to deliver so dignified a rebuke to the potentate on the bench.

The stories told of Mr. Choate are countless. He is one of those picturesque figures about whom stories cluster. Some of them, no doubt, belong rightfully to other celebrities; but he has originated witticisms enough to fill a volume. Here is one of his best, a typical flash of his epigrammatic philosophy:

Some one asked him who he would choose to be, if he were not Joseph H. Choate.

"Mrs. Choate's second husband," was the instantaneous reply.

The same fine courtesy, which is characteristic of the man, showed in the sentence with which he began a speech at a public dinner, when he glanced at the gallery above him and saw that it was full of ladies.

"Now," he said, "I understand the meaning of the scriptural phrase, 'Thou madest man a little lower than the angels.'"

The work of the painter or sculptor, of the historian or novelist, lives for centuries and appeals with undiminished power to many generations. That of the orator is less permanent. His words may be preserved on the printed page, but only those who heard him speak them can feel their most potent spell. Still, the wit, the philosopher, the magnetic personality, may stamp himself ineffaceably upon the annals of his time. Socrates wrote no recorded line, yet his name is immortal. Fox and Gladstone, Webster and Clay, and many a man on whose words his contemporaries hung, are remembered, but not for what they left in print. So, too, will Joseph Hodges Choate stand always as one of the famous Americans of his day.



JOSEPH H. CHOATE, LAWYER, ORATOR, AND DIPLOMAT, WHO IS ABOUT TO RETIRE FROM THE POST OF UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR IN LONDON AFTER MORE THAN SIX YEARS OF CONSPICUOUSLY SUCCESSFUL SERVICE.

From his latest photograph by Lafayette, London.



THE UNDERSTANDER.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

HEMPEL joined the Cavalcaselle Family at Albany, where they were playing in a vaudeville house. The Cavalcaselles were acrobats, and at the beginning of the season there had been four of them—Jim McGavic, Jim McGavic's wife, Anna Skelding, and big Mussawir, the understander. Mussawir caught cold in the cellar dressing-room of a Utica theater, surrendered to pneumonia after the Saturday night show at Bridgeport, and finally was carted to a charity hospital.

The rest of the family did not feel very sorry. The business of an understander is to provide a human pedestal for real acrobats. Usually he is a stolid giant with far more beef than soul.

Hempel went to a small hotel near the theater in Albany, and waited for McGavic. McGavic had not advanced railroad fare, and the new understander, bankrupted by the journey from New York, was exceedingly hungry, because he had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours. At six o'clock McGavic strolled into the hotel office, and accosted Hempel without hesitation. The two had never met, but men in their profession recognize one another by instinct.

"Let's see," began McGavic. "You were one of the Flying Thorne Brothers last season, eh?"

Hempel nodded, having few words, and fumbled with some tattered letters and clippings from programs.

"All right," said McGavic. "I'll give you a try to-night. We go on at nine-fifty. Guess you can wear Mussawir's dress. Come to the theater after supper, and we'll run over some of our stuff. We're faking a good deal of it now because my wife's laid up, or thinks she is. If you make good this evening I'll sign you, Hempel. Let's have a drink."

The invitation was an empty formula. Like most acrobats, McGavic and Hempel neither drank nor smoked while they were working. The former led the way to the barroom, moving with the unconscious grace and suppleness of a wild animal. Hempel sipped his sarsaparilla, and eyed the bowl of unwholesome free



lunch at the end of the bar. It was hard luck that he must go hungry to his trial to-night; but he was afraid that he would hurt his chances and his reputation if he confessed his condition to the showy, prosperous-looking McGavic and asked him for a loan.

As the understander followed McGavic to the office, he tightened his belt surreptitiously and swore at his unsteady knees. A pallid, sweet-faced woman with a fluffy aureole of yellow hair was leaning over the balustrade.

"Jim!" she called. "Oh, Jim!"

McGavic paid no attention.

"See you for rehearsal at eight sharp," said he to Hempel. "I've got a date for supper with—with a lady this hotel isn't good enough for!"

He grinned, sauntered toward the street, and Hempel saw him join a red-hatted girl in the vestibule, and go away with her, arm in arm. The understander backed against the wall while the other woman came slowly down the stairs.

II.

"I EXPECT your name's Hempel," she said. "Jim told me you might show up to-night."

"Yes'm," growled Hempel bashfully. Women had never particularly interested him. He studied the ruffles of his interviewer's gray dressing-gown. "Yes'm," he repeated. "I've worked with headliners. But this season—"

"I know," said she. "It's been a tough season, that's certain."

Her kind blue eyes rested for a moment on his shabby clothes and thick, trembling fingers. Hempel had a strong and rather handsome face—a fact which he did not in the slightest degree realize.

"Had your supper?" she resumed abruptly.

"No'm, but—"

"Let's go right in, then," she said. "You big fellows have to eat, or you can't do right by your muscles. Come—let's go right in. The supper's on me. I've been out of luck myself."

"Much obliged," mumbled Hempel.

He ate with professional deliberation, although the odor of the food made him ravenous. His hostess contented herself with a cup of tea, and they talked sparingly; but to her there was something winning about the solidity of his manner and his utterance. They seemed of a piece with his burly frame and his level, child-like gaze.

"Much obliged," he reiterated in the office. "I'll get a chance to pay you back, I guess. That grub did me a lot of good, ma'am. I—I needed it, sort of."

While he was chatting with the stage door-keeper in the alley behind the theater, McGavic came along with the red-hatted girl.

"Hello, old man!" said McGavic. "I reckon there's a store-room up-stairs we can try out in."

He disappeared in search of the janitor, and the girl glanced at Hempel with elaborate carelessness. Her prettiness was marred by a thin, calculating mouth and by the tired droop of her eyelids.

"You're to work with us to-night?" she asked.

"Yes'm."

"Well, I hope you get treated right."

"I'm getting treated right already," said the understander, willing to make friends with his prospective associates. "The other lady set me up to a feed just now. Yes, sir, Miss Skelding treated me fine!"

"Who did? I'm Anna Skelding."

"Oh, then the lady at the hotel—that was—"

"She was McGavic's wife," said Miss Skelding, with an unpleasant smile. "I wonder she could leave that sick child of hers long enough to talk to you."

Hempel's dull wits did not try to fathom the meaning of the smile as he rehearsed some acrobatics with McGavic. Later, at the conclusion of the act, he was engaged. The Cavalcaselles wore fashionable evening clothes during the performance. McGavic's wife did little except to fill out the groupings, but Miss Skelding, dazzling in a scarlet gown, was a top balancer of daring skill, and Jim McGavic himself was unexcelled in the profession.

Jim gave Hempel the customary small advance payment of salary. Having selected a new half dollar, the understander waited for Mrs. McGavic in the narrow corridor which ran by the dressing-rooms. When she appeared, Hempel handed her the fifty-cent piece and started away rapidly.

"Oh, no!" she objected. "The supper was my treat."

The new Cavalcaselle cleared his throat but said nothing, tossing the coin doubtfully in his broad palm.

"I won't take it!" she persisted.

She looked at him with a curious tremor in her eyes, and the understander saw that she had been crying. A dressing-room door was pushed ajar, and her husband called her. Hempel, pausing irresolutely in the passage, heard McGavic's voice beyond the flimsy wood-work.

"We can't fake our act for you forever," snapped McGavic. "I can't afford to carry a loafer like you all the season!"

"I'm doing my best, Jim," faltered the wife. "You know—"

"I know that you'll have to take a brace," Jim broke in vehemently. "That's what I know. You'll have to take a brace, or—"

The door slammed and McGavic swung down the corridor, whistling. Hempel waited. Mrs. Jim came out, bearing a heavy canvas valise, which made her bend sideways.

"I'll pack that along, ma'am," said Hempel, crimson with shyness. "And"—he offered the coin again, not realizing in his embarrassment, quite what he was doing.

"Oh, you!" cried the woman, and struck his finger sharply.

The half dollar rolled away in the darkness. Hempel stared and rubbed his chin with the back of his hand. He walked out of the theater, still nursing his square chin reflectively.

III.

THEY made a jump of a night and a day westward. The McGavics, Miss Skelding, and Miss Skelding's morose mother rode in the Pullman. Hempel sat in the ordinary cars, and slept little. He was fagged when they went on for the Monday afternoon show. Mrs. McGavic did not speak to him.

One of the episodes in the Cavalcaselles' act was a grouping wherein the two women were mounted on Hempel's shoul-

ders, leaning far to left and right, and holding the wrists of McGavic, who balanced on the understander's head while Hempel carried them off the stage. Hempel was in his shirt sleeves, so that the heavily rosined shoes would not leave a white mark by which the audience might guess how securely the poise was fixed. Nevertheless, that afternoon he felt a shoe slipping from his right shoulder, where Mrs. Jim belonged. Hempel scowled and maneuvered the great muscles of his left shoulder quietly. Miss Skelding, in consequence, lost her footing, and McGavic, hissing an oath, broke the pose and jumped to the mat. In the wings Miss Skelding shook her forefinger in Hempel's face.

"What do you mean?" she chattered. "If you try to queer me that way, you'll walk home!"

"Had a cramp," said the understander stupidly. "Got stiffened up in the ears."

She stamped off, and Mrs. Jim glided to his elbow.

"Is that cramp very bad?" she said, smiling and offering her hand furtively.

"Not now," responded Hempel. "I'm commencing to feel better. But if you'll plant your foot up closer to my neck, you won't spoil that trick, ma'am."

"I'd hate to worry dear old Jim by spoiling anything!" said she. "Thank you, Hempel."

IV.

THE quartet lived at a hotel which was convenient to a small gymnasium attached to a Turkish bath across the

street. McGavic had announced that they would utilize the gymnasium for working up some new stuff during the forenoon, but the practise was never undertaken.



"SEE YOU FOR REHEARSAL AT EIGHT SHARP."

One morning Miss Skelding and Jim and Hempel were at breakfast. Her child kept Mrs. McGavic up-stairs.

"How about breaking in the new stunts?" suggested Hempel diffidently.

"What's the use?" retorted McGavic. "I don't want to work all day long."

"Nor me either," said Miss Skelding,

yawning. "Say, Jim, a couple of friends of mine are down to the Tivoli doing a morning turn. Let's look 'em over. There's a lunch in it."

"Sure," agreed Jim promptly.

Hempel lounged restlessly about the sidewalks. Then he began to pace the hotel corridor that ran by the door of Mrs. McGavic's room. He was troubled and vaguely anxious, and the mood was so novel to his unreasoning temperament that he could not understand it. He heard the querulous whimpers of the sick child, and the mother's voice. Once his knuckles hung uncertainly over the panel. Before they knocked on it a bellboy advanced down the hall.

"Gent in the office to see you, Mr. Hempel," said the boy, giving him a card.

The understander spelled out the words.

"Asa Gatfield, representing—" and here Hempel gasped. At the latter name he was impelled to salute, as might a Russian at the name of the Czar. Gatfield was the representative of a vaudeville manager whose enterprises encompassed the civilized world.

The end of the interview with the agent left him gasping again, and glowering suspiciously at the folded contract, as if it might vanish into space.

"Sign that and mail it, Mr. Hempel," concluded Gatfield. "The selection of the woman you want for a partner in the turn we'll leave almost entirely to you. Wire me at our place in Chicago. I've got to catch that one-twenty. Congratulate you!"

Hempel had never imagined the advent of such fortune. He fingered the roll of greenbacks which Gatfield had given him, chuckled insanely, and moved to the street. A peddler passed with a tray of toys. The understander thought of the youngster up-stairs and made a wild purchase of the entire tray. Finally he sat down in an office chair with the tray on his knees, and his features contracted into a fatuous grin. Observers in the office nudged one another. When Jim McGavic rushed in, Hempel coughed apologetically, and tucked the toys underneath his chair.

"Kind of thought I'd blow off your kid," he murmured. "She's ailing."

"My—oh, yes!" said Jim. "My kid!"

His face was flushed, and his eyes shone. They were not the face and eyes of a sober man; but there was an odd, desperate look about him which did not suggest alcohol alone.

"My—kid!" he echoed, and then

asked irrelevantly: "What do you say we go over to that gymnasium?"

V.

THE establishment was deserted. McGavic and Hempel stripped to the waist, and ran through half a dozen familiar tricks. With his distinct, rippling muscles and perfect-hued skin each of the men would have been a delight for a sculptor. There were boxing-gloves on the wall.

"Ever spar any?" said McGavic.

"Just as lief," assented Hempel.

Jim laughed without reason as he tied on the gloves.

"Hit out!" he said to Hempel, who was countering open-handed. "Hit hard, Hempel;" and McGavic clenched his fists ring-fashion.

"We might get marked," protested the understander. "Marks look bad from the front."

"Mark and be darned!" snarled Jim.

Before Hempel could recover from his astonishment, the two were at it hammer and tongs. Jim was a trained pugilist, and Hempel soon perceived it. The understander became a massive pivot, around which McGavic swung in a circle, dancing lightly in and out, hitting viciously, and maintaining his silly, empty laughter. Hempel set his lips and bored in when he had a chance.

"That's right!" approved Jim shrilly.

"Now I'm coming!"

He feinted, ducked, and charged under Hempel's right fist. Hempel side-stepped clumsily, but McGavic had the position of advantage inside his guard. Hempel brought around his left arm like a ponderous flail, and Jim, dropping his hands, deliberately took the blow on the angle of the jaw.

"That's the stuff!" he quavered, reeling heavily.

Hempel caught him, and supported him to a chair.

"What's all this for?" panted Hempel. "What for did you let me hit you?"

Jim clapped his gloved hands to his temples.

"I wish you'd killed me!" he groaned. "Don't you?"

Hempel could not answer for bewilderment. Silently they untied the wrist thongs, and burnished one another with coarse towels until they were pink. At length McGavic spoke. He was fastening his shoes, and his face was invisible.

"Yes, I wish you'd killed me, Hempel!" he said.



"IF YOU TRY TO QUEER ME THAT WAY, YOU'LL WALK HOME!"

"What's eating you?" jeered Hempel, affecting derision, after the custom of his kind, in order to conceal his real sympathy for his friend's mysterious distress. "What's the matter with you?"

"Skelding," said McGavic.

Hempel hesitated and laid his monstrous paw on the other's twitching shoulder.

"Have you been a fool, Jim?" he ventured timidly.

"No. But—"

"But what?" urged Hempel.

"But I talked like a fool to her this forenoon. I'd had a drink or two. And that gang she ran me against—"

"Oh, well, if there's no harm done!" interrupted Hempel thankfully.

"No harm?" McGavic moaned and straightened up. "I signed a contract with her to go out on the Southern circuit next month," he went on. "Her and me and those pals of hers! She's got the paper, and my name signed to it. And the understanding is I quit my wife. And I—"

"And you—you fool!"

Surprised by his own vehemence, Hempel took down an Indian club from the rack and pretended to examine it attentively. McGavic threw himself on a canvas couch.

"A fool—that's right!" said Jim. "A crazy fool! I've got a good wife, Hempel, and I knew it all the while—but I was crazy. And there's the young one. It



THE UNDERSTANDER
THOUGHT OF THE
YOUNGSTER
UP-STAIRS.

all sort of came over me queer when I saw you with those kid's gimeracks in the hotel. She's fond of you, old man, my wife is. If anything should happen——”

“Shut up!” commanded Hempel harshly. “Your wife over yonder thinks more of your little finger than she does of a hundred such as—you shut up, Mac, and don't make it worse. Put on your clothes. Skelding's got that signed paper, did you say?”

He polished the rosewood club, and McGavic dressed himself.

“Now,” proceeded the understander, “you go straight to your kid and your kid's mother. She's an angel!” and he gripped the Indian club hard for an instant and replaced it in the rack.

“Yes,” said McGavic humbly. “She's an angel. But Skelding——”

Hempel pounded his heel against the floor.

“Anna Skelding and her cat of an old woman aren't on the same platform with your wife, Jim,” he said. “You'll have to get rid of such truck as them, quick.”

“How? They've got my signature—they can show it up.”

“I'll find a how, I reckon,” declared Hempel, screwing up his mouth grimly. “Maybe she'll jump that contract of yours if another turned up with more money in it. Money is her game—money and making trouble. You'd ought to have known that when she made you sign the paper.”

“I ought to have known a lot of things,” said McGavic at the door. “I ought to know better than to get stuck on a woman I had no right to get stuck on!”

The startled understander blinked at him as if at a ghost.

“That's right!” he stammered. “That's dead right!”

Late in the afternoon Jim McGavic sat at the window of a hotel bedroom with his baby in his lap, while Mrs. Jim busied herself happily with her sewing.

“I can't help being glad they've gone, dear, even if it does leave us in a hole for a week or two!” she exclaimed.

“We can fill their places soon enough,” said McGavic. “And the rest will do us good—both of us. But it was low-down mean for those two to jump their contracts on me with no warning!”

“I'm not surprised at Anna Skelding doing such a thing; but Hempel—it doesn't seem like him, exactly.”

“Oh, you never can tell,” Jim said carelessly. “Most likely she persuaded him into it. Understanders are thick-headed and easy-going. They're usually half foolish, understanders are!”

NEW WONDERS OF ANT LIFE.

BY HERBERT N. CASSON.

THE ANCIENT AND HIGHLY DEVELOPED CIVILIZATION OF A RACE OF TINY INSECTS WHO ARE BLIND, DEAF, AND DUMB—THEIR STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE, THEIR MARVELOUS INTELLIGENCE, THEIR ELABORATE SOCIAL ORGANIZATION, AND THEIR INTER-NECINE WARS.



ANTS are probably the oldest civilized race in the world. Ages before the first man drew his first breath, the ants of South Africa were building their fifteen-foot skyscrapers of clay, capturing their slaves, milking their cows, and making organized warfare upon hostile communities. They were the first, and they may be the last. Already over the graves of a thousand dead nations they are rearing their young and pushing ahead their endless engineering enterprises, as tireless as when the world was new.

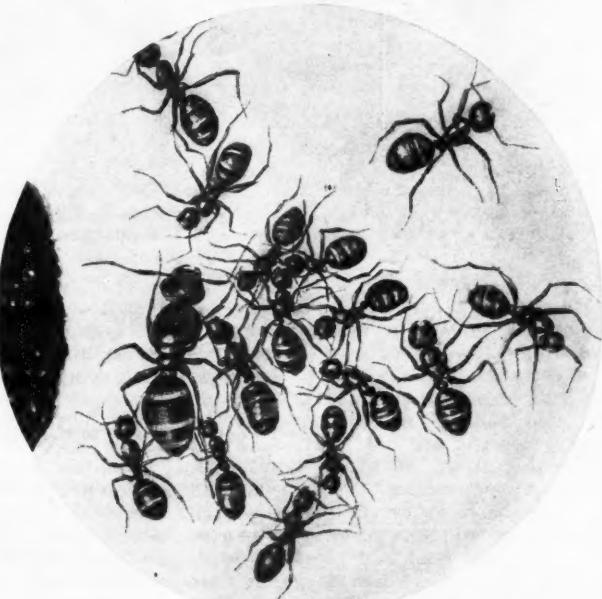
No other living creatures resemble the ants. They are as alien to other insects as if they had dropped from a distant planet. To them there is no sun, no day, no night, no sound, no language. They are blind and deaf and dumb. Without sleep, without play, they work forever in a world of silence and midnight.

This article makes public for the first time some surprising discoveries made by a New York lady, Miss Adele M. Field, in the course of a scientific study of ant life. For six years she has literally lived among these tiny civilized creatures. By means of artificial nests, invented and prepared by her, she

has made it possible to keep several ant cities in her home, under her daily observation.

Hitherto Miss Field has reported upon her work only to the members of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, and to several congenial naturalists at the Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. With a few possible exceptions, the facts in this story of ant life are absolutely new.

Any one may lift up a stone near a country roadside and watch the frightened ants scurrying down-stairs with their precious eggs; but to become personally acquainted with these tiny specks of intelligence, to find out the secrets of



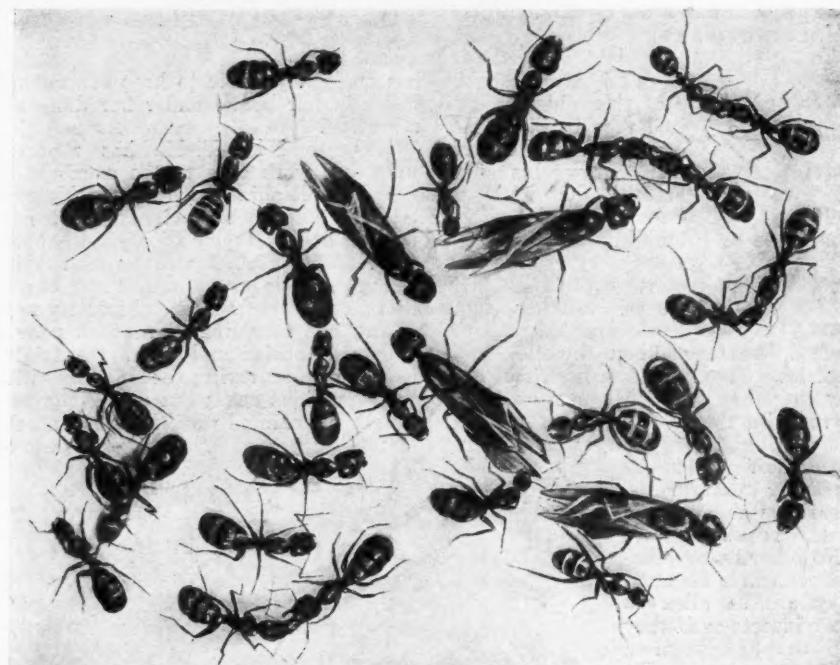
A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF PART OF A NEST OF LARGE BLACK ANTS—ON THE LEFT IS A SPONGE, PLACED IN THE NEST TO GIVE THE ANTS WATER; NEAR IT IS A QUEEN ANT, WITH A NURSE ON EACH SIDE OF HER, WAITING TO CARRY HER EGGS TO THE NURSERY.

an ant's brain—this is a task that calls for the utmost patience and ingenuity.

MOST ANTS ARE UNMARRIED FEMALES.

Generally speaking, the ants are a nation of unmarried females. In every city there is a queen, who is the mother of all her subjects; a king, who has little or nothing to say in the matter of gov-

ernment; and a horde of husbandless females, who do all the work. The queen and king—in ant language the queen is always mentioned first—show their royal birth by being larger than the rank and file, and usually by the possession of wings. Queens are not married off for national reasons, as often happens in European monarchies. If a queen does not like the looks or the manners of a suitor, court etiquette permits her to give him a nip and send him about his business. If she does like him, she gently pats his head and confesses her love. Once married, she is faithful to her husband, and threatens instant death to any wandering gallant who may be smitten with her charms.



A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF A NEST OF ANTS (*CAMPONOTUS CASTANEUS AMERICANUS*), SHOWING FOUR QUEENS—FOUR COUPLES OF WORKER ANTS ARE ENGAGED IN THE FRIENDLY OCCUPATION OF FEEDING EACH OTHER.

ernment; and a horde of husbandless females, who do all the work. The queen and king—in ant language the queen is always mentioned first—show their royal birth by being larger than the rank and file, and usually by the possession of wings. Queens are not married off for national reasons, as often happens in European monarchies. If a queen does not like the looks or the manners of a suitor, court etiquette permits her to give him a nip and send him about his business. If she does like him, she gently pats his head and confesses her love. Once married, she is faithful to her husband, and threatens instant death to any wandering gallant who may be smitten with her charms.

The kings, it must be confessed, are a

merry one. The workers feed him, pat his head, lick his body, and smooth his wings, all of which attention he accepts with complacent indifference. Males are scarce and highly prized in antdom.

HOW ANTS SEE WITHOUT EYES.

The first enigma that Miss Fielder set out to answer was this—how do the ants see without eyes and without light? After four years' work, she solved the problem, and her answer makes the ants tenfold more wonderful than any one had imagined.

Every ant, it appears, has a peculiar odor, which it inherits. All ants of the same family have the same odor. It clings to everything they touch. It is to them a substitute for color.

Projecting from an ant's head are two tiny, hair-like horns that are continually being waved in the air. These horns, or antennæ, have at the end from four to thirteen joints, and every joint is a nose. Stranger still, the last four joints, or noses, have each a separate work to do. The first joint, at the tip of the antenna, detects the odor of the home. Cut it off, and all nests will look alike to the maimed little wanderer. By the second joint the ant detects its relations. Without this, its uncles and aunts and cousins become deadly enemies, who must be attacked and torn to pieces. The third joint is the path-finder. Without nose number three, an ant cannot follow the trail; it is hopelessly lost, even though it may be only a few inches from home. The fourth and fifth joints are used to recognize the eggs and the half-grown children of the nest. As yet, Miss Fielder has not been able to discover the precise function of the other noses.

The ant is thus the only creature in the world that rejoices in the possession of a dozen noses, every one of which is a high-class specialist—a skilful and thoroughly educated nose. Compared with the wonderful nasal accomplishments of an ant, the feats of a blood-hound are too simple and amateurish to be mentioned. To an ant, eyes would be almost as useless as fins to a bird. In its little subway home there are no lamps. It is not like the bee, which must range for miles from flower to flower. The sun is a useless bit of extravagance, in an ant's opinion. Darkness and a complete assortment of noses are much preferable to the dazzling light and a pair of eyes that insist on sleeping for one-third of the time.

Not having eyes, ants live in a world of universal blackness. There is no idea of color in their minds. They prefer green to blue, and orange to green; but only because green and orange admit less light. Their ideal of a happy home is one of complete and comfortable darkness. It would seem as if every queen said to her children:

"Now, my dears, always remember to keep out the light. Remember that publicity is vulgar. Above all else, a respectable home must have privacy. Never forget that you are ants, and not ill-bred grasshoppers."

HOW THEY HEAR WITHOUT EARS.

But how can ants hear without ears? This was the second enigma. After a long series of experiments, Miss Fielder

found that they are totally deaf, so far as sounds made by the vibration of the air are concerned. She placed a nest within a few inches of a piano and struck every key; but to them the instrument made no more sound than the growing of the grass or the drying of a puddle. She made a violin squeak and groan. She blew a whistle. No response.

The nest was then placed on the top of the piano, and a key was struck lightly. Every ant gave a quick, nervous start, as if some insect nihilist had flung a bomb into its happy home. The same result was noticed when the nest was placed on a long table and a pin was scratched on the table ten feet distant; and when it was floated in a basin of water and the tap was turned on. What was still more remarkable, when the nest was put upon one end of a fourteen-foot table, and a tiny bird-shot was dropped from a height of six inches upon the other end, the ants were plainly seen to notice the vibration.

By these tests the new fact was discovered that ants hear through their feet. In their underground houses they have almost as little to do with air as with light. To hear the approaching footstep of a dog or a boy is more important to them than to hear the shriek of a locomotive or the singing of the birds. And so, as nature always gives necessities first and luxuries afterwards, the ants have no ears—nothing but the most sensitive feet in the world, and three pairs apiece.

MARVELS OF STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE.

Any encyclopedia will tell you that an ant, for its size, is the strongest of all creatures. If men were as strong, in proportion to their weight, they would be able to play billiards with cannon-balls and telegraph-poles. But the vitality of ants has now been proved to be quite as remarkable as their strength. In order to test it, Miss Fielder put several into a foodless prison, and sentenced them to starve to death. Some of them, belonging to a small species, died in seven days; others survived for fifty days; and one large record-maker ran up and down his cell for more than a hundred days without being allowed to break his fast. They did not appear to weaken by the loss of food, but suddenly collapsed and fell on their sides lifeless.

There is one species that might well be called the "starvation ant." They eat very little, and make light of a forty-day fast. For this reason they are regarded

as ideal slaves by the other tribes, who capture them and put them to work whenever possible.

The striking discovery was made that lack of food in an ant city robs the young of half their childhood, and produces child labor with all its evil results. An ant's childhood lasts from twenty to a hundred days, or more, according to the amount of warmth and food. If food is scarce, the antlings begin to work when they are two-thirds grown, and remain dwarfs as long as they live. Like the child-slaves of our human civilization, the ant children are stunted by labor and hunger; and no amount of luxury in after years will restore what was taken from them in childhood.

But drink is always more necessary to an ant than a meal. Without water, it dies in a short time. Miss Fielde found it almost impossible to drown the ants. Several remained under water for eight days, apparently dead; but when taken out and dried, they stretched themselves and sprang up like lively little Rip Van Winkles awakened from a long nap.

An ant will lose a leg with the utmost indifference. Amputate two, and it will run around on the remaining four for a month or so. One queen lived contentedly without her abdomen for fourteen days, and never lost her appetite, either. But these feats of endurance were far outshone by one almost death-proof victim, who performed the amazing act of living for forty-one days without its head. Where is there a physical culture Stoic or a six-day bicycle rider who can match this for hardihood? And the little guillotined body ran about aimlessly for more than five weeks before it became convinced that death was better than a headless life.

ANTS LOVE, HATE, AND REMEMBER.

Six years of ant study have convinced Miss Fielde that ants are not little automatic machines, nor mere cogs in the wheel of instinct. They have feelings and ideas. They love and hate. They grieve and rejoice. An ant shows its affection by licking its comrade with its tiny tongue, by snuggling up to its side, by feeding it and patting it on the head. It shows its hate by dragging its enemy around the nest, by nabs and pinches, by tearing it limb from limb, and by throwing it upon the municipal rubbish heap. If an ant possessed the vocabulary of a Shakespeare, it could not express the difference between its love and its hate any more effectively.

Taking two similar nests of ants, Miss Fielde treated one little ant town with kindness and the other with cruelty, to test their memories. To nest number one she was a fairy godmother, feeding the ants with delicious fly cutlets, cockroach salads, spider fricassees, and other dainties. She let them make a dining-room of her hand and a promenade of each finger. In a very short time they lost all fear, stopped biting her, and became as tame as kittens.

To nest number two she was a monster of torture.

"As an experiment," she says, "I practised such atrocities on them as that of lifting them by the legs with a pair of forceps, and plunging them for an instant in cold water."

She smudged their trails, disordered their neat parlor, flipped them about with a hatpin, and brought complete anarchy into their communal life. As a result, they fled in wild panic whenever she touched their nest. They bit her hand and struggled frantically when she picked them up. "This giant with the monstrous antennae is a cruel enemy," they said to one another.

The queen mother was removed from one nest before the hatching of her eggs. After fifty-two days, when her children were full-grown, she was put back. At once they recognized her, and gave her a hearty welcome. Another queen was kept from her family for seventy-three days. In this case there was a little hesitation. The children, who had grown up in the belief that they were orphans, failed to recognize her for nearly a minute. There was great excitement. Several nabbed her. Then—oh, joy, our long-lost mother! All snuggled around her. Four began to stroke her with their tongues, and one sprang delightedly upon her shoulders. They were no longer orphans. There was a jubilee in the ant village that day.

The most astonishing memory test was made last August. In the summer of 1901 a number of common ants had been taken from under a stone and kept for three years in a nest by themselves. Then two ants were taken from under the same stone and placed in the nest. At first the newcomers were received with suspicion. Scores of tiny noses sniffed at them. But the doubt was only for a few moments.

"Hello, sisters! Glad to see you! How are all the folks at home? You must be hungry after such a long journey. Help yourselves to a beetle pie!"

More than this. Not only does an ant possess a memory warranted for three years, but it has a degree of reason which might enable it easily to qualify as a voter in some States where the fact of being a female is not considered a disfranchising offense. On two occasions, when a piece of ordinary glass was placed over the nest, not completely covering it, the little light-haters ran outside and heaped dirt on top of the glass, until they had made it quite opaque. This feat, without a process of reasoning, would clearly have been impossible. Another village, of thirty inhabitants, was accidentally forgotten one evening and left in a corner of the room near a heap of damp earth. By next morning they had built a little mud hut, with a door and a smoke-hole. In this particular case the building inspector must have been negligent, as the hut fell to pieces as soon as the mud became dry. It was a failure, but it showed that the ants could adapt themselves to new conditions and build a house such as none of them had seen before.

There is reason to believe that they have regular courts of justice, though Miss Fielder is not yet quite sure upon this point. Twice she has seen an assembly of ants, after standing motionless in a circle for hours, seize one of the number and put him to death. In both cases the long consultation was immediately followed by the execution, and after the execution the work of the nest proceeded as usual.

WHY ANTS FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

It has long been known that ants are fanatical anti-immigrationists—that every sort of ant is at perpetual war with every other sort. "A foreigner! Away with him to the rubbish-heap!" This is one of the commonest war-cries in their communities. As there are more than thirty-five hundred distinct species, and as different villages of the same species often make war upon one another, it is evident that ant civilization has not yet risen to the level of a peace congress.

Why do ants fight? This enigma was so puzzling that Miss Fielder lived among her pets for five years before she solved it. The answer is so strange as to suggest other mysteries, which no naturalist has as yet been keen enough to master.

It appears that every child ant is educated for the first three days of its life.

It runs about the home, sniffing with its various noses at everything and everybody. But at the end of the third day its education stops. It becomes a full-fledged citizen. Henceforth it learns little and forgets little. Everything with which it is familiar is regarded as friendly; everything new is regarded as hostile and dangerous. The ant is a thorough conservative. What it knows is good; what it does not know is bad.

The only sure way to be on friendly terms with an ant is to make its acquaintance during the first three days of its life. After that, its college days are over. Its stock of information is regarded as complete and satisfactory. This was tested many times by gathering in one nest a score or more of baby ants of five or six different species. In every case they grew up to be a happy family; but as soon as they were three days old, they attacked and murdered every stranger whose odor they had not learned to recognize.

If it were possible to collect a baby from every ant-nation, and to put the whole thirty-five hundred in one nursery, they would live together as happily as a basketful of kittens.

Sometimes they are not quite sure whether a newcomer is a friend or an enemy. At such times their puzzled and critical attitude is very comical. Once the egg of a yellow ant was placed in a nest of black ants. It was hatched, and for several days the blonde youngster ran up and down doing errands for its foster-parents. It suspected nothing wrong, but the older ants did. Suddenly they nabbed the little stranger and tore him limb from limb.

As another test, two ants were dropped into the midst of their own mother's second family. The older ones at once recognized their younger half-sisters, but the young ones had not before met any ants as old as the two newcomers. As an ant's odor changes with age, the whole community sprang at the two older ones, nabbed them, and attempted to drag them to the rubbish-pile. The older ones were much larger and stronger. In a go-as-you-please bout they might have been able to whip the crowd. But they knew that a mistake was being made. They offered the little ones presents of undigested food. They seemed to be pleading:

"Do you not recognize us? We are your older sisters. We are of the same mother. Why will you kill us?"

At last the younger ones appeared to understand.

"Perhaps," they thought, "these two foreigners are telling us the truth."

They ceased their attacks, and Miss Fielde mercifully removed the big ants, which had shown such remarkable forbearance with their cruel little relatives.

THE ANT AS A MODEL HOUSEKEEPER.

Ants are the best housekeepers, as well as the most notorious fighters, in the insect world. Their annual house-cleaning goes on from the first day of January until the last day of December. They can carry water in their mouths for domestic purposes, and they have a horror of dirt. They insist upon having a separate room for their food. To use the dining-room as a living-room is the worst possible breach of good form. All rubbish is piled in a heap in the farthest corner of the home. They cannot keep house without plenty of water, and there must always be a wet sponge in every artificial nest. If a little oil or dirt is smeared upon one of their babies, they will actually pick up the soiled infant and wash it clean on the sponge.

Their favorite dish is fly—raw fly. An ant's heaven would be a place where there are plenty of dead flies and no strangers. If flies are not to be had, they are glad to lunch on roaches, beetles, spiders, cake, bread, apple, banana, sweet potato, fat beef, candy, pie, hickory nuts, or honey. Like Jack Sprat's wife, they refuse to eat lean beef.

When the babies are young, they are, of course, fed by their trained nurses. But in some nests the nurses invented a labor-saving method. They carried four or five of the older babies and placed them around the opened body of a fly. The bent heads of the babies were turned toward the fly, so that it became a food-trough, out of which they could help themselves. By this means a nurse, who has a twenty-four-hour day, can save a few steps for her six tired little feet.

An ant will eat nothing but the best food, and he can sniff out any tainted eatables as easily as a human epicure can distinguish between crow and spring chicken. The ant grocer who sold sanded sugar or mixed marble-dust in his baking-powder would be nabbed by his first customer and dragged to the rubbish-heap. Miss Fielde discovered this by the most ingenious schemes of adul-

teration. She concocted such alluring mince pies of hashed flies, molasses, and poisonous dyes that no hungry ant, she felt sure, could resist. The ants ate her pies, but to her amazement they thrived and called for more. Enough poison to kill the whole colony and not one funeral! Here was a puzzle. She examined the nest, and found in a corner two tiny heaps of the red and blue dye which she had mixed in her pies. They had separated the poison from the food.

"If you don't like dem caravay seeds, you can eat aroundt dem," said a German baker to a captious customer; and the ants had been clever enough to eat around the atoms of poison, and yet to enjoy the strange cookery of their giant chef.

An ant will always prefer starvation to cannibalism. It will die rather than eat the eggs of its own colony. The one exception to this rule is a species of ant found in Mexico—the honey-ant. Among this species there is a strange national custom of selecting every summer a number of their own comrades, feeding them with honey until they are as fat as grapes, and then, when winter comes and food is scarce, the fat ants are served up and famine is averted.

PERSONALITIES OF THE ANT WORLD.

To our big dull eyes, all ants in the same family look alike. But the fact is that there exists as much difference of character among ants as among horses. Miss Fielde distinguished her ants by marking them on the backs with specks of paint. Not knowing their real names, she called them Redspot, Whitespot, Bluespot, and so on.

Redspot, for instance, was a very fastidious dresser. She would sometimes spend an hour on her toilet. There are several little hooks and spikes on an ant's foot, which are used to comb and smooth its face and body; and as there are four knees and four ankles on every leg, an ant can button the back of its own shirt-waist without calling in a neighbor. Now and then, as a special mark of friendliness, they will help one another to spruce up.

With Miss Fielde's permission, I picked up Redspot, and was at once bitten for my impertinence—a slight nip that left no mark. When I put her down, she proceeded for at least fifteen minutes to make her toilet, which had been disarranged by my monstrous rough fingers.

Some ants are more quarrelsome than others. Often a fight will begin suddenly and without any apparent reason. The peaceable ants go on about their business while the fighters pull and haul at one another, until the stronger one drags the other to the rubbish-pile. It is very easy to see when an ant is afraid. It crawls low, like a crouching panther. When its fear becomes terror, it doubles itself into a ball and offers no resistance to the enemy.

When King Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," his wisdom was somewhat below par. The fact is that the average ant is a good deal of a sluggard. Ants are human enough to permit a few willing ones to do most of the hard work. When an ant is told to run off and milk the cows, it is just as likely to stand around and talk politics as if it were a Kansas farmhand. In every nest there appear to be the clever and capable few and the easy-going many, who do as little as possible and say to one another:

"The nest owes us a living."

One ant, a handsome queen, showed by her grief for her dead husband that little ant hearts can break. From their first courtship days these two had been unusually affectionate. If he neglected to pet her for too long, she would flick him coyly with one of her antennæ. After a hundred days of happy wedlock, he died. The grief of the dumb little insect was pitiful. She flicked him. She stood with lowered head over his body. She ran and brought her twenty eggs and piled them about him. When his body was removed, she ran distractedly here and there. Seven ants of her own species were given her for company, but she tore them to shreds, as if she suspected them of complicity in the death of her consort.

Strangest of all in this story of wonders were the feats of Svengali, the marvelous ant hypnotist.

In the course of her experiments, Miss Fielder dropped a wild ant—a yellow, vigorous, strong-smelling foreigner—into a nest of five, and then took out her watch to count the seconds until its dead body was dragged to the rubbish-heap. To her surprise, the five ants stood as motionless as five little images of stone. The yellow Svengali ran up and down, brushing against the others as indifferently as if they were not his deadly enemies. They remained stock still. Not even a glare of sunlight could bring them out of their hypnotic trance. At the end of forty-five minutes Svengali was taken out. Slowly, as if dazed, the five ants moved forward, and by degrees became as active and alert as before.

What mystic power was possessed by this ant over the others nobody knows. It remains as one of the enigmas for future students of ant life to solve.

"I shall never master all their secrets," says Miss Fielder; "the mystery of their civilization increases the further I go."

Any one may enter this ant empire and study it for himself. The little creatures are the most interesting and the least troublesome of pets. For an invalid, especially, the study of ants is an ideal recreation. A nest can be made in an hour or two with two pieces of glass, three by four inches, and strips of Turkish toweling glued around for walls. A partition with a door is necessary to make a separate room for the food, a wet sponge in the living-room, a few dead flies, and the home is quite satisfactory to your little guests. A sheet of orange-tinted glass over the nest enables you to study them without any offensive publicity.

NATURE'S AWAKENING.

ALL at the rosy waking of the day
I heard a sweet voice pipe a tender lay—
A little bird upon the poplar tree ;
I dreamed it was an angel sang to me !
I opened wide my window-blind, and lo,
I seemed to see the old earth's wreath of snow
Vanish in azure air, and wind and rain
Speed swiftly by, a drooping, dismal train.
Upsprang a dainty breeze with balmy wings,
That shook to life ten thousand glowing things
On meadows green, in field and tangled wood,
And with its kiss awakened flower and bud.
So good is life—dear, wondrous mystery !
And death ? Oh, there's no death for you and me ;
Love is immortal and must live for aye,
Blooming beyond the Resurrection Day !

Elizabeth May Montague.

A TRANSPLANTED FEUD.

BY MYRA EMMONS.

I.

LENA BOYAR was a forlorn figure, even amid the weary, squalid, waiting throng at Ellis Island. Her eyes of translucent turquoise and her long, thick braids of flaxen hair seemed only to make her the more pathetic, such a helpless child did she look.

No relative nor friend had shared the miseries of the long voyage. True, the Sobievsks were from the same parish, and had promised to look after her; but the Sobievsks were the parents of seven unkempt bundles of distress, including two pairs of twins, and the ministrations had been from Lena toward them rather than otherwise. Now the Sobievsks were absorbed in their own entrance into this strange new country, and a thousand miles of unknown world lay before Lena. At the end were a brother and his wife, but—well, the end does not always sustain the present.

The Polish peasant is not a creature of light and airy imaginings—of spontaneous joy. Only youth and the strength born of working in the fields kept Lena from being suddenly miserable.

She submitted silently to being classified and disposed of, clinging with blind faith to her brother's assurance that she would eventually reach him in safety; and it seemed no matter of wonder that she was at length whirled across the strange land which was now to be her home.

Yes, the letters which Ivan had caused to be written her had spoken truly, even though it seemed that in the new country her brother was called "Jack," which was disquieting. This was a good country. Billowing hills of bronze and yellow and red, fields of stubble, splashes of dark, mysterious green firs, white cottages that glittered with cleanliness, red barns that flamed in the mellow autumn sunlight—all these flashed by, with messages of hope.

At the end there was Ivan—though the people around called him "Jack." How he had changed! He was almost fat, and so ruddy! His clothes, too, were better. He still wore the long blue coat he had brought over, seven years before, but such American boots he had now!

"A place already waits," Josefa told

her. "Miss Howard take you to work. Dollar an kvater a week in money she pay, too—two hunder kopeks—two rubles a week."

"A month," corrected Lena, pleased that she would not be a burden to Ivan and Josefa.

"A week! I tell you a week! Nine hunder kopeks a month it make in money, and such a place to live! Much, much to eat. You get fat—red—like Ivan and me."

Nine hundred kopeks in a month! Lena looked in silent mistrust at her sister-in-law. Josefa must be making sport of her.

"True; it is true! It is good to be 'Merican. We are all 'Merican. Ivan can vote. He is now like prince!"

Slowly Lena absorbed these wonders. The marvel of having nothing to do but a little cooking and washing and ironing and scrubbing, all in the house! Of being paid a small fortune for it every month! Of being taught how to do these things in American ways by a kind and beautiful lady who struck no blows, nor even said harsh words!

To have Sunday afternoons free, when she could visit Ivan and Josefa in the little foreign settlement across the river, and go to church—their own Polish church! It was wonderful to be so free! The great white snow that came later—that was like Poland; but to live warm and comfortable in winter! To have warm clothes and much food!

Lena walked fast across the bridge to Ivan's, and held up her head. She had not to drop her eyes and be frightened at anything in this great free country. It was as Josefa had said—her cheeks were round and red.

A snowball struck her on the back of the head, breaking apart on her thick woolen hood.

"Polack! Polack!"

Lena's veins ran fire, for the hated Russian purr buzzed through the taunt. She turned furiously, her eyes blazing with pale-blue lightnings. They looked into an insolent, jeering face, broad, square, and handsome but for its insulting grin—the face of Alexis Kuranoff.

"Polack! Polack!" repeated her tormentor, reaching for another handful of snow.

He was big and burly, and his wolf-skin cap and rough coat made him look bigger and burlier; but Lena was not to be daunted. With the blind, fierce, headlong passion of her race she sprang at him as he stooped, and plunged her hands into his thick, long, copper-colored hair, tearing it vengefully.

"Yah-a-a-a! What can you do? A girl, and a Polack!"

said in an altered voice. "You fight good!"

"Yah-a-a-a! You let me go!"

He released her, and Lena darted across the bridge. The laugh that followed her was less taunting now than amused, though his cheek smarted as he wiped it.

"She fight good! Such eyes of blue! I make her mad! I only t'ought to tease."



He had her by the wrists, her mittens off in the scuffle, her breath quivering with rage.

"Pig! Pig! Russian pig!" she gasped in new-found American words. "You let me go!"

"Ha, ha! A Russian let a Polack go? You are all slaves to Russians!"

"Is it—oh, is it, then?"

She wrenched her strong young arm free, and in another instant a trail of blood followed her nails down his cheek. Alexis was game.

"Cat!" he grinned. "Polack cat!" and caught her wrist again.

A woman is first a woman and then a patriot. Lena had not known nor cared how deep she cut, but the blood! Ah, how she must have hurt him! She was glad, but it was terrible, too! Something in her look made Alexis relax his hold, and his jeering grin softened.

"You fight good, little Polack," he

He picked up her mittens from the snow, slapped the powdery flakes off them, and put them into his pocket.

II.

"WHAT for you out of breath, Lena? You run?" asked Jack, as she pushed open the door of his cottage and stamped the snow from her shoes.

"Yes, I run."

"For what?"

"I like run."

"Keep your breath for dance. There'll be dance Tuesday night."

"Dance? Where?"

"At Moleski's. The big house."

"Me?"

"Yaw; you, too."

"Ah!" Lena fairly shouted in her ecstasy.

"Shut up, now. Mebby Mis' Howard not let you go."

Lena's rapture fell.

"Oh, yes, I t'ink," Jack hastened to console. "She good lady."

Moleski was the important man of Poletown—an alderman, by virtue of his control of three hundred Polish votes. His house was wonderful—it had two rooms big enough to dance in!

Mrs. Howard proved not only willing but gracious, crowning her goodness by contributing large purple bows to tie Lena's braids.

Lena's first dance! What joy! What madness! How did she learn? Where? She did not know. Every Pole can dance. The fiddles scraped, the kerosene lamps on the wall shook against their tin reflectors to the pounding and shuffling of feet on the bare floors, and threw smoky, yellow light across the big rooms.

"Yah-a-a-a!"

A mocking laugh sounded in Lena's ears. She looked hastily around. A pair of coppery, velvety eyes laughed into hers, and the big, loose-jointed, supple form of Alexis Kuranoff almost brushed against her as he whirled his partner round and round in a wild, tireless waltz. Lena shrank back, her heart on fire again; but with her anger other feelings stirred. What was he doing there? He—a Russian—at a Polish dance! He remembered her! True, he had reason! The marks of her nails still burned red down his cheek. What a fire there was in his eyes! Who was that girl—so tall—so slim?

"Ivan—Jack—it is a Russian, here with our own people!"

Jack laughed.

"Yah-a-a-a! He is 'Merican now; I am 'Merican; you are 'Merican. He vote 'Merican ticket; me too. Bot' Dem'crat. All dance, anyhow."

Lena did not understand. A little Pole grabbed her around the waist and whirled her round and round, leaving her no time to think. The fiddles scraped faster. In a little room at the back of the house rum and gin and bad whisky were being handed out.

Suddenly there was a scream. The whirling crowd stood still an instant, then surged toward the sound. Lena was pushed along, helpless, into a bunch of struggling, fighting, cursing, tow-haired, drink-crazed Poles. In the wild rush she was hurled against the most maddened fighter. His lifted knife gleamed above her head, but, before it could fall, a big arm shot between it and the purple bow on top of Lena's hair, and a hand whose strength she had measured on her own

wrist held the arm of the struggling Pole immovable.

"Yah-a-a-a! Stop fight! Devil fools! Always fight! Kill girl, mebby!"

Alexis, being the biggest man present, dragged the infuriated little maniac away, with his heels scraping the floor; and, the host coming to the rescue, the first brawl of the evening was adjusted.

Alexis hovered sheepishly on the outskirts of a small group surrounding Lena.

"Your sister hurt?" he asked Jack with suave guile.

"No; only scairt. You stop that fight good! You come see her."

He dragged the big, hulking Russian forward. Something sang in Lena's ears. She laid her head on Josefa's shoulder, pretending not to see.

"Lena, here is Alex Kuranoff. Mebby you got cut if he not stop fight."

To smile at a Russian! To thank a Russian! Better to have been cut! Lena turned away and flung herself into the arms of a waiting partner. Alexis tried to laugh indifferently, but every one had seen. He had made overtures and they had been scorned. His velvet eyes gleamed redly, and his brows met in a black scowl.

The yellow flare of the lamps was pale against the winter dawn before the revel ceased.

"Polack! Polack! Cat!" hissed Alexis as he passed Lena on his way out, his head held high and one arm around a girl's waist.

Lena showed her teeth in an angry grimace.

"Russian pig!" she retorted.

Why was she glad that it was a buxom Norwegian girl with Alexis Kuranoff, and not the slender Russian? Bah! All Russians were enemies!

III.

"You see Ivan?" asked Josefa a few days later, when a Sunday holiday brought Lena on her customary visit to her brother's.

"No."

"He go to skate on the river. I wish he come home. I not like that. Too warm. The ice break up now."

Lena's anxiety was not aroused. Worry is the prerogative of a wife, rather than of a sister. Ivan had always taken care of himself. Besides, had she not seen the skaters on the ice every Sunday? It looked as solid as the land. Furthermore, she was gorgeous in a new

frock—the beloved purple, with glass buttons. Really, one should not worry. Life was so good. Soon it would be spring, and there would be flowers.

Josefa went to the window and looked out.

"Lena, come here!"

Lena arose indifferently, watching the hang of her gown as she moved. Josefa grasped her arm and pointed down the road.

"What is that?"

"Men."

"Yes, but—"

Lena bent forward, curious at last.

"They lift something," she said.

"A man! They carry a man! He is drowned! It is Ivan!"

"No, no! I tell you no!" Lena held her frantic sister-in-law against the window. "There is Ivan! See at the other end—he walks."

"Sure, Lena, sure?"

"Sure—see!"

"Who, then, is it?"

"How I know? They come here, anyhow."

"Yah-a-a-a! I make ready. Get a pillow."

Josefa flung a quilt over the cot, and together she and Lena rushed out of the door to meet the excited and terrified men. Josefa sprang to Jack's side.

"Alexis Kuranoff!" she exclaimed in a raucous whisper.

Jack was white and solemn.

"He go too far out on river. The ice break up. You get hot water. Perhaps we save him. The doctor come," he stammered.

No one noticed Lena. The men filled the little room, tracking the snow in on the bare floor, and deposited their terrible burden on the cot.

How big he was, and how wet! They must get off the horrible clothes! Lena tugged frantically at a skate-strap. One of the men pushed her away.

"We do this. You go. It is not for women. Get towels, blankets!"

Yes, yes, she must stay with Josefa in the other room. She could help there.

She stumbled over the tow-haired twins, gaping in the inner doorway, and dragged them with her, away from the horrible sight. So pale he was, and so like one dead!

"The 'Merican doctor come!" Josefa said presently. "They save him. Make the fire good, Lena."

All the afternoon and into the winter night Lena worked, dazed and terrified, for her enemy, heating cloths and water, drying his clothes—and in a pocket of his coat she found her lost mittens!

It was ten o'clock when Josefa pulled her into the front room.

"You come see him. Doctor say all right now."

To look at a man who had been dead! Would he speak? What would he say? What had he seen! Lena shook and clung to Josefa.

How yellow he was! Not ruddy like before! His eyes, how black! They turned on her entreatingly.

"You work hard for me," he said, whispering heavily.

Lena sobbed in excitement. Alexis did not understand.

"You feel bad?"

"It is so terrible!"

"You not like—to see—see—Russian—drowned?"

Lena shrank at his faint little smile.

"No—oh, no!"

"I get well now. Come here!"

Jack pushed her toward the cot. She crouched beside it on her knees.

"You go dance with me?" Alexis asked, with a reviving grin, which included Josefa and Jack.

Lena laughed hysterically.

"You dance with me—with Polack?" she asked.

"You not Polack," remonstrated Jack; "you 'Merican. Alex 'Merican. All 'Merican. All vote same."

"I not vote," giggled Lena.

"You marry me, I vote for you. I vote 'Merican for us bot', eh?"

"You not call me Polack?"

"No more; we all 'Merican now!"

THE SHADOW ON THE LYRE.

THE sweetest singers sing with aching hearts,
And hawk their soul's cry in the common marts;

For Pain and Passion are the doorkeepers
That guard the jealous threshold of the arts.

Elsa Barker.

HOW TO LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY CHARLES MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

THERE IS SCIENTIFIC REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THE NATURAL TERM OF HUMAN LIFE SHOULD BE AT LEAST A CENTURY—MANY RECIPES FOR LONGEVITY—"TEMPERANCE IN ALL THINGS" SEEMS TO BE THE KEYNOTE OF THE BEST OF THEM.

"THE days of our years," said Israel's poet-king, "are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength, fourscore years;" and to this tune of the Psalmist have the generations given up the ghost. But against it may be set the saying of Jesus, son of Sirach:

"If the number of a man's days be a hundredth year, it is much."

No really serious argument on the question of man's span of life can be built on the passages quoted. The first may be fairly considered to show the average expectation of life in the time of King David, and the second to show the exceptional age to which in some cases it was possible to attain. Vital statistics are radically changed to-day. Modern science would give to the standard of human life a considerably longer duration than threescore years and ten, and would place remarkable exceptions at a still more advanced figure than that quoted from the Apocrypha.

The natural term of life of every animal, science points out, "is five times the period needed for the full development of the skeleton, the mark of which is, in popular phraseology, the unification of the limb-bones. Man requires twenty-one years for the attainment of this maturity; it follows, therefore, that one hundred and five years may be reckoned as man's allotted span of existence."

We may all live to be a hundred—if we only know how! And, really, there are no lack of recipes.

Professor Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, boldly claims that the average man should live one hundred and twenty years. The late Sir Richard Owen calculated man's proper span at one hundred and three years and a few months. There is, therefore, scientific authority to stand on when the assertion is made that "all persons who die under eighty years of age, many who die under ninety, some who die under a hundred, and even one hundred and five, die prematurely."

The words of a French writer are pregnant with truth when he says, in reference to the too common neglect of the means prescribed by science for the preservation of health and prolongation of life:

"Men do not usually die; they kill themselves."

THE QUEST OF THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

The prolongation of life has been a dream that has haunted the meditations of mankind as persistently as the vision of the philosopher's stone. "The elixir of life!" The words suggest a thousand legends, romances, strange tales, and age-old myths. Ponce de Leon and his search for the fountain of youth! Faust and his satanic rejuvenator! Roger Bacon, who prepared an elixir of gold, coral, vipers, rosemary, aloes, and other ingredients, which, as his commentator says, must have made a beverage more likely to destroy life than to prolong it!

The later and greater Bacon leaned to belief in the virtues of opiates and niter. Elias Ashmole, doctor of physic and founder of the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, writes of "taking a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck"; which treatment, though it didn't prolong the good doctor's life beyond his seventy-fifth year, did, he fervently believed, cure him of the ague. The Comte de Montlosier, who lived a very long life, and was a man of many attainments, had each wing of his house occupied by about thirty cows, with a free communication to the interior, which "consequently was filled with the sweet breath of these animals, and which conduced, in the opinion of the count, to the health of the human inmates."

Another old theory is the idea that constant association with the young has magic power, and is of still greater efficacy if the breath of children "be constantly inhaled by the aged; it serves as fuel to revive their dying embers. The transference of the blood of the young

to the veins of the worn-out would work still more potent wonders."

St. Anthony the Great, who reached one hundred and five years, lived in a cave, abjured matrimony, existed on a daily allowance of a few ounces of bread soaked in water, never changed his garments night or day, and never willingly washed himself. On the other hand, the late M. Chevreul, who ran far over the century mark, was "the fellow of his fellow-men, a partaker of the high civilization of Paris, the head of a family household, and choice in the quality of his food. His diet," we are further informed, "uniformly consisted of two eggs, a slice of chicken pastry, and a pint of *café au lait* for breakfast; tapioca soup with grated cheese, a cutlet, a bunch of grapes, cheese, and three glasses of water for dinner. He never took fish or wine." But William Riddall, who died at one hundred and sixteen, "had a remarkable love of brandy, of which he drank largely, but avoided water."

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

It would certainly tone down the enthusiasm of too ardent devotees of special diets and systems if they would glance at a few instances among the records of those whose days have outrun the hundred-year mark. We read of one who subsisted for many years on milk alone; of another who drank freely of rum and brandy, assisted with claret and punch. A third sustained his vitality on biscuits and apples, with milk and water; a fourth was a free drinker of wine; a fifth found buttermilk and greens her best pabulum, on which she preserved her faculties until her one hundred and sixteenth year. New-laid eggs were the favorite food of another, who attained to his one hundred and fiftieth year. For thirty years potatoes formed the principal sustenance of a woman who lived to one hundred and ten.

In contrast with St. Anthony's case, by far the greater number of centenarians whose records are really proved had wives. Many of them were married several times, some after they were one hundred years old. Indeed, one married twice after the century mark, and another thrice.

Centenarians are generally of short stature. Sir Moses Montefiore, however, who came very near the century mark, was a striking exception, as he was six feet three inches in height.

Investigation establishes the fact that extreme longevity is attainable under a

great variety of conditions, some obviously favorable, others as obviously unfavorable. As one scientist says, however, inquiry into the subject "distinctly shows the value of strict moderation in eating and drinking, and the advantage of very little, if any, indulgence in alcoholic beverages." Charles Dickens spoke true words when he said:

"Father Time, though he tarries for none, often lays his hands lightly on those who have used him well."

Professor Elie Metchnikoff, whom I have already mentioned, is one of the most ardent and skilled of the followers of the great Pasteur. The value of his recipe for prolonging life has yet to be proved. He tells us to drink sour milk daily, into which shall be put a wonderful elixir of life, which the Russian scientist calls "my Bulgarian bacillus." Two bowls at a temperature of seventy-two degrees should be taken daily. His idea is apparently based on the theory of the existence of beneficent as well as maleficent microbes. If the helpful microbes be reinforced, they can more than hold their own against the harmful ones that war upon the human system.

Metchnikoff's prescription has the same savor of the empirical which attached to a much more famous system—that of Dr. Brown-Sequard, who himself lived to be seventy-six, after experiments made on himself at a time when he was greatly enfeebled. Dr. Brown-Sequard believed that life might be prolonged by injecting specially prepared animal extracts into the veins. In the last years of his laborious life, he distributed great quantities of his fluid; but science has not placed a high value on it.

THE SYSTEM OF LUIGI CORNARO.

Wiser, perhaps, than any of the sages who have battled with death, and certainly as successful as any, was Luigi Cornaro, of Venice, for his ruling maxim might be said to be:

"Every man must be his own physician."

Since the time when the saintly poet, George Herbert, translated Cornaro's treatises into English, in 1636, the method whereby the Venetian nobleman attained the century mark has been published and republished to the world; and Cornaro's followers are legion to-day. No doubt few will equal his longevity, but any one will be helped to lead a healthful and pleasant existence if he will follow the old Italian's precepts and example. United States Senator Depew,

who may be admitted to have a voice in such a discussion on the score of his own lasting youth, is quoted as saying:

"To the extent that I have followed his prescription, I have been greatly benefited. I am quite convinced that after the Cornaro habit is formed, the result is both happiness and longevity. The papers are filled with discoveries made by distinguished scientists in the art of living long and happily, but none of them has yet developed a secret so plain and simple as that of Cornaro."

Practising what he preached, and in peculiar circumstances that greatly enhance the worth of his method, Cornaro lived to be one hundred and three years old. When he was thirty-five years old, his life was despaired of. Living to the full the luxurious life of perhaps the most dissipated city in Europe, he had become a body-broken rake, gourmand, and wine-bibber. Death facing him nearly, he mustered his will and fronted the enemy. He took his own cure in hand. How well he succeeded may be seen from the fact that his latter years were distinguished by increasing healthfulness, that he wrote the last of his treatises on good living when in his ninety-fifth year, and that he was active in intellectual, social, and bodily pursuits to the very last.

TEMPERANCE, CHEERFULNESS, COMMON SENSE.

"Temperance" was the master-word of Cornaro's system. Finding after many experiments that twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen ounces of liquids daily were sufficient to keep him in sound health, he would not permit himself a fraction over these amounts.

"Whoever wishes to eat much, must eat little," he declared.

Cornaro did not, however, pay exclusive attention to diet; he adopted all-round hygienic principles. With his carefully selected food, the records that he "avoided hurtful things also, as too much heat and cold, weariness, watching, ill air; for although the power of health consists most in the proportion of food and drink, yet these fore-named things have also their force. I preserved me also, as much as I could, from hatred and melancholy, and other perturbations of the mind, which have a great power over our constitutions. Yet could I not so avoid all these, but now and then I fell into them; which gained me this experience—that I perceived that they had no great power to hurt those bodies which were kept in good order by a moderate diet; so that I can truly say that

they who in these two things that enter in at the mouth—food and drink—keep a fit proportion, shall receive little hurt from other excesses."

All the precepts of modern science, of psychology, support Cornaro's claims for the value of cheerfulness, abstinence from worry, and temperance. He who would live to be one hundred must not take too much thought of his ambition or his anxieties. Over-much carefulness is as fatal as the reverse. Temperance—that is the golden word.

One of Cornaro's most celebrated living followers is Mr. Horace Fletcher, who cries out as emphatically as the Venetian sage for cheerfulness, altruism, pleasantness. Mr. Fletcher found himself a physical wreck at an age ten years in advance of the time when Cornaro changed his mode of living. He had three chronic diseases. No life-insurance company would accept him. By eating and drinking less than the ordinary person would consider enough to support life, Mr. Fletcher cured himself. In less than five years he was able to ride two hundred miles in a single day on his bicycle. He astounded Dr. William Anderson, head of the Yale gymnasium, by taking with ease, and without any ill-effects, the severe course of exercise prescribed for the 'varsity crew.

Mr. Fletcher adds one highly important rule to the code of longevity:

"Chew your food. Not only your solid food, but milk, tea, coffee, wine, soup—anything that has taste."

By chewing, he means manipulation in the mouth with one's tongue until taste vanishes and swallowing occurs automatically. The value of the process is that all nutriment is released in the mouth by means of the natural juices, and digestion thereby aided as nature intended it should be. Mr. Fletcher has still a long road to travel before he can see his century mark, but he says that he has every expectation of getting there.

Certainly, centenarians like Cornaro seem to point out a pleasanter and an easier way of attaining a green and happy old age than the prescribers of empirical nostrums and elixirs. Avoid excess in everything; respect old habits—even bad ones—but form new ones that are good; breathe pure air; adapt the nourishment to the temperament; avoid constant and needless recourse to drugs; have an easy conscience, a merry heart, and a contented mind—and if no accident befalls you, you have an excellent chance of living to be a hundred.

THE ABDICATION OF MRS. DOGHERTY.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

I.

"DON'T be dilly-dallyin' about the churchyard afther mass! Sure an' the father'll be good an' ready to break his fast, an' it past noon. An' the chicken'll be done to a turn. So mind ye, now, John Quin, an' ye, Regina, hurry home. Poor man! The dinner to-day will be a change to him afther what he was likely gettin' at the Dwyers' last month!"

From her throne beside the window the ruler of the Quin cottage issued her commands. Her son-in-law, burly and good-natured, laughed and nodded; her granddaughter, trying to peer at the Dwyer place through the double tier of blossoming plants in the other window, cooed an absent-minded affirmative.

"Regina, ye're payin' no attention at all," snapped her grandmother. "If ye're lookin' to see Jim Dwyer go by, ye can be savin' yer eyesight. 'Twas him drove down to the landin' to get the new father this mornin', an' he's not gone by since. Now be off wid the pair of ye! An' mind, no loafin' afther mass!"

Father and daughter tramped down the rough path and through the gusty March sunshine to the chapel, whither, once a month, the priest from the mainland came to celebrate the mass for the tiny island congregation. Mrs. Dogherty watched them from behind a screen of flourishing geraniums and fuchsias.

"Regina's a well-lookin' girl," she observed to her daughter, Regina's mother, in the adjoining kitchen. "She's got me own figure. What's that ye say? Taller? There'd not be a hair's breadth of difference between her height an' mine whin I was her age. An' if a woman of sixty-eight that has raised her family can't settle down in her old age without her own daughter throwin' inches in her face—oh, yes, ye did, Kate Quin! Ye're yer father over again, naggin', naggin', from mornin' till night. 'Tis the kind of thing me own father, the O'Dowd—God rest him!—wouldn't allow in his family. He spoke, we heard, an' there was no talkin' back!"

Kate Quin laughed her sweet, whole-hearted laugh. She stood in the doorway between the bright, homely dining-room

and the kitchen, flushed from her labors at the oven, big, strong, good-tempered. She was, as her mother said, her father over again, and in nothing more than in her attitude toward the shrewd, tart little old woman who domineered over the whole family. She rendered her mother the same prompt obedience, the same unquestioning fealty that her father had rendered years before—the tribute of bigness and strength to fragility, of slow good temper to superior mental energy and vigor. Her husband had fallen into the habit, and her daughter had been trained into it, until the autocracy of Mrs. Dogherty was as firmly established, if not as widely acknowledged, as that of the Czar of all the Russias.

On this occasion, as frequently happened, Mrs. Dogherty chose to chant the glories of the family from which she had sprung. It was an old paean to her daughter, who moved softly about the pious household labors which kept her home from church—the preparation of the meal which the priest was to share.

"The fine figure of a man," the older woman said, speaking of her father. "I see him yet—I'm often seein' him when I sit lookin' at nothin'. Tall an' spare he was, an' shaved himself each day; an' his hair was thick upon his head—gray wid the black showin' under. His eyes were bluer than mine, if ye'll believe me, an' stern an' straight they were. When he bent them on ye, ye minded. None dared to disobey."

"Except you, mother," laughed Kate. "Ah, it was a sad fool I was." Mrs. Dogherty shook her close-capped head. "The sad fool! Nothin' would do for me but Tim Dogherty, an' away I ran—from Antrim down to Dublin, an' we was married, an' then off to Queenstown an' across the oceans of sea! I took afther me father, Heaven rest him! When he said I shouldn't, nothin' would do for me but I must. Ah, well, it was the foolish young thing I was, an' many's the time I've wished it well undone an' myself back in the old country wid the old people."

"But mother," protested Kate, turning from a survey of her well-spread table to open the oven door and release crisp aromas upon the air, "they are there no

more; you never heard again of one of them, not even your baby brother that was just beginnin' to toddle when you ran away."

"An' me but eighteen, the age of the child Regina."

"I always thought it was cruel of them not to answer or send you a word," Kate finished hotly. She had steadfastly refused to subscribe to the doctrine of the O'Dowds' infallibility when she remembered all of her mother's story.

"Ah, well, me dear," said the old woman more gently than usual, "they weren't much at writin' in those days. 'Twas all I could do to spell out five lines, an' me mother had to follow her prayer book by the pictures, an' me father made his mark. There wasn't much book-learnin' in them days in the old country—nothin' like the advantages I gave ye an' Regina. Holy Saints, Kate, look out the window for me now! Is it the Dwyers goin' up the hill an' the new father wid them?"

Kate went to the window and looked. Truly it was the Dwyer tribe that marched up the hill, elation in every step; and the tall figure in their midst wore cassock and beretta. Mrs. Quin turned bewildered from the sight. It was a custom as old as the chapel itself that the Quins and the Dwyers should alternate in the Sunday entertainment of the visiting clergyman—and the Dwyers had had the new priest the last month.

"It looks—like—what do you suppose, mother?"

"Suppose? I suppose yer husband's a fool an' yer daughter's an open-mouthed gawk! Here they come now, the fine pair!"

The eyes of Mrs. Dogherty, demanding explanation of the departure from custom, were fierce upon her dejected relatives as they entered the door. John Quin tried to laugh.

"We slipped up on the father that time," he observed fatuously. "I was stoppin' for a minute to speak to old man Geary about that harness, an' when I turned—"

"An' who was it ye were stoppin' to speak wid, me dear?" Mrs. Dogherty inquired of her granddaughter with elaborate calm and politeness, "while them upstart Dwyers, that hadn't an extry plate to their names when I first saw them—while they were gettin' the new priest? Who was it?"

"It was—it was—" Regina flushed and stammered. Her gray eyes hid themselves behind thick-lashed lids for a

second; her girlish lips quivered. But the awful silence was not broken by any helpful voice. She lifted her eyes and met her grandmother's bravely.

"I was talking to Jim Dwyer," she said.

For a full second the angry old eyes stared out of the gnarled brown face at the young girl. Then Mrs. Dogherty spoke.

"Kate, if ye'll reach me me cane, I'll be goin' to me own room," she said. "No, Regina, ye needn't look for it; I want no favors from yer hand. Ye could have brought home the new father to me that's too bent wid the pain to be out an' abroad in the March weather, but ye'd rather not. Ye needn't be doin' anything for me now. Jim Dwyer, to be sure! His mother, I suppose, told him to keep ye busy till she'd got the new priest. Ye thought he came of his own accord, I dare say. When ye've known the Dwyers as long as I have, ye'll know them better. No, Kate, no thank ye. I'd have no appetite for dinner this day!"

II.

THE Quins sat down disconsolately to the feast. Dimly they appreciated the injustice of their tyrant's methods, but they did not know how to rebel without that disrespect to age which ranked as the blackest of crimes in their calendar of evils; so the roast chicken stuck in their throats, and the apple snow had no flavor.

"What do they mean—the Dwyers, I mean?" moaned Kate Quin. "The new priest wouldn't know any better! What's his name, Regina, child? Father Tom? An' has he no last name?"

"Jim Dwyer says," answered Regina, "that in the first parish he went to after he left the seminary—a big city one it was—there was another priest of the same name—Burke or Murphy, he didn't just know what; an' so this one was just Father Tom, an' has been ever since."

"Well, whatever he is, he wouldn't know. But what would the Dwyers mean by it?"

"It means," cried Regina with cheeks very hot and eyes very bright, "that they're tired—that Mrs. Dwyer's tired—of having grandma holdin' herself so high above them, an' always remindin' them how poor they used to be, an' all that. An' Mrs. Dwyer's just showin' grandma that she's as good as any one, an' can have the father when she pleases. That's what it means."

Whatever the stolen march of Mrs. Dwyer had been designed to do, it resulted in open war between the two families. They had long been of a prosperity too nearly equal, and of an importance in their tiny world too evenly matched, to escape rivalries. For a long time there had smoldered between them the fires of an unfriendly competition. Now there flamed open hostility; and, before the next monthly visit of the new priest, all the Roman Catholic population of Falmouth Island was arrayed upon one side or the other.

The first victory after the actual declaration of war rested with Mrs. Dwyer. For time out of mind the Dwyers had driven the length of the island to the landing where the steamers from the mainland touched, to bring the priest back to the chapel. On the appointed April Sunday, the capable fingers of Mrs. Dwyer herself guided the reins, and the horse's head was barely turned back toward the chapel before she had Father Tom's innocent promise to dine with her again after mass that day. Her son Jim had contumaciously refused to be the bearer of any such invitation, but his rebellion had been useless. When the tall figure of the priest passed the Quin cottage, old Mrs. Dogherty proclaimed her ultimatum.

"Let none of ye spake wid anny of the Dwyers," she said, falling into heavy brogue in her anger. "An' niver ask this tool of theirs, this Father Tom—Father Tom, indeed! A nice, reverent name for a priest it is!—to dinner in this house again. Ye may go to mass, if ye will; there I'll not stop ye. But not I—never while he celebrates will I set foot in the Star of the Sea!"

The news that old Mrs. Dogherty had challenged the whole papal hierarchy, so to speak, and had dared purgatory and worse in her unbending rage against the Dwyers, was not slow in traveling. The island was at once aghast and filled with a pleasurable excitement. Jim Dwyer, however, did not share the general mood. The complete cessation of civilities between the two houses had taught him more concerning his emotions than five years of casual intercourse would have revealed to him. He missed Regina unmistakably; he brooded over her inaccessibility; he trembled over the thought that she might dislike him as a member of the hosts of her house's foes; he was almost ready to forswear family ties for her. He lay in wait for her, but she dutifully evaded him. Her heart ached curi-

ously, but she told herself that its pain was that of a peace-lover doomed to dwell in the midst of hostilities.

Then, one May evening, she and Jim met suddenly as she came up over the zig-zag rising path from the store. There was a sliver of new moon in the east, and from all the low cottages of the island the mellow lights of home shone; the first spring softness was in the air. And Jim blocked her path, and the starlight and the moonlight, the close-wrapped peace of home and the far-calling of the south wind all blended while he talked to her. Then suddenly her cold little hand was fast and warm in his, and her words were vibrating on the evening air, her half-sobbed words:

"Oh, yes, Jim, I do, I do; I do love you!"

To Jim that seemed a settlement of the whole matter, until Regina reminded him of the inflexible wrath of the family rulers. Then he bethought himself of his utter dependence upon his people. He was only the unincorporated partner of his father—an excellent position so long as he remained on good terms with his parents, but a hopeless one in case of rebellion. And she would never consent to a marriage unblessed by her people, even if it did not, as in this case, mean probable starvation.

Jim frowned and glowered in the darkness, the sweetness of his betrothal embittered by the sordid considerations of policy.

"If I get my mother to say that she'll take an apology from your grandmother—for it was things your grandma said started all this—will you be able to get your grandma to make it?" he inquired after a little pondering.

Even in her gloom Regina laughed at the thought of an apology from her grandmother.

"Well, then," said Jim, accepting the negative of the laugh and squaring his shoulders, "will you leave the whole thing to me?"

Regina gladly and trustfully resigned the responsibility of any share in the overtures of reconciliation.

Jim was a believer in direct methods. He won his mother's reluctant promise that she would not decline advances from the autocrat of the Quin family. Then he decided that no power less final than that of the church would suffice to wring an apology from old Mrs. Dogherty, and he held a conference with Father Tom on the Sunday in May when the priest came to Falmouth Island. It could not be, he

thought in his simplicity, that she would dare defy the church incarnate in the person of the priest.

That afternoon Mrs. Dogherty sat in inflexible pride by the open window. Across the hill from the Dwyers' she saw two figures advancing—the tall, casocked priest moving with the dignity of long authority, the young man striding more awkwardly beside him. Her eyes snapped and her lips curled. When she observed that their course lay toward her own door, she sat more erect.

"He's comin' here," cried the astute old woman. "He'll have his throuble for his pains if he thinks to make me friends again wid that schemin', deceivin' Honoria Dwyer. I'm an O'Dowd, an' it's for no one, priest or lay, to tell me me duty. I—I'd stay out of heaven sooner than give way before their interferin'! Jim, of course, he's hot-foot after peace—an' Regina. Well, she's for' his betters!"

There was a soft hubbub of greeting in the narrow entry, and then the two men entered, with the Quins in embarrassed, abashed silence behind them. The family autocrat faced the representative of higher power unflinchingly. Her eyes flashed like steel; her lips were fixed in unyielding lines. She stared inhospitably upward. She saw a tall man, the brilliant blue of whose eyes outshone the angry luster of her own, a man whose smooth-shaven face had the austere power of an ascetic, whose brow was massive beneath his thick, iron-gray hair. As she looked at him, wonder and fright grew in her face; some fascination held her speechless for a perceptible minute, and her breathlessness held him speechless also. Then she gave a short, dry sob.

"Is it that ye're an O'Dowd?" she cried. "For wid me father's eyes ye look

at me—an' was it, was it in Antrim ye were born?"

The priest looked at her as one dazed.

"You could not be my sister Margaret," he said. "You could not be my sister Margaret; she was a girl, a slip of a girl like Regina here, when she ran away and sent back no word; often I've heard the story. But she was like Regina here."

"Well, ye're near half a century older yerself," said Mrs. Dogherty with some loving inflection changing the acidity of her tone to sweetness. "Ye weren't walkin' very tall when last I saw ye, Tommy O'Dowd!"

III.

"Of course, me dear," said Mrs. Dogherty, majestically slapping the olive bough in the face of Mrs. Dwyer, "sayin's like them is always exaggerated by them that has nothin' to do but to be makin' trouble. But it's sorry I am ye should have been bothered by the talk. Me brother Tom—Father Tom—says that a gossip's worse any day in the week than a thief, an', 'deed, I think he's half right! Oh, yes, ma'am, 'tis true that he asked me to be tellin' you how sorry I am for all the bother and pother. An' I can deny him nothin'. Him bein' a priest, ye say? Well, more him bein' an O'Dowd. An' since he consents to Regina's marryin' your boy Jim, I'll withdraw me objections, though to be sure she might look to do better. But as me brother says, that's the worldly view. I hope ye'll be droppin' in to dinner wid us some Sunday. Now that ye're to be one of the family, by marriage, I'm sure we'd all be glad to see ye. Of course Father Tom'll always be wid his own hereafter; but ye mustn't feel strange among us, Mrs. Dwyer dear. Ye mustn't feel strange!"

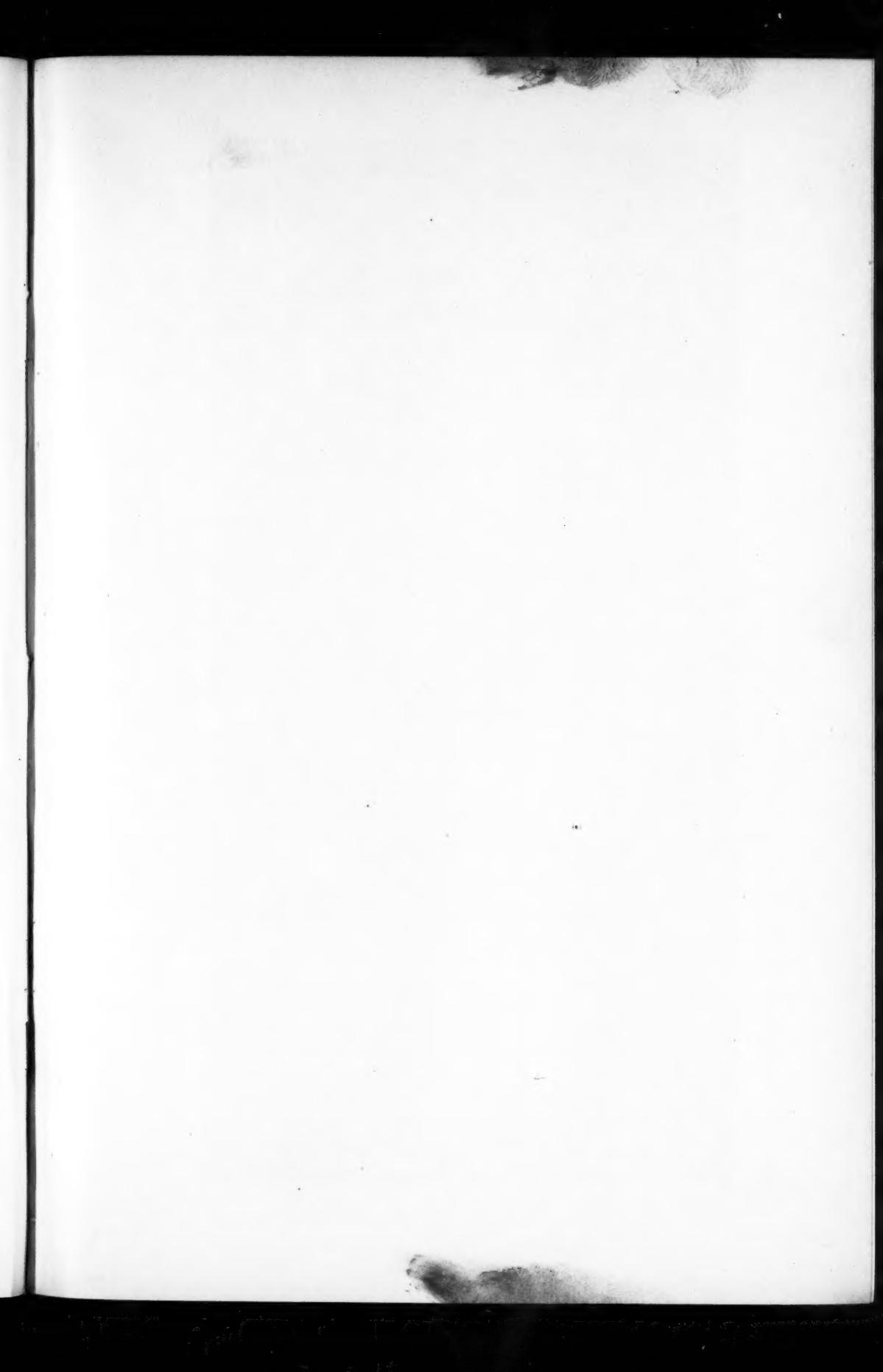
MY HOPE.

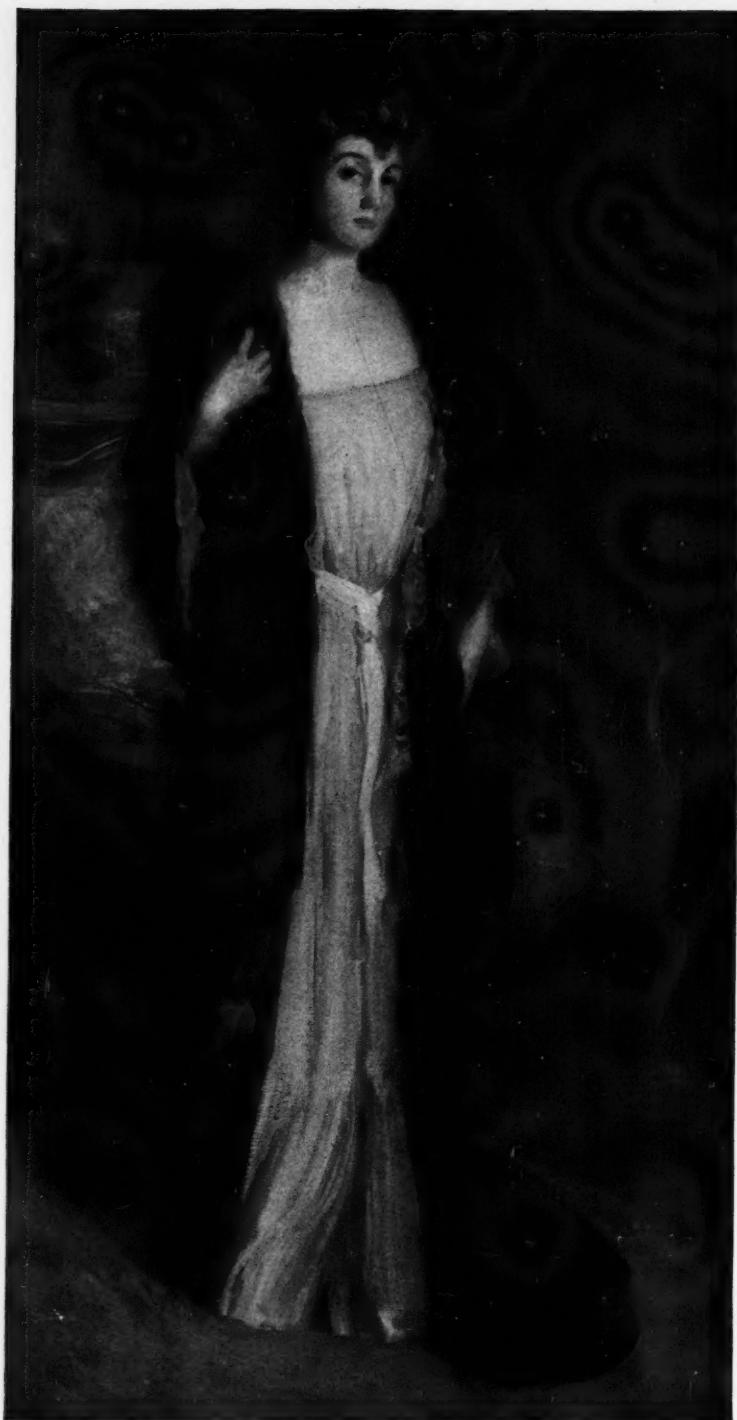
If while I live I shall forgive
The little wrongs by others done,
Then I shall find that all mankind
Will give the prize that I have won.

If in these years I stop some tears
That from the eyes of sorrow flow,
Then there shall be laid up for me
Rich blessings that I yet may know.

Should my weak prayer dispel some care,
Or some o'erburdened heart release,
No more shall I myself deny
The message of eternal peace!

P. M. Dill.





MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR OF NEW YORK.

From the portrait by Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy.

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